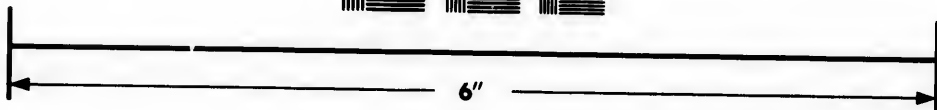
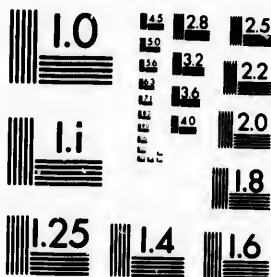


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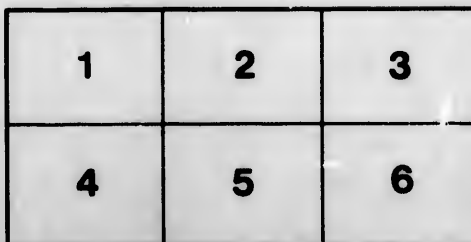
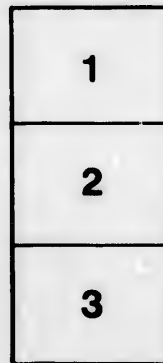
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“There stood before them their old enemy, Smith” *Page 37.*

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BOY OFFICERS OF 1812

BY

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AUTHOR OF "THE SEARCH FOR ANDREW FIELD" "THE
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BOSTON
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THE BOY OFFICERS OF 1812

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PREFACE

I HAVE endeavored in this, as in the other volumes of this series, not merely to tell a story, but to lead the young readers into a conception of the times and men.

The historical allusions are true and many of the incidents have an historical basis. I have not tried to prejudice my readers in favor of, or against, the names of the leaders, save as the facts themselves are presented by the historians. A thorough knowledge of this struggle of 1812—something few have tried to gain—will lead to an increased patriotism, and surely will give a hopeful view of the men who are making the times in which we are living.

EVERETT T. TOMLINSON.



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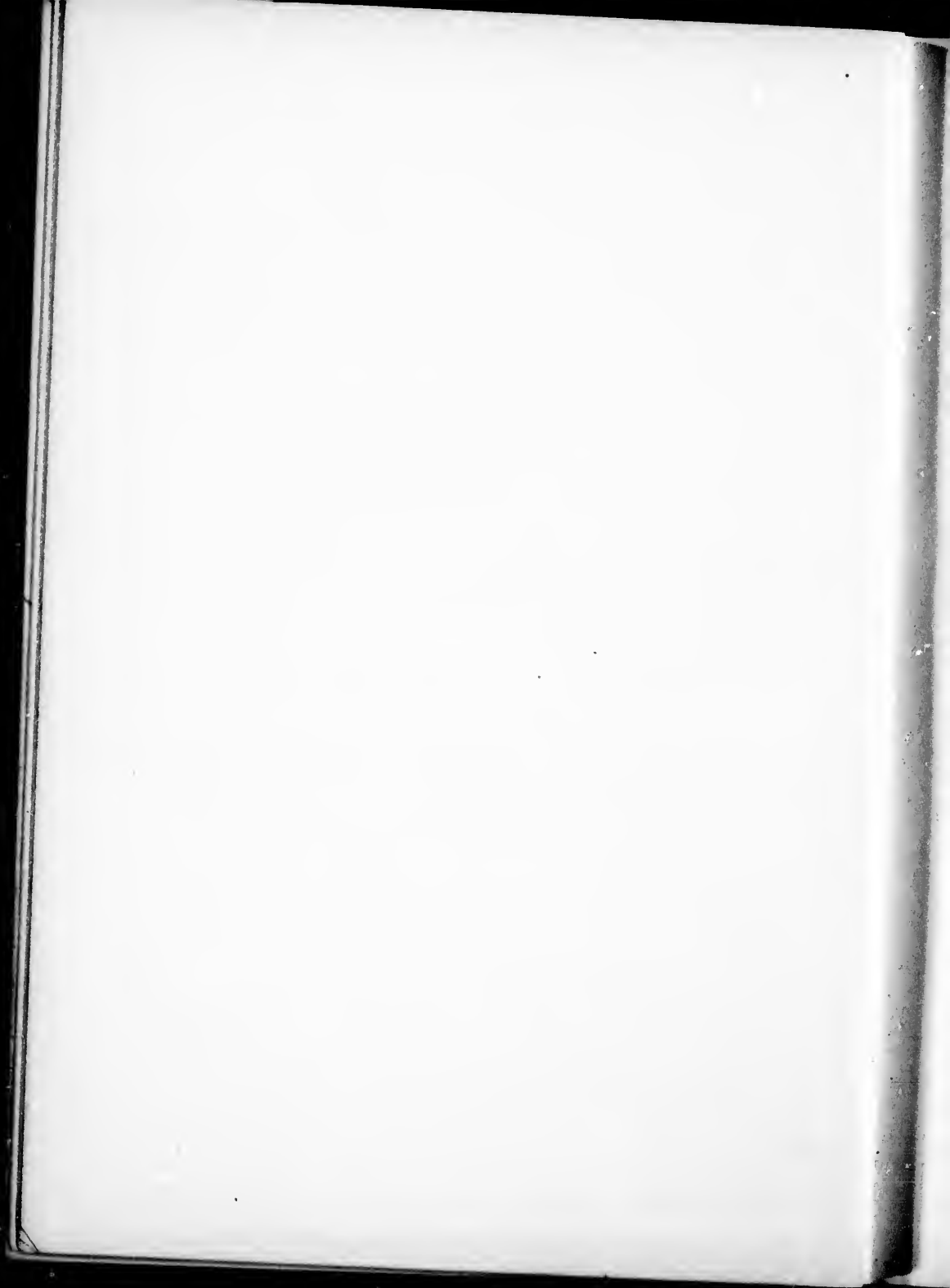
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THE BOY OFFICERS OF 1812

CHAPTER I

GENERAL HARRISON'S EXPRESS

THE winter of 1812-13 was a trying one for the people of the United States. The war which they then were waging with Great Britain had many opponents at home, and the lack of success which had attended the most of the efforts of the Americans was disheartening in the extreme. A feeling of uncertainty pervaded the country. Some were enthusiastic in carrying on the war, while others were only half-hearted, and many openly were opposed to it.

This opposition was particularly manifested in the New England States; and Massachusetts and Connecticut as yet had furnished almost nothing to help in making the war a success. The cowardly surrender of General Hull at Detroit, the failure at Niagara, and the disastrous battle at Queenston Heights, however, had served to arouse to some extent the dormant patriotism.

New York State had been among the most loyal after the surrender of General Hull had occurred, and the people of Albany and other places had been stirred to give large subscriptions for raising a regiment of volunteers. Other parts of the country also became aroused. The city of Baltimore had raised a regiment of soldiers and given fifteen thousand dollars to equip them. Virginia quickly gathered a force of fifteen hundred men, and the ladies of Richmond offered to make tents and knapsacks for their soldiers; and so quickly was it all done, that within five days after the work was begun all the men were ready to start. When the people of Lexington, Kentucky, learned of the surrender of Hull, they quickly raised a large number of volunteers, who shouldered their muskets and soon were ready to go to the front.

In the rural communities the feeling was even more intense; but no place in the country gave a more striking example of patriotism than did an old farm-house not far from Sackett's Harbor, on Lake Ontario, where were dwelling Andrew Field with his wife and mother, and his younger brother David. Both of these young men, the elder just twenty-one years of age and the younger only seventeen, had already taken an active part in the struggles of their country.

Living with them, at the time when our story

opens, were an old man who had for a long time been living as a hermit upon the St. Lawrence river, and who already had shared with the boys in some of the exciting experiences of the times, and a quaint character who had been the cook upon the vessel into whose service Andrew at one time had been pressed, and who had left the British service when his young friend escaped. For a few days there also had been with them another man whom they had met on a voyage to Fort Niagara, and who had surprised the boys upon their return from Ogdensburg by meeting them in their own home. They had supposed him to be dead, as they knew he was shot in the battle of Queenston Heights.

Not far from their home, two other boys named Elijah and Henry Spicer were living with their father and mother, and these boys had also shared with David and Andrew in their previous service. They were almost like brothers to the Field boys, being neighbors, and of David's age, and for a long time had been such close friends that they knew but little difference between the feeling they had for one another and that which they felt for their own kin.

Everybody in that part of the country was highly excited at the time. The soldiers were rapidly gathering at Sackett's Harbor, and it was evident that some great projects were at hand, though

few knew what they were to be. Almost every day some one from the farm-house would be found at Sackett's Harbor, an interested spectator of the movements of the soldiers there, and eagerly listening to the reports that were current of coming events.

One day David and Elijah with their friend Heman had visited the barracks, as they had done almost every day since their return, and were watching the soldiers as they were going through their military drill. They were surprised when a man approached them, and after looking curiously at Heman, soon gave him a loud slap on the back and said, "Heman! Heman Jeduthan! Heman Jeduthan Chubb! Is that you? What in the world are you doing here! How is Chronicles?"

Heman turned quickly about at the unexpected salutation, surprised at the hail which had been given him, and at once recognized the new-comer as a man who had been with him in the previous autumn when he had marched with General Hull from Dayton to Detroit.

"Yes," said Heman, a broad smile covering his face, "you're right, and Chronicles are all right too; but I don't see how you came to be here."

The stranger laughed as he replied, "There never was a Yankee yet who didn't answer one question by asking another, but I should really like to know how you ever came to be here at Sackett's Harbor when I

thought you were either killed or taken prisoner at Detroit."

In response to his question Heman gave him an outline of the experiences through which he had passed, and which we already have related in the "Boy Soldiers of 1812." He meanwhile had introduced his young companions, and the boys, who were interested observers of the two friends who had met in such a strange way, at once urged the stranger, whose name they learned to be John Smart, or as Heman familiarly called him, "Jack," to go home with them and there renew his acquaintance with Heman.

Jack Smart told them how that he had come as an "express" from General Harrison, and was expecting to return in a day or two to the headquarters of the army in the North-west.

"That won't prevent your coming home and spending the night with us," said David; "will it?"

"I don't know that it will," said the stranger hesitating a little. "At any rate I'll be back in a moment, just as soon as I see the General."

He returned in a few minutes with the word that he could go with them, and the little party started at once for the home of the Field boys.

As they walked on together, the conversation of Heman and his friend was largely about the experi-

ences through which they had passed in the preceding year.

Heman told him how that his zeal for the fife and song had decreased somewhat, and that if he ever entered the army again it would not be as a fifer or a drummer.

"But I tell you, you used to stir the men up," said Jack. "We never had any one like you."

"I might do it again," said Heman, his old spirit beginning to assert itself somewhat under the praise of his companion, "though I haven't done very much of it this winter. I did think a little of starting a singing-school here, but my young friends didn't encourage it very much."

"No," said David; "there were other kinds of song in which we were more interested. I think the British guns are likely to make music for us that we shall understand without much trouble."

"Whew!" said the man as they walked on, "I haven't found any such cold days as these in all my trip."

"It is getting colder," replied David, and by the time they had arrived at his home they were all thoroughly chilled; but when he opened the door, the sight of the great fireplace with the large logs burning upon it, and of his mother and Andrew's wife as they moved about preparing the evening meal, soon made them forget the bitter cold outside.

There was a welcome for the new-comer such as only the hospitable homes in a newly settled country know how to offer. When the supper had been eaten, and the company gathered in front of the fireplace, they were interested listeners to the story which John Smart had to tell them of the condition of affairs on the Western borders.

"You see," said he, "General Harrison is a very prompt man, and he's been having the people put up block-houses and stockades all through the West. A lot of soldiers have been gathered from Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky, and they all wanted Harrison to be Commander-in-Chief, but he's a very modest man, and he preferred to have General Winchester take charge; but it was finally arranged that Harrison should take the position, and you ought to have heard the men cheer when they first heard of it.

"Tecumseh didn't have much trouble after Mackinaw, Detroit, and Chicago fell, in persuading the Indians that the time had come for them to drive all the white people out. Of course the British made use of them all, and stirred up all the feeling they could. General Harrison was kept busy at the time, but most of the people in the country didn't know anything about war, and they thought all he had to do was to march straight on for Detroit and take it back again. They didn't know anything about marching through a swampy country in winter with a lot of

undisciplined soldiers and with almost no supplies, and the Indians making trouble for him on every side. He had to go to Fort Wayne twice, and to some other places too, on account of Indian scares, and all these things hindered him in carrying out his plan."

"What was that plan?" asked Andrew.

"He aimed to occupy the Rapids of the Miami, and to gather a lot of provisions there, and to start out from that place, and only making a pretence of an attack upon Detroit, to go down the strait upon the ice and get hold of Malden. He hoped to have between four and five thousand men at the Rapids. General Harrison in the early part of January sent orders to General Winchester, who was then at Fort Defiance, to advance to the Rapids as soon as he had provisions enough to last him twenty days. He told him to commence to build huts there so as to make the enemy think that he was going into winter quarters, and then at the same time he was to put all his men into the work of building sleds for the expedition against Malden, which was what he really had in mind.

"General Winchester did as he was commanded, and arrived at the Rapids about the tenth of January and fortified his camp there. About a week after he sent Colonels Lewis and Alden with about six hundred and fifty men to the River Raisin. They started all right, and hearing that there were a good

many British and Indians at Frenchtown on that river, Colonel Lewis made up his mind to attack it. When he came up close to the place he found they were ready for him, but he made a charge and the enemy ran. He made up his mind to hold that place, and sent word to General Harrison and also to General Winchester."

"How large a place was Frenchtown?" asked David.

"There were thirty-three families there then," replied John. "They had gardens and orchards around their houses, and they'd enclosed them with puncheons."

"What are they?" asked Elijah.

"Why, puncheons," replied John, "are made of sapling logs split in two, driven in the ground, and sometimes sharpened at the top."

"Did the British have control of Frenchtown all this time?" asked Andrew.

"Yes," replied John. "Two days after the surrender of Detroit, General Brock sent Colonel Elliott from Malden to take it, and he did. He left the people on parole and promised them protection; but that didn't amount to much, for they were kept in a constant state of alarm, and two Indians named Round-head and Walk-in-the-water have had about four hundred Indians there ever since last fall. This charge I was telling you about lasted from three o'clock

in the afternoon until six, and when Lewis made up his mind to hold the place everybody was just wild to go on. They didn't appear to realize what a critical situation they were in at all. You see, Malden was only eighteen miles away, and the British were not going to let us get a hold anywhere around there if they could prevent it.

“General Winchester only took three hundred men, for he didn't dare to take many away from the camp at the Rapids, and pushed on for Frenchtown. Peter Navarre, a friendly Frenchman, who was sent out by Winchester as a scout, brought word that the British had started out from Malden; but Winchester didn't believe him. You see Jacques La Salle, who lived there at Frenchtown, was a strong Britisher, and he completely fooled the General. Other scouts came in and confirmed Peter's words, but somehow the leaders wouldn't believe them, and almost everybody went to sleep that night quiet as kittens; but the next morning, just as the drummer-boy was playing the three calls, they heard the sentinel's gun, and then there was a perfect shower of bomb-shells and canister-shot. They couldn't see the British, and the Indians yelled like fiends. Nobody knew how many there were of them, but they tried to fight it out as well as they could, waiting for daylight.

“Lewis tried to join Winchester in rallying the troops behind the houses and fences on the south side

of the Raisin, but they couldn't do it, and right there within a space of a hundred yards almost a hundred Kentuckians fell under the hatchets of the savages. Those who tried to escape met the bloody Indians on every side. Round-head took Lewis and Winchester both prisoners and marched them off to Colonel Proctor, stripped of most of their clothing. You see this was the right wing of Lewis' army that was suffering this way, but the left and the centre were defending themselves pretty well. Proctor found out he couldn't drive them out very easily and drew his forces off to the woods.

"The Americans got their breakfast ready, and while they were eating they saw a white flag approaching from the British line. Major Madison thought it was a truce to make arrangements so that the dead might be buried; but when he got there he found it was Major Overton, who was one of Winchester's staff, and Colonel Proctor was with him. They brought word from General Winchester to surrender at once, and that was the first they knew that the others were prisoners.

"Madison didn't want to surrender. 'The Indians will massacre the wounded and the prisoners too,' he said. 'I shan't agree to surrender unless you promise us safety and protection.'

"That made Proctor angry, and he stamped his foot, and said, 'Do you mean to dictate to me?'

“‘I mean to dictate for myself,’ Madison said. ‘We’ll sell our lives as dearly as possible before we’ll be massacred.’ You see Proctor was a mean sneak any way, and even General Brock wouldn’t trust him any; but Madison didn’t know anything about that, so supposing that he was a man of his word, he surrendered; but he’d hardly done it before the Indians began to plunder, and Madison, for all that he had surrendered, up and ordered his men to resist them even if they had to use the bayonets. That scared off the Indians for a while, but Proctor had heard that Harrison was on his way there and so he drew off the most of the regulars to Malden. That left the men at Frenchtown in a fearful condition. All of a sudden about two hundred Indians, the most of them half drunk and with their faces painted red and black, with awful yells fell on the defenceless men. It was a terrible time, and out of the whole of that division of the American army, only thirty-three escaped. I tell you the Kentucky men are just stirred up, and they have now as a war-cry, ‘Remember the River Raisin!’ You’ll hear from the Kentucky men before the war is over.”

The little group was greatly depressed at the story which Heman’s friend had told, and without much being said they soon took their candles and started for their beds.

CHAPTER II

A NEW PROPOSITION

IT was a long time before David and Elijah, who slept together that night, became quiet. It did seem as if every effort the Americans made on land was bound to come to some bad end, and the boys for a long time talked over the story to which they had listened; but in the morning a part of the gloom had disappeared, and as they gathered at the breakfast table it was with spirits somewhat more cheerful.

"How did you come to Sackett's Harbor?" said David to their visitor.

"Most of the way on skates and snow-shoes. I had some hard experiences though; but this is my line of work, and I'm going to start back again to-morrow."

Heman was unusually sober and had taken but little part in the conversation, although he had been an attentive listener to the story of his friend on the previous evening.

"What's the matter, Heman?" said David, looking up at him, and trying to draw his friend into the conversation.

"Nothing much," replied Heman. "I've been thinking out a pretty knotty problem, and I've only just found the answer to it."

"What is it? Tell us about it," said David.

"Oh! It's nothing much," replied Heman; "it's only just this: I've made up my mind to go back with Jack to-morrow."

Everybody looked up in astonishment, and there was silence for a moment.

"What," said Andrew, who sat at the head of the table, "going away out to General Harrison's army?"

"Yes," said Heman quietly, "that's just what I'm going to do. There's nothing more for me to do here, and I haven't any one dependent on me, and almost no friends in this world."

"But you know you've friends here," said Mrs. Field quietly, for any one who had shared with her boy the dangers of war found a large place in her motherly heart.

"Yes, I know that," said Heman, looking towards Mrs. Field affectionately; "but the boys will soon be going into the war again, and the hermit and the cook can look after the place all right, and I think the best thing I can do is to go back with Jack; that is, if he's willing to have me."

"Nothing would suit me better," said his friend, "if you think you can stand it to keep up on a steady stretch for three weeks, may be."

"I think I can," replied Heman; "at least I'm going to try it."

"That's just the way he joined us," said Elijah, turning to David. "Don't you remember how he came aboard the 'Corporal' when we were going out to Niagara?"

It was soon settled that Heman was to go. The boys were sorry to have him leave them, but he promised Mrs. Field that he would regard their place as his home, and if all things went well with him, that some day he would return. The boys were quite excited over the new expedition of their friend, and Elijah Spicer even proposed to his father that he himself should join in it, but a sharp negative from Mr. Spicer at once put an end to his plans in that direction.

After breakfast, John Sharp returned to Sackett's Harbor, but Heman remained for the day at the home of the Fields. It had been arranged that he should join his friend on the following morning and start with him on that long journey which might lead him into many dangers, and which certainly would bring him many strange experiences.

On the following morning a little group, made up of the boys and the men in the party which we have described, stood on the dock at Sackett's Harbor to bid farewell to Heman and his friend as they were about to start. Heman was wonderfully cheerful,

though quiet all the time; and when the good-byes at last had been spoken, Heman started and resolutely kept at the side of his friend, and the boys watched them until they had disappeared in the distance. At last they turned from the dock, and after watching the drill of the soldiers for a time went back to their homes. There was little for them to do in the dead of winter. The snow covered the ground and in some places buried the fences out of sight. The intense cold had made the ice on the lake very thick, and the sharp winter winds had swept it clear of the snow. The boys frequently spent a part of the day in skating over the lake and in fishing through the ice, but the time dragged even then somewhat, so quiet did it all seem after their exciting experiences during the previous autumn.

“I expect we shall have to let the boys go again,” said Mr. Spicer one day to Mrs. Field. “They’re going to be needed and the war isn’t finished yet. The President isn’t willing to accept the armistice which Great Britain has proposed, and I think he was just right.”

Mrs. Field made no reply except to draw a heavy sigh, for she knew that the time was soon coming when the boys would again desire to renew their experiences, and to take their share in the defence of their country.

At last in the latter part of February the boys

were surprised one day on their visit to Sackett's Harbor to see their old friend Captain Forsythe, whom they had left a few weeks before at Ogdensburg.

"Good morning, Captain," said Elijah, hailing him across the street and running to meet him.

"You mustn't call me Captain now," said their friend with a laugh.

"What am I to call you, then?" said Elijah.

"I'm Major now; I've just been promoted. We got driven out of Ogdensburg by the British, and I suppose the President thought I'd feel badly about it, so they made a Major out of me."

"Well, I'm glad to find you're here again," said David. "I hope you're going to stay."

"That depends," replied the Major, glancing affectionately towards his young friends. "I suppose you know the authorities at Washington are planning an active campaign against Canada. General Dearborn is to be placed in command of this part, and there are four thousand men soon to be gathered at Sackett's Harbor and three thousand at Niagara. They want us to go over to Kingston, and after we've taken that place, then to go on to Toronto. There are lots of stores there, and besides that they are said to be building two frigates."

"I hope we can go with you," said the boys excitedly. "Don't you suppose we can?"

"I don't know; that will depend upon some other

things," said the Major. "General Dearborn will be here in a few days and then our plans will be formed."

When the boys returned to their homes they were filled with the thoughts of the project of which the Major had told them and were eager to join in the expedition. When General Dearborn arrived a few days later there were great rejoicings at Sackett's Harbor, and yet there were grave fears on every side, for the reports had come that Sir George Prevost had adjourned the Canadian Parliament and had arrived at Kingston and was making plans for an early attack upon Sackett's Harbor.

There was another report, that six or eight thousand men had been gathered from Quebec and Montreal and that they were to unite in an attack, and as a consequence there was great excitement and fear all about Sackett's Harbor. The forces there had not yet been fully assembled, and they could rely only upon about three thousand men. General Brown had received orders to call out several hundred of the militia, and two expresses had been sent to General Pike, who was in command at Plattsburg, for him to come at once and bring eight hundred men with him. One day, when the boys had met their friend Major Forsythe, they learned from him that no word had been received from Pike, and that General Dearborn was very much worried about the delay.

"If we should be attacked," said the Major, "by any such force as it is reported they have at Kingston, the General is very much afraid it'll go hard with us. He has sent two expresses already to Plattsburg, but not a word has been heard yet from either of them."

"Is that the only place he's looking for help from?" asked David.

"No, he's expecting a small body of men from Rome and Utica; but if P'ee does not come, it will be a sad loss to us, for he is one of the hardest fighters I ever knew, and his men have a good deal of his spirit too."

"Well, why don't they hurry him up?"

"That's what they have been trying to do," said the Major with a smile; "but they've heard nothing from either of the expresses, and what else can we do?"

"Send another one," said Elijah impulsively.

"That's just what I proposed to General Dearborn should be done," replied the Major; "and I rather think it will."

"When will it be sent?" asked David.

"Just as soon as it can be gotten ready," replied the Major, "and those we want to go on it can start."

"Who's going?" asked Elijah.

"Two young friends of mine," replied the Major

quietly ; " one of them is named David Field and the other Elijah Spicer."

The boys looked at him in astonishment and asked him if he were not joking.

" No," replied the Major, " there's no joke about it. I've had a long talk with General Dearborn about this very thing, and I've told him of what you did on your trip to Niagara and down the St. Lawrence. I would rather trust you than any two men I know, and I have at last convinced the General that in spite of your age you are the ones to send with another message. We can't afford to lose any of our men here, and I think your parents will be more willing for you to go on an errand like this, than they would be to have you enter the service here. But come with me," he added, " and we'll go and see General Dearborn. He wants you to start right away, and wishes to see you before you go."

CHAPTER III

AN INTERRUPTION

IT was soon decided that the boys should go on the expedition which the Major had proposed. The consent of their parents had been gained, though Mrs. Field had given hers somewhat reluctantly; and it was only when Mr. Spicer and Andrew had assured her that David could be trusted perfectly to depend upon himself, and that there would be no great danger in the journey which they were to undertake, that she had at last withdrawn her objections.

One of the former expresses sent by General Dearborn to Plattsburg had gone through the forest and the other had gone by the way of Whitehall. It was now proposed to send David and Elijah by the way of the St. Lawrence.

“You see,” the Major explained to them, “Plattsburg can’t be over sixty-five or seventy miles from the St. Lawrence, and you can make your way down the river easily. You’ll find good skating most of the way, and where you can’t skate, you can use your snow-shoes.”

"That's what we can," replied Elijah; "and if there's any one of these Kanucks who thinks he can catch us on snow-shoes, or skates either, for that matter, he's welcome to. Don't you remember how we ran in that fellow on the St. Lawrence who was tinkering with the St. Regis Indians? He thought he could skate some; but he couldn't get away from us before we took him, or after we laid hands on him either."

"I remember it very well," said the Major with a smile. "He was exchanged afterward, and it was a good piece of work that you boys did."

"I suppose we shall have to be on our guard when we pass Brockville and Prescott, won't we?" asked David.

"Yes, somewhat," replied the Major, "though I think the most of their men have been withdrawn and sent to Kingston. You know it's from there it's reported that they're going to make the attack on us. I don't need to remind you boys," he added, "that the faster you can go the better it will be for us all. Pike will add greatly to our strength here, and meanwhile we're liable to be attacked any day."

"We shan't stop to study the scenery of the St. Lawrence very much," said Elijah, "and we're going to start right away."

The boys were not to be dressed as soldiers, and carried on their backs only such things as would be absolutely necessary to them on their journey. A

pair of snow-shoes, a blanket, a change of clothing, a small hatchet, and food enough to last them for a couple of days formed all the load they had to carry in addition to their guns. They trusted to their own ability to provide a part of their own food while they were gone, and there were places along the river where they also had planned to stop for rest and food. Two weeks was placed as the utmost limit of time they would need, and it was hoped that much less than that would be required.

The Major stood on the dock and watched them as they started on their journey. They were both strong and rugged boys, and though only seventeen years of age, they had been accustomed to take their axes and hold their own with the men through the long days in felling the trees and clearing the land in that newly settled country.

"They'll do," said the Major to himself as he watched the long strokes which the boys took. "Those youngsters have the right ring about them. I'm glad they've taken both their skates and snow-shoes, for they'll find a good many places where they can't use one of them but they can the other."

The boys found the St. Lawrence free from snow for the most part, and they had little difficulty in making their way mile after mile on their skates. The wind was with them, and as they swept rapidly on, talking but little, and yet keeping a sharp look-

out ahead, they made rapid headway. When they stopped for dinner it was always on the shore, and they made a fire out of the dry branches of the trees, and Elijah frequently would cut a hole through the ice and with little exertion add some fish to their other food. The weather was intensely cold, and yet the wind swept them on so rapidly that with the exertions they put forth they felt little but the pleasure of their skating.

The first stop they made at any house was at Goose Bay, where in the autumn before they had made the acquaintance of the man who dwelt there, for there they were to spend the night; and so tired were they that the warmth of the great log-fire and the food which was prepared for them did not keep them long from their beds.

"This man Smith," said their host, "who had some dealings with you last year has got a great place over there on one of the islands."

"We've heard something about that," said the boys. "It isn't right near here, is it?"

"No, it's up the river a piece; and they tell great stories about his quarters there. It's said he's got a cave on that island, and he's got it so fitted out that he can live there all the year around if he wants to; and then he's got from ten to fifty men with him, sometimes more and sometimes less, and they have great times."

"Which side is he on now?" asked David.

"I don't just know," said the man with a laugh; "but he keeps his eye open, and it's on the side that pays the best, I can assure you. He has the place all fortified, and there have been some strange doings on either side of the river that they can trace back to Smith and his gang. He makes no bones of saying that he's on either side that will pay him better. Why, they even say he shipped aboard an American vessel last fall."

"He did," replied Elijah. "He was a messmate of Tom Garnet's."

"Who's Tom Garnet?" asked the man.

The boys were sober in a moment as they told the story of their friend's experiences with the press-gang, and of his sad death in the first attack which Chauncey's fleet had made upon the enemy.

"This Smith has a daughter," said their host, resuming his story, "who lives on the mainland. People have seen her carrying food over to her father and his crew, and they sometimes think she carries word over to him too of what's going on around here; but somehow no one has quite the nerve to go over there himself and find out just the condition of things. Smith says he'll take the heart out of any man who tries to land on his island, and I don't know but he would, too."

"He's an ugly customer," said David, "and I only hope I shall never see him again."

"That's so," said Elijah. "I'd rather meet the British."

When the boys resumed their journey on the following morning they found that it would be wiser for them to reserve their strength and not try to make such rapid progress as they had on the previous day. They both were exceptionally strong, but they had found it would be wise for them to harbor their strength, and the stories which their host had told them of Smith and his followers had made them both apprehensive. As they passed by some of the familiar places they recalled many of their former experiences on the river, and when they came in sight of the place where they had made a capture of the British soldier a few weeks before they became more watchful still, but they passed the place without having been hailed by any one or seeing anything that threatened them on either side of the river.

"I'm going to stop at that house I see ahead there on the right," said David, "and see if we can't get something to eat."

"I'm with you there," said Elijah; and the boys at once approached the shore, and taking off their skates hid their bundles and approached the house. They received a kindly welcome from the wife of the farmer who lived there, and she at once began to prepare for them a warm meal.

"That pork smells good," said Elijah as they

watched the good woman. "This skating on the river makes one hungry."

"Have you been skating far?" she asked.

"Yes, quite a ways," replied David. "Are there many people passing here now?"

"Not so many since our soldiers got driven away," she replied.

"That was too bad that they got driven off," said Elijah. "I should have thought they would have bothered you here some."

"They didn't," said the woman, her eyes snapping. "All of my neighbors left when they heard the British were coming; but you didn't suppose I was going to run off and leave all the jelly and things I'd been working on all last summer, do you? No, sir! I just stayed right here, and when the soldiers came up to my door and asked me for all the provisions we had in the house, I just said they couldn't have them."

"What did they do?" said David.

"Do?" replied the woman. "Why, the officer looked at me a minute and then he began to laugh, and said, 'All right, my good woman, we won't disturb you; you've got more nerve than your men-folks have.' That wasn't true at all," she added, "for they stayed around here a great deal longer than I ever thought they could."

The boys soon sat down to the meal which she had prepared for them and ate as only hungry boys know

how. The keen air of the winter day and the work of skating so steadily and rapidly as they had done gave them both very keen appetites, and the good woman stood by, seeming to enjoy the rapid way in which her food disappeared, and constantly urging them to allow her to help them to "somethin' more." She told them all she knew of the condition of the country thereabout, and of what she had heard of the plans of the British soldiers across the river; but she added nothing to what the boys already knew, only confirming the reports which they had heard, that the most of the British soldiers were being assembled at Kingston, and that it was reported that an attack would soon be made from that place upon Sackett's Harbor.

The boys, without telling her of the object of their journey, had yet given her assurances of their own loyalty to the side she favored in the struggle, and there was nothing, in consequence, too good for her to do for them. She talked steadily through the early part of the meal, but the boys being too hungry to reply only listened respectfully to what she had to say.

When the keenness of their appetite had gone they responded to some of her questions and told her of some of their own experiences on the river, but they were only partly through with their eating when there came a loud rap on the door of the room in

which they were sitting. The woman quickly responded, and the boys looked up as she opened the door. They were more than startled at the sight which met their eyes. There stood before them their old enemy Smith, and with him were four or five of his companions, and among them they noticed one Indian. The strange stories which their friend at Goose Bay had told them of Smith's dealings and of the fortified place which he had on the river, only served to increase their alarm when they saw the company before them. They glanced all about them, but no way of escape presented itself. They half started from their chairs to move to the place where their guns were standing when the party entered the room. It was too late for them to do anything to defend themselves, and there appeared to be no way of escape. Elijah glanced at his companion's face, and noticing his look of determination, quickly decided to allow his friend to take the lead; but David only quietly stood in his place and waited to see what the party would do.

CHAPTER IV

A NIGHT IN THE CAVE

SMITH at once recognized the boys, and the scowl which at first came over his face soon gave way to a more pleasant expression, and the words which he spoke apparently were cordial.

The boys were upon their guard, and this unexpected manner of their old-time enemy, like the old Trojans who were afraid of the Greeks even when they were offering gifts, made them determined to be more watchful than ever against Smith, even though he did appear to be unusually friendly. He at once entered into conversation with them and made many inquiries as to the condition of things at Sackett's Harbor. The replies of the boys were brief, and they were constantly on the watch for an opportunity to escape from the house.

"The Americans have had some losses this winter, I hear," said Smith, "and the Canadians are in high feather. They think they'll have no trouble in whipping the Yankees, and I understand that they've got personal designs against Sackett's Harbor, too."

"So we hear," replied David; "but if they want that place they'll have to come and take it, that's all I can say."

"They're getting the Indians pretty well stirred up," said Smith. "I think it's five dollars they've offered for every scalp, isn't it?" said he turning to the Indian, who only nodded his head and made no other reply.

The boys became silent, and the reference which Smith had made to the reward which the British had offered for every scalp brought in by the Indians had not served to quiet their minds. What could they do against the man before them? A contest would certainly end in their capture at last, and the reference which had been made to scalps made them both afraid that Smith himself might not be averse to entering into that method of gaining some English money. Here they were at the very beginning of their trip apparently shut off from any progress, and in the power of a man whose good graces they had no right to expect, and who in all probability would only be too glad to repay them for the losses he himself had suffered at their hands.

"What are you doing down here, boys, anyway?" said Smith at last.

David hesitated a moment before he replied, and then deciding that the frankest way would be the best, said, "We were on our way to Plattsburg."

"Plattsburg?" said Smith in surprise. "Why, you're away out of your course. This is no way to go there."

"It's one way," said David quietly.

"What were you going for?" continued Smith. "I suppose you were going over to hurry up Pike. I've no doubt they have need of him and all his men at Sackett's Harbor now, eh, boys?"

"Yes, we are going to hurry him up," said David, "and I think we'd better be starting on."

"Well, there's no use in your going there now, boys," said Smith quietly.

"Why not?" said David.

"For the simple reason that he isn't there," said Smith. "I've got word that he's already started for Sackett's Harbor, and I shouldn't be surprised very much if he was there even now," and he took from his pocket and handed to the boys a letter which certainly confirmed his words, that Pike had started across the country for Sackett's Harbor.

The boys were puzzled. Smith certainly showed no disposition to harm them, at least openly, and the message which he placed before them surely showed that there would be no use in their continuing their journey. And yet, could they trust him? They knew that at times he was friendly to the American cause, and that when the promise of pay was better he did what he could for those on the Southern side

of the river. Perhaps he was disposed now to be friendly; and if so, had they not better, so far as appearances went, at least, trust his words?

"I'm on my way to Sackett's Harbor myself," said Smith after a little pause, "and I think you'd better go back with me. Oh! you needn't be afraid," he added in a moment as he saw a look of hesitation on the faces of the boys; "I'm a Yankee now, and I can sing Yankee Doodle with the best of them. I know what's going on too," he added significantly; "I've been in Toronto and Kingston both, and I've got something to say to General Dearborn that'll interest him, I know. In fact, I rather expect he's looking for me now," and he showed the boys a letter which he had in his pocket from General Dearborn and which clearly showed that there was an understanding between them.

"I think we'd better go back," said David in a low voice to Elijah.

Elijah nodded his head in reply, and David said, "All right, we'll go back with you," and the company at once started up the river.

The boys were suspicious all the time, and while they skated steadily onward they were watchful of their companions and prepared to meet any emergency that might arise. Here they were in the company of the very man who less than a year before had been very bitter against them, and who had done his

utmost to make them prisoners, and many times had threatened their lives, and yet apparently he was cordial in his feelings now towards them, and showed no disposition to do them harm.

The parties skated steadily and rapidly on, Smith occasionally exchanging a few words with the boys and showing them that he was thoroughly posted as to the condition of things on both sides of the river. They knew that he had been in the service of the commanders at Sackett's Harbor, and they soon decided that the only thing for them to do now was to lay aside all appearances of suspicion, and whatever their real feelings were, to go on with him as if they had no fear.

In a few hours they came to the part of the river where they knew Smith made his headquarters. The party halted for a minute and the leader said to the boys, "I'm not going to Sackett's Harbor till tomorrow. I'm going to stop overnight at my place, and I'm going to do something for you I never have done any outsider before : I'm going to ask you to stay all night with me."

"I think we'd better push on for home," said Elijah, whose face betrayed the suspicions which were in his heart, and even David had no desire to put himself so completely in the power of his old-time enemy as he knew he would by spending the night in his home, which was far from either shore of the

river, and to which it was not at all likely any help could come if it were needed.

Smith laughed and said, "You boys are still suspicious of me. Now, I'll own up that when I was running some things into the country last year without stopping to pay the duties that I didn't think the government had any right to ask of me, that I did feel a good deal riled at you youngsters for the way in which you got the best of me. I don't mind sayin' that a bit; but if I wanted to do you any harm I shouldn't have asked you to come over to my place, for I should have done for both of you when I first caught you. I shouldn't have had much trouble with all these men in putting you out of the way if I had wanted to do that, now, would I?"

"No," said David slowly; "that's so."

"Now, I swear to you boys that I won't do anything to you except to give you a good night's lodging and pilot you straight to Sackett's Harbor to-morrow morning."

"All right," said David, "we'll take your word for it;" and although Elijah shook his head they both followed Smith as he struck out towards the middle of the river, and soon came to the island where he had his home. The boys already had heard many things of this place, and they looked with curiosity about them when they drew near it. There was a large cave on the island, and in this Smith lived. It

was not only a home, but a place which he could defend easily, and in which evidently he could shelter a large number of men. Some of his companions were there when the party arrived, and came forth to meet them, glancing at the boys with curious looks. They were a rough set of men, and David's heart sank when he saw the desperate character of the company.

Smith at once led the way into the interior of the cave, only stopping a moment as they entered the door to call the attention of the boys to the six-pound cannon which stood at the mouth.

"Ye see," said he, "we've somethin' to give a salute with to any visitors we might happen to have," and he laughed as he spoke. The boys found that the interior of the cave had been roughly fitted out, and hammocks were hung in various parts of it for the use of the men who were there. But little conversation was indulged in, the boys having no inclination for it, and Smith and his companions at once busied themselves in preparing supper. The boys were hungry, and accepted the invitation which was given them to join in the evening meal. Smith apparently paid but little attention to them, busying himself in the reports which some of his companions had to give him of their doings, or of what they had learned.

The meal was interrupted by the entrance of a

woman, and the boys looked curiously at her as she came in, and at once recognized her as a daughter of Smith whom they had frequently seen when he lived near them, and of whom they had heard many reports since he had had this place of retreat on the St. Lawrence. It was commonly reported that she kept her father informed as to the condition of affairs along the river and frequently brought him food at the cave. She only remained this time, however, for a few moments, and when she had gone the men at once began to make preparations for the night.

"You see we turn in early," said Smith to the boys, "and these 'ere hammocks are for you."

There was not much sleep for David and Elijah that night. The strange position in which they found themselves in the home of these men who had been desperate smugglers before the war began, and who now were on neither side in the struggle, but continually changing and selling out to the party which offered the highest reward for their services, made them more than anxious. The boys knew that the most of the men did not look upon them with much favor, and seemed to be angry at their leader for bringing them to the cave. But the long night passed at last, and by the time it was light they had eaten their breakfast, and Smith, leaving behind him all his own men, had started with them for Sackett's Harbor.

It was late in the afternoon when they arrived

there, and eager as the boys were to go back to their own homes, they were so filled with curiosity as to Smith's relations with the General, that they went with him to the quarters of General Dearborn.

They were both pleased and surprised to find Major Forsythe there, and he was as greatly surprised as they to see them so soon at home again; but before they had any opportunity to explain, Smith said, "I found these boys down the river, General, and as I knew that Pike had started from Plattsburg, and was probably here by this time, I took the liberty of bringing them along back with me."

"That's right," said the General; "we expect Pike's men here to-morrow, and I'm glad the boys have come back. Have you any other news for me?"

"Yes; I hear," said Smith, "that there is a messenger regularly goin' on horseback from Toronto to Kingston. I think we can lay a trap for him and snare him if you want him."

"That's just what I do want," said the General eagerly, "and I've got a good big prize for the man who does it."

"I'm your man," said Smith, his avarice stirred by the promised reward; "but I shall want some help, and I don't think I'd better take any of my men with me."

"No," said the major, "you'd better take these two boys and their older brother, Andrew. They're just the ones to go with you."

Smith gave a whistle, and said slowly, "Just as you say. I don't suppose we'd have any trouble," and he glanced questioningly at the boys. They made no reply, and soon left the company and started for home.

Major Forsythe the next day came over to their farm and explained to them why it was he wanted all three of them to go with Smith. While he felt reasonably sure that he would do what General Dearborn wanted him to for the sake of the reward which had been promised him, at the same time he felt suspicious of him. If the three boys were to go with him they would not be likely to suffer anything at his hands, as they would be so much stronger, and at the same time they might prevent any treachery on his part.

But Mr. Spicer interposed a decided veto. "I shan't give my consent to their going now. It's almost time for the ice to break up in the lake, and I'm not willing that Elijah should take any such chances."

"Would you have any objections to their going when the ice breaks up?" asked the Major.

"Not at all," said Mr. Spicer; and it was finally arranged that when the ice was gone the three boys should go with Smith on his expedition to catch the messenger who regularly went between Toronto and Kingston.

CHAPTER V

THE SOLITARY HORSEMAN

EARLY in April the ice in Lake Ontario began to break up. Warm days were at hand and the long spring rains set in. The boys were impatient for the lake to become clear, as they were eager to start on their new expedition. Their fears of Smith had somewhat subsided since their last meeting with him, and they were so confident in their own strength when there were three of them together, that the thought of any possible treachery on his part did not alarm them.

General Pike meanwhile had arrived with eight hundred men from Plattsburg. They were a determined-looking body of soldiers, and for General Pike himself the boys had unbounded admiration.

"He looks like a born fighter, doesn't he?" said Elijah one day when they were at Sackett's Harbor.

"Yes, he does," replied David; "and he'll need all the grit he's got, too, with such men as we have here, for the most of them don't like the smell of gunpowder."

"But they haven't got used to it yet," protested Elijah. "Give them a chance to get acquainted with it and they'll be all right."

"I hope so," said David; "but our soldiers haven't done anything to be very proud of yet."

At last there came a day when the boys had gone over to see a new body of soldiers which they heard had arrived, and were standing on the street watching them as they went through the drill when Elijah called his friend's attention to some one coming up from the shore.

"That's Smith, he's come at last," he said, "and I'm glad of it. It makes me think of the text the Elder used last Sunday: 'The time of my departure is at hand.'"

David laughed as he said "I didn't suppose you ever remembered the text, but that's Smith sure enough."

Smith paid little attention to them as he passed, evidently being in a hurry, and when the boys had waited for some time for some word to be sent them that they were wanted at the General's quarters, they felt somewhat chagrined that so little attention was paid to them, and started for home.

"I don't believe the General means to send us at all," said Elijah complainingly. "I wish he hadn't said anything to us about it in the first place."

"It wasn't the General, it was the Major," said

David; "and if there's anything we ought to know we shall know it soon, you may be perfectly sure of that."

On the following morning, as if in fulfilment of David's words, Major Forsythe himself came over on horseback to their home to summon the boys. He explained to them that Smith was going to start as soon as they could get ready, and that he had found out just the time when the messenger was to be sent from Toronto and the places he would pass on the road.

"Do you think we can depend upon him?" asked Andrew.

"Yes," said the Major with a smile, "the reward he will receive if he is successful will settle that, and you boys, I might say also, will not be the losers if you capture the messenger. General Dearborn is very anxious to find out just what is going on across the lake, for he doesn't know whether we are to expect an attack from there or whether we ought to be the first to make one."

The boys were to start early the next morning and were to sail in Smith's boat. When at last they put out from the dock the younger boys were more than half afraid, and yet the presence of Andrew, and the fact that there were three of them against Smith in case trouble arose, made them soon forget their fears and become interested observers of their

companion. He handled the boat with great skill, and more and more the boys wondered how they had ever been fortunate enough to escape him in the preceding summer.

They sailed almost directly across the lake and then skirted the Canadian shore. Smith seemed to be thoroughly posted as to the course, and as familiar with the Canadian shore as he was with the other. The next day, in the afternoon, Smith landed, and made fast his boat in a concealed place on the shore, and the entire party left the lake and soon came to the road which for some distance ran parallel with the shore. He had little to say to the party until they came to a place in the road which he had evidently been looking for, and then he stopped to give them directions.

"This messenger is coming on horseback, and he'll have to pass right by this place. It isn't possible for him to have come yet, but he may pass here in the night."

"What makes you think he's going to pass here?" said Andrew.

"That doesn't make any difference how I know," said Smith; "I've got means of finding out, and that's enough. I know he's going to pass here, and I know we're going to get him; that's enough for anybody to know."

He proceeded to arrange his party in two divisions,

placing two on either side of the road and nearly opposite each other. The place he had chosen was in a little valley, the road coming down a long hill on one side and passing up a steep hill on the other. A little brook crossed the road a short distance below them, and the entire party were concealed behind the bushes which grew along the roadside. They could see a long distance on either side, and no one could approach from either direction without making known his coming. Andrew and David were stationed on one side of the road and Elijah and Smith on the other. Elijah did not seem to like this at first, but there was nothing for him to do but to obey their leader, who appeared to be unusually sullen that day.

When they had taken their positions, all they could do was to wait. It had been agreed that Andrew and David should watch one hill, and Smith and Elijah the other. The excitement which the boys had felt when they first took their positions cooled under their long-continued waiting, and David at last started up from behind the bushes which concealed him, but a savage word from their leader made him drop again into the position he had held.

The waiting became monotonous and their limbs became cramped, but Smith appeared to be so certain that they were doing just the right thing that all

made the best of it. The sun was now getting low, and all things indicated that they would have to pass the night there.

"You don't suppose he's passed, do you?" said David in a low whisper to Andrew.

"No, I think Smith understands his business," replied his brother; "but look up the hill there; there's a horse coming now, and he's coming on the run, too," he added in a minute as he gave a low whistle to which Smith responded, and the eyes of all the party were fixed upon the horseman who was coming down the hill at as rapid a pace as his horse could take.

"I wonder if that's the man we're waiting for," said David.

"We'll soon know," whispered Andrew; "but keep still now or you'll have Smith after you."

They all became silent and watched the man as he came down the hill. When he had come near to the bottom Smith called out to them in a low voice, "Get your guns all ready; he'll never get away from us alive if he's the man we're after."

The stranger, when he came to the brook, stopped his horse and led him down the side of the road to let him drink. While he was busy with his horse Smith stepped forth from his place of concealment and approached him. The man started when he heard the sound of his footsteps and gave a quick and suspicious look all about him. Smith at once

entered into conversation with him, and though the boys could not hear all that was said, they readily could see that he was trying to disarm the man of his suspicions. The stranger was watchful, and the look of determination which they could see upon his face made them think he would not be taken without a struggle; but at last they heard the stranger say as he gave his bridle a jerk and prepared to mount, "I must go on, so good-day to you."

"Not yet," they heard Smith say in a loud tone; "don't go yet."

"Why not?" said the man in an angry tone as he started to take his gun.

"Hold on, look back there!" said Smith; and at these words, which previously had been agreed upon as a signal, all three of the boys stepped into the road and covered the horseman with their guns.

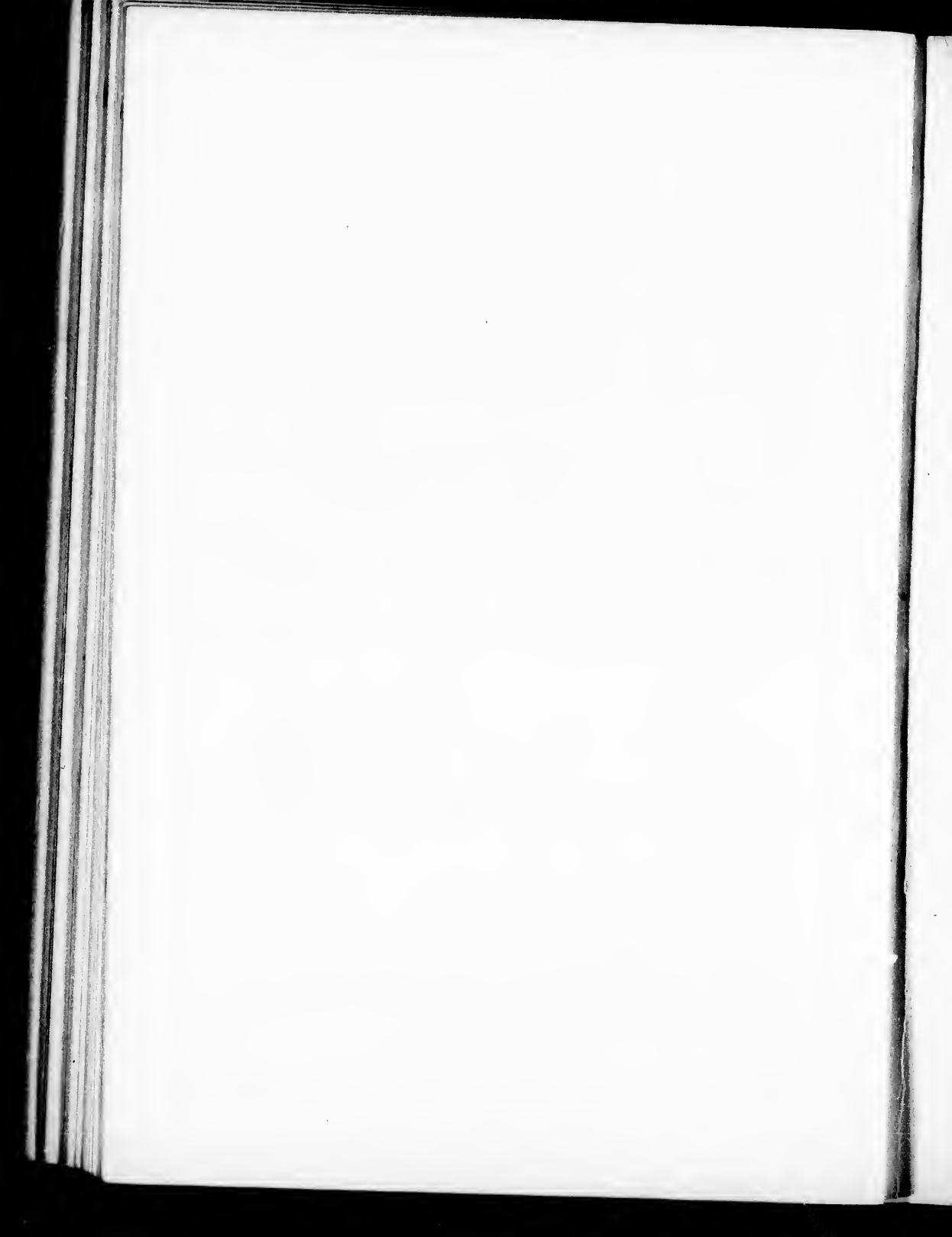
"You're my prisoner," said Smith, "and you've got to come with us. I don't want your horse, that can go on about its business," and he gave it a quick cut with a switch which he was carrying in his hand, and with a sudden plunge the horse started up the hill. "Come with us," said Smith to the man; "there's nothing else for you to do, and you might just as well give up with a good grace as with a bad one."

The stranger was evidently desperate, but after glancing quickly about him he saw that the outlook

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" ' You're my prisoner,' said Smith " Page 54.



was all against him, and he started slowly to follow Smith. When they came to the boat Smith halted the party, and turning to the stranger said, "I'll take those despatches you've got."

The stranger hesitated a moment, and Smith said savagely, "Will you give them to us, or shall we take them from you?" The stranger evidently concluded there was nothing else for him to do, and taking a letter from his pocket he handed it to the leader.

"That isn't all," said Smith in a tone yet more savage; "I want everything you've got, and if you don't hand it over pretty quick I'll throw your carcass into the lake."

The man's face flushed and he appeared to hesitate for a moment, and then reaching into the lining of his sleeve he drew forth another letter which he handed to his captor. Smith took this with a grunt, and when the man began to beg to be allowed to go, now that his despatches had been taken from him, he said, "No, sir, there's no going for you except with us. Step aboard the boat, and be lively about it. We haven't any time to waste over here," and the party at once embarked and started for the waters of the open lake.

"You're just in time, you see," said the captive, "for some of my friends are coming down the hill over yonder," and he pointed towards a party of men who were coming down the hill opposite. "I was

expecting to meet them here," he added, "and when you first came up I didn't know but you were the ones I was to meet; but you did the thing all right and there's nothing for me to do but to make the best of it. I should like to know, though," he said, "how you ever found out about it."

"Oh, you wouldn't understand it any better if I should tell you," said Smith; "so I won't take the time now, I want to give all my attention to getting home as soon as we can," and he turned from the captive to give his entire attention to the boat.

CHAPTER VI

AN EXPEDITION AGAINST TORONTO

THE little party arrived at Sackett's Harbor safely and delivered their prisoner to the authorities. General Dearborn was more than pleased at the success of their expedition and was generous in his praise and rewards. The uncertainty which had been in his mind was relieved by the information which the despatches contained, and he now could form his plans with something of a knowledge as to what lay before him.

In the despatches which had been captured he learned that the plans of the British had been completely changed, and instead of their making an attack upon Sackett's Harbor they were giving their attention to other matters entirely. This was exactly the opportunity which the General desired, and instead of waiting to be attacked he at once decided that the Americans themselves, acting upon the suggestion of the Secretary of War as well as upon his own, should move against the Canadian towns.

It was decided that an expedition against Toronto

should be made at once, and now that there were one thousand three hundred sailors there, and the new brigs "Jefferson" and "Jones" had been completed, and the keel of the "General Pike" been laid, he felt that five thousand regulars and two thousand militia could make a very respectable showing in an aggressive movement.

Andrew Field had received, through the kindness and influence of Major Forsythe, a corporal's commission, and he with David and Elijah were to go under the command of the Major, and take their part as soldiers in the army. When the fleet started at last, very few of the soldiers knew what their destination was to be. From some things the boys had heard they were satisfied that they had started for Toronto, and Smith, who also was going on the expedition, was certain of it. He told them that Toronto, which then was the capital of Upper Canada and called York, was founded by Governor Simcoe in 1793, and was the provincial capital. It was situated on a small bay, and contained about three hundred houses built mostly of wood, and many buildings belonging to the government.

When the expedition first started from Sackett's Harbor a heavy storm arose and it was compelled to put back again, but on the twenty-fifth of April it started again, and arrived at Toronto on the twenty-seventh about seven o'clock in the morning,

and immediately preparations were made for landing opposite the site of the old fort.

David and Elijah could see a body of the British grenadiers that were paraded on the shore, and Smith called their attention to some soldiers who appeared at another point, who, he said, were called the "Glen-gary Fencibles." A good many Indians also were visible, and they soon saw some horsemen moving into the town and the Indians led out to some stations that had been arranged, so that they could fire at our men if they should attempt to land. More and more soldiers appeared, and the boys, trembling in their excitement and with something of fear as well, took their places in the bateaux in which Major Forsythe and his men were placed and pulled toward the clear ground where he had been told to land.

The Major told his men to rest a little before they replied to the fire of the enemy, and while they were lying on their oars and priming, General Pike, who never could wait a moment, jumped up on deck and said, "I can't stay here any longer. Come, jump into the boat!" which his men did in spite of the balls which then were whistling all about them.

The infantry also had embarked and formed platoons as they reached the shore. General Pike took charge of the first platoon he met, and ordered the whole to prepare for a charge; but they did not have time to form completely before the British

grenadiers turned and ran. At just that moment the sound of Forsythe's bugles were heard, and they all knew that that meant he also was succeeding. The Indians seemed to know it as well, for as soon as they heard it they gave a yell and fled in every direction.

Commodore Chauncey had arranged the naval squadron in such a way as to cover the landing of the soldiers, and he kept up a constant fire of grape against the woods, and held many of the British from moving against our men. When the infantry joined the riflemen of Forsythe they at once opened a heavy fire upon the enemy, who gave way before our men could use their bayonets.

While they were making their way up the bank, a large body of fresh grenadiers appeared and compelled our men to drop back for a little, but they quickly rallied and drove the enemy rapidly before them. Our men held the bank which they had gained and faced the fresh body of British soldiers which had appeared; but the Americans were instantly formed for the charge, and began at the top of their voices to sing "Yankee Doodle," and started for the enemy. Whether it was the song or the sight of our guns that the British did not like will never be known, but at any rate they gave way and fled in great disorder.

By this time all the American forces had been landed and collected, and after they had been formed

into platoons they started for the enemy's works. This took a long time, however, because the bridges over the little streams that crossed the road had been destroyed, and our soldiers had to collect logs and lay across them before they could pass over any of the field-pieces.

They finally got one field-piece and one howitzer across, and went on through the woods, and as they came out they found a battery of twenty-four pounders before them. The General sent a couple of men around to the right of the battery to see how many men there were there, and they soon brought back word and told how the enemy were spiking their own guns.

A charge was ordered, but the British did not wait to receive it. The American soldiers marched on, when a fire was opened upon them from the quarters of the British Governor. The General ordered his men to lie close, and gave orders for the artillery to be brought to the front, and this soon put to silence every gun of the enemy there. The firing had now ceased, and everybody was expecting a flag of surrender.

Suddenly, upon the stillness that had followed the noise of the guns, there arose the sound of an explosion which was terrific and awful. It was the British magazine, which contained five hundred pounds of powder, many cart-loads of stone, and an immense

quantity of iron, shells, and shot. General Pike had just been to the inn to see one of his wounded men, and had seated himself upon a stump beside a British sergeant who had been taken prisoner and whom he was examining. But the General and the British sergeant were both mortally wounded by this explosion, and between two and three hundred of the American soldiers were hit, and thirty-eight of them killed in this same disaster. Many of the British were also killed and wounded. The explosion was probably accidental, although at the time every one thought it was the slip of a mine.

General Pearce, who now had the chief command, sent a flag demanding an immediate surrender, which was quickly granted, the only condition being that private property should be respected. The British General, however, made his escape, and quite a large body of regulars with him.

Andrew Field was sent by Major Forsythe to the place where the wounded General Pike had been carried, to tell him that the British Union Jack was coming down, and the Stars were going up. Andrew was greatly touched at the smile which the General gave him at the announcement, and he helped to carry him on board the Commodore's ship, and remained with him until he died. Just as he was dying, the surrendered British standard was brought to him, and, making a sign to have it placed under

his head, he died without a groan, though his sufferings must have been extreme.

An immense quantity of provisions and naval stores were taken by the Americans, but there were not boats enough in which they could carry the prisoners back with them. There were seven hundred and fifty of these, and five hundred of them had to be released on their parole. Andrew and David went into the council chamber, and when they brought out the mace which was hanging over the chair of the Speaker, they found a human scalp also suspended there.

"Fine business that for Great Britain, isn't it?" said David with a look of disgust as he threw it to the floor.

"It's what you must expect," said Andrew, "from men who will pay Indians for every scalp they bring in."

The boys also went with the soldiers and helped set fire to the government barracks and public buildings, and watched them with a strange joy as they burned. No private property, however, was touched, and the time soon came for their return.

The boys became separated here, David having gone to watch the departure of most of the army, which was taken from Toronto to Niagara, and when they arrived at Sackett's Harbor he looked around for Elijah, but not a word from him could he

hear. Whether he had been injured, or taken prisoner by some straggling British soldiers, or what had become of him, he could not learn. Smith also had disappeared, and anxious as Elijah's parents were, they waited patiently, hoping that the lost boy would return with Commodore Chauncey when he came back. But a few days later when Chauncey did return to Sackett's Harbor no tokens of the missing boy were received. What had become of Elijah? This was the question uppermost in the mind of David, and over which Elijah's parents were as sorely troubled as was he.

"It's strange," said David one day to Andrew, "that Smith hasn't shown up."

"I've thought of that," said Andrew, "and it may be that that accounts in part for Elijah's strange disappearance."

"Well, whether it does or not Elijah isn't here," replied David, "and I only wish I knew what had become of him."

But day after day passed and the problem received no solution. Elijah had disappeared, and grief and perplexity were in the hearts of all his friends at home.

CHAPTER VII

THE CAMP IN THE FOREST

WHEN Heman and his old time friend John Smart started on their long journey, they struck into a swinging gait and steadily held to it until they had passed around the point out of the sight of their friends who were watching them from the dock at Sackett's Harbor. The wind was cold and swept directly across the lake, and yet for hour after hour they held to the rapid pace which they had taken when they had first set out. John had no thought that Heman would be able to keep up with him, and in fact he had not been very enthusiastic when he had first suggested returning with him; but as his companion steadily kept by his side and showed no signs of fatigue, his respect for him increased, and several times he told him how glad he was to have him with him.

John had a contrivance which he carried with him for keeping off the wind whenever they stopped to eat something on the shore. He was fully posted on all the needs of a man making a journey along

the frontier, but this contrivance was one which Heman especially admired. He seemed to enjoy the rest of an hour which they took in the middle of the day as much as any part of their experience, and yet he never complained, no matter how rapid the pace which his companion set.

When night drew near John explained to him how he was going to wait until morning before starting on.

"Where will you stay?" asked Heman. "We can't sleep in the woods without a tent."

"That's so," replied John, "and I don't propose to; but how would you like to sleep in a house?"

"I should like it," replied Heman; "but I don't know what makes you talk in that way, there's no house anywhere about here."

John only laughed, and going to the shore he removed his skates, as Heman did also, and leading the way, in a short time came to a little log-house which was concealed among the trees. He knew just how to open the door, and when Heman stepped inside he uttered an exclamation of surprise. On the table in the centre of the room there were large pieces of pork and some corn-meal, and other provisions which appeared very tempting to the tired travellers. Wood was all arranged on the fireplace, and even the great kettle which hung over it on the crane had water in it. Some one had evidently

been there not long before, and Heman was greatly puzzled to know how his companion knew anything about the place.

While they were preparing their supper John explained to him that all along the shore, at certain places which were known by the scouts and expresses, these little houses had been built, and were kept supplied with provisions by friends of the cause who were living not far away.

Their hunger satisfied, the travellers soon made arrangements for the night, and slept soundly until near daybreak, when they arose, and after preparing and eating their breakfast started on again. In this way their journey continued, and they arrived at Niagara some little time before they had expected to. Heman looked with interest at the familiar places, but the soldiers were changed so often in those days, that none of his former companions could he find. There were rumors of an attack on Canada soon to be made, and the men at Niagara were waiting for General Dearborn to come to them. They were interested in the reports Heman and his friend brought them from Sackett's Harbor, and when they told of the large number of men that were gathering there, considerable enthusiasm was shown.

John Smart was delayed at Niagara longer than he had expected to be, and when he made arrangements to start again on his journey many of the older men

advised him not to return by the way of the lake. Signs of a heavy rain were seen and the ice was likely to break up soon.

Acting upon this advice John and Heman crossed the lake to the Canadian side and decided that they would make their journey by land. The snow was still very deep, and while soft and coarse in some places, still gave them a foothold for their snow-shoes, and as both of them were accustomed to the use of these they made quite rapid progress. They frequently stopped at some of the little houses on the frontier and had no difficulty in passing as Canadians. Several times their journey was interrupted by storms, and they would be compelled to remain for two or three days at some house, and at such times John's nature seemed to change completely. He became quiet, having almost nothing to say even to his companion. Meanwhile he had put the despatches which he was carrying inside the lining of his coat.

The progress which they made was slow now, and frequently as the snow disappeared they found they were compelled to make their way through mud and over swampy soil, and April was well advanced before they had arrived on familiar ground. One night, when they had stopped to wait till morning before they went on, John turned to Heman and said, "We shall have to be very careful now or Proctor'll get us."

"Is Proctor in command of the British around Detroit now?" asked Heman.

"Yes," replied John, "and he's the greatest blow in the British army. He doesn't think the Yankees are of much account, and threatens to sweep us all up in no time into Lake Erie or Lake Michigan."

"Still I think he's to be feared somewhat," said Heman.

"No doubt," remarked John dryly. "After the experience on the River Raisin one must be prepared for almost anything."

During the day signs of men were seen and John's watchfulness was greatly increased. He was thoroughly familiar with his ground now, and Heman had great confidence that he would lead the way safely through the midst of the enemy. Their plan was to make their way as speedily as possible to Fort Meigs, where General Harrison was in command in person.

A little later John suddenly stopped and called his friend's attention to smoke which he could see in the distance. Heman could not make it out at first, but after John had shown him where it was he could see it, although he was inclined to doubt whether it was anything more than a cloud or not.

"It's strange," said John in a low tone, "that men should be building a fire in this way in the daytime. They must feel pretty sure of their ground. I hope nothing's happened to General Harrison."

"You don't suppose there has, do you?" said Heman, sharing some of the anxiety which his companion expressed.

"No, I don't," replied John. "I don't think Proctor will ever get near enough to Harrison to see the color of his hair, unless it is as a prisoner."

But they were very careful as they went on, and later in the day Heman felt his companion pull his sleeve quickly and call his attention to a man they could see in front of them. He wore the British uniform and was evidently a soldier.

"There's a body of them near here somewhere," said John.

"That's so," replied Heman, "and I presume we're in considerable danger."

John looked at him in surprise. In their early acquaintance he had never known Heman to speak of danger in such a matter-of-fact way, and evidently his feelings became manifest by the curious look he gave him. Heman understood it too, for he smiled as he said, "After a man has had his hair parted by an Indian's bullet, he loses some of his old feelings."

"That's true," said John. "A smell of gunpowder is sometimes good for chills."

They still could see the man in front of them, and John said, "He's going to the camp."

"How do you know?" said Heman.

"Because he's going in the direction from which

that smoke came that we saw back there ; but there's nothing for us to do except to push on and find out a little more about it."

Accordingly they continued on their journey, but used much more care as they advanced, and frequently they waited behind trees and went ahead only when they were certain that the way seemed clear. The night was not far distant, and they had no desire to spend it where they were unless they could find out something about their neighbors. It was not long before the sounds of singing and men engaged in conversation were heard.

"There are some Indians and soldiers there," said John ; but Heman made no reply, and they went stealthily ahead, passing from the shelter of one tree to another as they went on.

A low whisper from John indicated to Heman that they must be near the camp which they were seeking, and when Heman changed his position he was startled, as, looking ahead, he saw a camp in which there seemed to be a dozen or more men. A part of them were Indians, and the others were soldiers who were drinking, and evidently were entirely unsuspecting that any one was near.

"That looks bad for us if we get caught," said John. "These men can't hold back the Indians when all of them are full of bad whiskey."

Heman nodded his head in reply, wishing in his

heart that his friend would not talk any more, and yet he was wondering what his plan would be now.

"We've seen enough," said John in a low tone. "It's time for us to get out of this;" and as he spoke he turned to leave, and beckoned to his companion to follow.

Heman's foot slipped as he started to follow his companion's example, and when he tried to recover himself he fell heavily to the ground. The noise he made in falling, and the smothered exclamation which he gave, were easily heard in the camp.

"Jump up behind the tree and stay right where you are," said John, setting the example himself and taking his stand behind a large tree.

But the noise of Heman's fall at once produced a change in the camp. A silence followed the shouting and singing which they had heard, and when John peered forth carefully he saw the men scattering in every direction. It was evident that they were going to try to find the cause of the disturbance if they could.

Some little time had passed and the hiding-place which the two men had taken as yet had not been discovered. Hope began to rise in Heman's heart, and he thought there was a possibility of their escaping. He was about to whisper his thought to his friend when he suddenly glanced to his right and saw an Indian standing there and watching them. John

already had seen him, and as he heard the startled exclamation which Heman gave he quietly said, "We're caught, and we might as well give in. There are a couple of soldiers coming this way too, and we'd have no chance against the company. Come on, Heman, we'll have to make the best of it," and he stepped forth and followed the Indian, who at once led the way into the camp. Here he gave a call and quickly summoned all his companions, who at once returned to camp, and, as they entered, gave John and Heman glances that were not at all reassuring.

CHAPTER VIII

A STRANGE HIDING-PLACE

IT was a strange company in which the two captives soon found themselves. The evidences of their carousal were plainly to be seen, and they had been drinking just enough to make many of them nearly wild. Some of the Indians wanted to kill the prisoners at once, and Heman's face became pale as he saw the disposition so many of the men manifested; but the man who was in command, whom several of them addressed as "captain," soon put an end to any demonstration of the kind. Both the prisoners then knew that their main reliance, and perhaps their only one, was upon him. John had been cool and collected all through the trouble, and while Heman's face had been unusually pale he too had been remarkably quiet.

When all the company at last had become still and the captain saw that the prisoners were in no immediate danger he turned to them and said, "Who are you, and where'd you come from?"

Heman made a sign to his companion to do all the

talking, and John said, "We were coming through the woods and stumbled on your camp."

"That sounds well," said the captain good-naturedly; "but how do I know you're not spies? I never saw either of you before, to my knowledge."

"And you won't see us again very soon either," said John, "if you'll let us out of this."

"We shall have to search you first and see whether you have anything about you that's suspicious," said the captain; and as John made no reply and offered no resistance, the search was at once made. They did not discover the despatches that John had concealed in the lining of his coat, but they found enough to convince them that the men belonged on the other side.

"Yes," said John, in reply to a question of the captain's, "we were on our way to join Harrison's army. We can't dodge that very well after what you've found; but you'll protect us, won't you, captain, from these savages? They're the only ones I'm afraid of, for I haven't forgotten their performances at the River Raisin."

"Neither have I," said their captor with a scowl; but John couldn't decide whether this was an indication that he was angry at what was done to the Americans, or at the Americans themselves, but in a moment the captain added, "I never liked that, do you know, at all. No one but Proctor would ever have

allowed it, and I don't mind telling you that he hasn't an officer under him that thinks he's fit to command. He doesn't seem to understand the first principles of civilized warfare. I'll protect you," continued the captain; "you can rely upon me for that, but I shall have to take away your arms and pinion your hands behind you."

"All right," said John. "Here's my gun, and Heman, you give him yours too."

He said nothing, however, about the knife which he carried in his leggin, and which he hoped to retain when he saw the captain was not disposed to search him further. Their hands were soon tied behind them, and they took their seats on a stump which was in the centre of the camp.

In the conversation which followed they learned that evidently great things were in preparation. It came out that Harrison was still in command at Fort Meigs and that plans were being formed for attacking him; it also was brought out that the company which had captured John and Heman had been out scouting and had brought back such information as they had gained from the region about Harrison's camp.

"This is a great piece of news," said John in a low tone to Heman, who sat by his side. "I wonder if Harrison has any idea of the plans these fellows are making to attack him. He's no such fool as Winchester was, who wouldn't listen to a word his scouts

brought in, and he had some of the best scouts in the army too."

As his friend then became silent Heman looked toward him just in time to see a startled look upon his face which he had the presence of mind to allow to pass at once, but in glancing about the company John's look had fallen upon a strange-looking man whom he was sure he recognized as Peter Navarre. John wondered what he could be doing in this company, but the quick look which the Frenchman had given him showed him that he also had been recognized, and knowing how thoroughly he could be depended upon, John's heart at once became very much lighter.

"I don't just see," he whispered to Heman a little later, telling him of his discovery, "how Peter ever came to be here, but it'll be a good thing for us that he is here. He's one you can depend upon, and he won't forget me either, for I did him a friendly turn myself one time."

"Do you suppose they'll stay here all night?" said Heman, glancing at the sun which already had disappeared below the edge of the forest.

"I don't know," replied John; "but wherever they take us I hope they'll leave us together for the night."

"So do I," replied Heman; "though I don't know that I could be of much use in trying to get away."

It was soon settled, however, that they should not

remain where they were for the night. The entire party began to move with the prisoners in the midst of them and soon came to a large camp. Here it was evident that they had been expected, and the captain turned his prisoners at once over to another man. There were a large number of Indians there, and many sharp and savage glances were given the prisoners as they were led to the edge of the camp, where their fastenings were once more looked to, and they were left to themselves.

“If they’ll only put us into the same tent to-night,” said John, “it’ll mean so much more for us. We can then help each other, and we’ll stand ten times as good a chance of getting away.”

Heman made no reply, and the silence was maintained till the darkness had settled upon them. A couple of soldiers were then sent to conduct them to the place in which they were to pass the night, but in a moment they saw that they were not to be left together. Heman was thrust into one tent and John led on to another at some distance from it.

That night John Sharp determined that there should be no sleep for him. He did not know just what to expect, and yet in his heart there was the hope that somehow he might make his way out of the camp. He did not know whether General Harrison knew of the plans that were being formed against him or not, and the desire to tell him of these, as well as

to give him the despatches which had not been taken from him, increased his desire to escape. The presence of Peter Navarre also promised good things, and altogether John was not without hope that somehow an opening for him to escape would appear. A guard had been stationed in front of his tent, and as the long hours passed and no signs of any help appeared he began almost to lose heart.

It was long past midnight, and silence had come over the entire camp when John, who was lying on a blanket on the floor of the tent as far as he could get from the watchman, heard a low whisper from outside the tent. "Here! Here!" and the sound was repeated. Without changing his position John moved the side of the tent in such a way as to show any one outside that his words had been heard. A silence followed, and John eagerly watched to see whether his guard had become suspicious or not, but when several more minutes had passed and he found that he had not paid any attention to his prisoner, he noticed that the piece of the tent behind him was lifted and some one pushed through his head. In spite of the darkness John could see the outlines of the form, and he at once concluded that his visitor must be Peter. He rolled over on his side in such a way as to shut off the view of Peter's head from the front of the tent, and found that a place large enough for him to crawl through had been cut in the canvas.

Peter reached with his knife and cut the thongs which bound John's hands behind him, and helped him as he slowly slid backward through the slit which had been made in the tent. He had just arisen to his feet and waited for a moment to see, if he could, what the prospects of escaping were, when he heard the guard move. Peter also caught the sound and knew that the watchman was entering the tent.

"Now run," whispered Peter grasping his friend's hand, and both started and ran as silently and swiftly as they could. They heard the guns fired behind them, and at once the camp was thrown into confusion. It seemed to John that the Indians were on every side of him, but it was so dark that the dusky forms could not be distinguished from the lighter ones. Peter brought their flight to a walk, and moving about among the Indians, who had no torches, he kept John close to his side, and yet steadily made his way towards the outside of the camp.

When this had been gained Peter started on the run again, only grasping his friend by the hand. John had not the slightest idea in which direction they were moving nor where they were going, but satisfied that he could trust his guide completely, he ran on in the darkness, keeping close to the side of his friend. They could hear the sound of guns behind them, and torches appeared here and there; but

they had gone but a short distance from the camp when Peter stopped behind a very large tree whose outlines could be seen even in the darkness, and crouching upon his knees he took John's hand and showed him where there was a large hole in the bark.

"Tree hollow, crawl in," said Peter, and suiting the action to the word he at once entered, and John quickly followed him. The tree was hollow, and evidently had been used for similar purposes before. There were places in the side of the tree through which they could peer, and John saw for a long time the lights moving about the forest. Several times men passed the tree in which they were concealed, but none seemed to know of their hiding-place. After a long time it was evident the Indians and the soldiers were returning to the camp, and John knew that in the number that had gone forth their own steps could not be traced, and that it was not likely that they would be discovered unless some one knew of the hiding-place.

Meanwhile the captain who had made them prisoners went into Heman's tent. Heman at once knew that he was angry, but he was ignorant of the cause. He wondered as the captain saw that the thongs which bound his hands and feet were drawn more tightly, and asked what it all was for.

"I don't intend to let you get away," said the captain.

"I haven't been trying to," replied Heman.

"Well, that friend of yours has given us the slip, and I don't intend to have you join him if I can prevent it," said the captain.

"Has he got away?" asked Heman eagerly.

"Yes," replied the captain; "but we shall get him again very soon," and he turned and left the tent.

CHAPTER IX

THE LIVING AMONG THE DEAD

THE battle-field at Toronto, after the storming had taken place and the troops had surrendered, presented a sad sight. The dead lay scattered here and there, and the force of the explosion was nowhere seen in a more distressing light than in its effects upon the bodies of the men. Here a headless body lay stretched, and there could be seen limbs which had been torn from their place and thrown a distance of many feet. Distorted and blackened faces were turned towards the light, and the dead men seemed to have suffered a death far worse than the fortune of war often brings.

Occasionally those who were moving about the battle-field would catch the sound of a groan or a moan without being able to distinguish from whom it came. The burning fort still smouldered, and as the smoke from the blackened ruins of the burned barracks was still rising, it was a scene to make any one sick at heart, and the sight of the dead, and the mangled bodies of some of those who were yet living, would arouse the pity of the hardest heart.

All through the day men had been busy gathering the wounded and placing them on shipboard, as an early departure was eagerly looked for, for the expedition would be considered as completed only when they had safely brought back their men and prisoners to the American shore.

Some had been busy in gathering the bodies of the dead and preparing them for a hurried burial. Friend and foe had united in this work, and together had searched the field for the face of a friend or the body of some comrade. Many a time a strong man would be seen to break down, and sobs would be heard as he would discover the body of some one he had known and loved. A father would find the mangled body of his son, a brother would stumble over a corpse which he would soon recognize as that of his own brother, and the scene of carnage was followed, as it always is, by a scene of sorrow.

As the day wore on even women were seen upon the battle-field searching for the dead or caring for the wounded, and many a suffering man had that day to bless the gentleness and tenderness of some unknown woman.

The sun had set at last and the full moon rose. As it came up above the horizon full and glorious and beautiful, it looked upon such a sight as is seldom seen. The ground was all stained with blood, and covered with the bodies of men who had been shot,

or pierced with the bayonet, or torn to pieces by the awful explosion so much worse than both combined. The search did not cease as the moon rose. Far into the night and all through the next day some were busy in burying the unknown dead and caring for the wounded, and laying away the bodies of those who had been known as friends.

Early in the evening under the full moonlight two men were together searching for the body of the son of one of them. All through the afternoon they had been looking without success, and far into the night their efforts were continued.

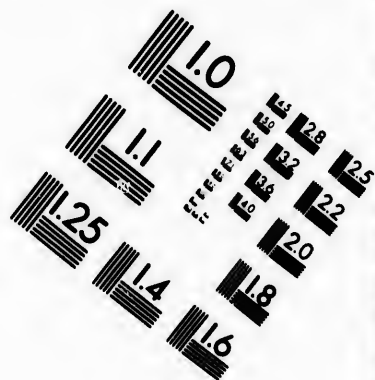
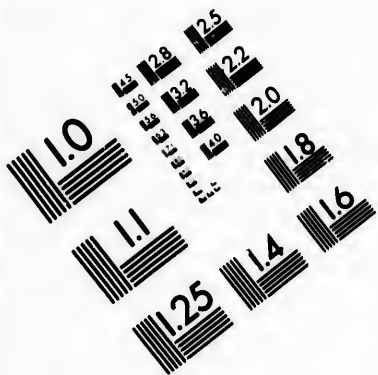
"What an awful, awful thing war is!" said one of them.

"Yes," said the other. "It seems so unnecessary. All this bloodshed and waste of money might have been avoided if only a little of a Christian spirit had been shown."

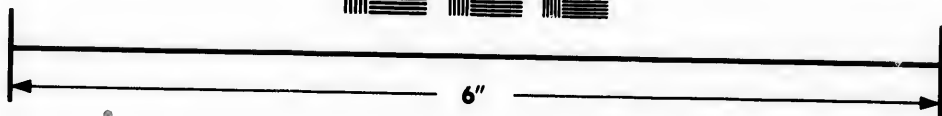
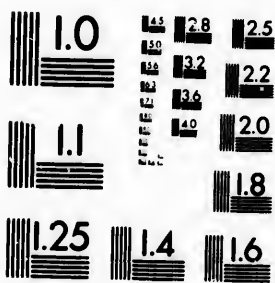
"I know it," replied the other, "and I think our own government is more to blame. They never had any right to use that press-gang. It was bad when they took our own men, but worse when they took those of the States."

"Yes," replied his companion; "but when the States make war upon us we have to defend ourselves, whatever we may think about the original cause of the war."

"I don't know about that," replied the other, dubi-



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ously, but just then a cry arose from his companion. He had stumbled over a body, and when he had stooped to examine it he had quickly recognized it as that of his own son.

"He was only eighteen years old," said the heart-broken father. "I never wanted him to go into the fight at all, but he did go, and this is all there is left of him for me. What will his mother say? I'm afraid the blow will kill her."

His companion was silent, though he deeply sympathized with the sad man by his side who at last had found the object of his search. The lost son had indeed been found, but only found to intensify a loss, the sense of which would increase with the years.

They obtained a rude stretcher, and tenderly placing the dead body of the young soldier upon it, were moving from the field and had come near to the edge of the place where the battle had been fought, when one of them thought he heard a groan. At a word from the father they both stopped and listened. Again the groan was heard, though it was now very faint, and placing upon the ground the body of the dead they looked about to see what they could do for the living.

The groan was not repeated, however, though they were quite certain that they had found the body from whence it came. Marking the place in such a way that they could recognize it when they returned,

they took up their load again, and carrying it to the home of the sad father, left it there.

His friend at once left the house, not wishing to be a witness of the sorrow of the mother, and made his way back to the battle-field. He had no difficulty in recognizing in a moment the mark he had left, but listen as he would, the groan which had at first attracted his attention was not repeated.

Sad and silent he walked about among the bodies, listening for the sound which did not come and searching for any one who might yet be alive. He was about to give up the search, but stopped a moment as he found a body apart from the others and over which he had almost stumbled. He lifted it tenderly, but it showed no signs of life. Placing his hand over the heart he thought he detected a slight action. He resolved to take the body to his own home and see whether life could be brought back or not. He had no difficulty in getting another man to help him with the stretcher which he obtained, and together they placed the body upon it, and as they lifted the load a slight groan showed them that life was still there.

“My boys are all girls,” said the man, “and sometimes I’m not very sorry that it is so, especially in times like these. I’ve just been home with my friend McAllister, who has found all that is left of his only son here on the battle-field. From all that I can see

this man we have on the stretcher must be a young fellow. You're in no shape to have any one in your house, so I'll take him home with me and do what I can for him. 'Twas a good thing the Yankees agreed not to touch private property, for if they'd burned the houses I don't know how the wounded ever would have been cared for."

His companion assented to all that he said, and they soon came to the place which the other man called his home. It was a surprised group he met as he and his companion bore the apparently lifeless body into the house. The mother and her four daughters with startled looks watched them as they came in, showing in their manner the strain under which they had been throughout the day, and the effects of the sorrow which had come at its close.

"Put him in the spare room, father. We'll do the best we can for him," said Mrs. McGann.

It was a sad sight they saw when the body had been lifted from the stretcher and placed upon the bed. The hair had been burned from the head, the eyebrows were scorched and almost gone, and the face itself was black as if it had been burned by powder. One arm was limp and evidently had been broken.

"It will be lucky if it's only an arm that's broken," said the man after he had listened again to make sure that the heart was still beating.

"The uniform he wears shows he is an American," he added in a moment.

"That makes no difference, we'll care for him just the same. He's only a boy," said his wife sympathetically. "Poor boy, how his mother would feel if she knew! Perhaps she's already afraid that he's dead, as I, too, fear he soon will be."

"It is a sad house McAllister has," said her husband gently. "I helped him home with the body."

"It might have been ours, too, if our boy had lived to grow up," said his wife; "but we'll do the best we can in taking care of this one."

Medical assistance it was impossible to obtain until the following day. A careful examination on the part of the physician showed that an arm had been broken, and while the face was badly burned the greatest danger came from the bruises upon the head.

"I can find nothing else wrong," he said after he had finished his examination. "It may be that his skull is fractured, I can't tell yet, but it has had some fearful blows, and it may be a long time, too, before he'll be conscious again,—that is, if he ever does become conscious. A good deal will depend upon the care you give him," he said as he left, promising to come again the next day and look after the young soldier.

The patient still lay quietly in the bed. Occa-

sionally he uttered a groan, and sometimes would moan as he attempted to roll his head. The arm had been placed in splints, but the face was still black from the burn it had received, and the hair was nearly gone. Compresses wrung out of cold water lay upon his forehead, and by the bedside all of the time sat some one of the family. But if his own mother had seen him she would hardly have recognized in the suffering and battered boy, who constantly moaned as he lay in the bed, so black and bruised as to destroy all of the expression of his face, our impetuous young friend and soldier, Elijah Spicer.

CHAPTER X

THE WARNING OF THE "LADY OF THE LAKE"

ABOUT Sackett's Harbor a great change had come. Many of the soldiers had not returned from Toronto, but had gone directly to the other end of the lake, and consequently there was less bustle and stir, and everything appeared much more quiet than formerly. Commodore Chauncey came about the middle of May, but he did not remain long, and took three hundred and fifty more of the soldiers away with him when he went.

Sackett's Harbor, therefore, was in a poor condition for defence. Fort Tompkins had about two hundred dismounted dragoons, about forty artillerymen, and seventy odds and ends. Colonel Backus was now in command, and he well knew how weak the place was against any attack that might be made by the enemy. Fort Volunteer, which stood a little east of the village, was a poor structure, having been built by the exempts, and could offer but little assistance in defending the place.

The people around Sackett's Harbor shared in the

general fear. The great value of the stores which were there would be a tempting object for the enemy, and the small number of the soldiers left to defend them would be able to do but little against a force of any size.

About a mile from the shore was Horse Island. This contained about twenty-nine acres, and was covered with timber. A bar connected it with the mainland, and sometimes the water was low enough to enable any one to wade the whole length of it, and sometimes portions of it were even dry enough to walk on.

Opposite the island, on the beach, there was a bluff four or five feet high extending for some distance, and behind this were the woods, which had never been touched by the settlers. They were thick, and their presence suggested to the commander that it would be a good thing to use them as an aid in the defence of the place, for it was thought that if the British tried to land, in case they made an attack, that in all probability they would make use of Horse Island and this bluff which lay opposite to it on the shore.

It was in accordance with this idea that Corporal Andrew with his younger brother David were given a force of men, and set to work in these woods. They began to fell the trees in every direction, and let them lie where they fell, so as to furnish an

obstruction to the British soldiers if they should try to make their way through them. For several days the men had been at work there, and from early morning until late at night the sound of their axes was continually heard. It was not long, therefore, before the number of trees which had been cut had greatly increased, and while they might not stop the approach of the British, they certainly would serve to retard it.

One day, while they were busily at work cutting the timber, as David looked up from the tree which he was chopping he saw a little sail out on the lake coming around the point. He paused a moment in his work to watch the little boat as it came nearer. Andrew had noticed that the attention of David had been called to something out on the lake, and his look followed that of his brother's.

"If I'm not mistaken," said Andrew, "that's Smith's boat."

"I don't see how you can tell," said David, "when it's so far away. I never can, and yet somehow you seem to know almost every boat on the lake as far away as you can see it."

Andrew laughed as he said, "Well, that's Smith's boat, I am sure; and there's only one on board, and that must be Smith himself."

"I wonder if he was hurt in the fight at Toronto,"

said David ; " I haven't seen or heard anything of him since."

" I don't know," replied Andrew. " You know we've always thought he might know something about Elijah."

" That's so," replied David eagerly ; " and if you don't care, I think I'll run over to Sackett's Harbor and talk with Smith when he lands. If he was mixed up in any way in Elijah's loss, it may be that I can find out something."

Accordingly David dropped his axe and started at once for Sackett's Harbor. The remembrance of Elijah served as a great incentive to him, and he ran as rapidly as he could. The thought was in his mind that he might learn something about his missing friend, and while he was suspicious of the man himself, he hoped he might be able to judge from his actions, even if he did not learn anything from his words, as to whether Smith knew where his young friend was or not.

So rapidly did he run that he arrived soon after the boat. He at once sought out the quarters of Major Forsythe, and was disappointed when he found he was not there. He quickly turned and started for the quarters of Colonel Backus, but he could get no admittance. Some one was in there, the guard told him, and that he had orders to admit no one while he was there. The

"some one" David felt almost certain must be Smith; but there was nothing for him to do but wait, so with as much patience as he could command he seated himself and waited for permission to enter.

After some time David was not surprised to see Smith himself come forth from the Colonel's quarters, and as he started down the street David hailed him. Smith at once stopped, and while the expression on his face as he recognized the young man was not overcordial, he still waited for him to approach.

"Do you know what has become of Elijah Spicer?" said David as he approached.

The look of surprise that at once came over Smith's face showed David that in all probability he knew nothing of his young companion's whereabouts.

"No," replied Smith; "I haven't seen anything of him. I thought he must be with you, you're always like each other's shadow."

"Well, he isn't here;" replied David; "and he hasn't been since the fight at Toronto."

"Well, that's the last I saw of him," said Smith as he turned to leave. Just then Major Forsythe came from the Colonel's quarters, and as he recognized his young friend he stopped to speak to him. David quickly told him of the interview he had just had, and of the disappointment he felt in learning nothing of Elijah.

"I think he must have been shot," said David sadly, "or else killed by that explosion."

The Major was silent for a moment, for he had little hope to offer that Elijah would ever be seen again. He knew that the chances were all in favor of his having been killed, and perhaps so badly mutilated as not to have been recognized; but after a little he said, "Smith has just been here to bring us word that the British are fitting out an expedition from Kingston, and are coming to make an attack upon us. General Dearborn has written General Brown to take command and make provisions for defence. You know he's been on his farm eight miles from here ever since his time was up."

"I hope he'll do it," said David.

"I hardly think he will," replied the Major, "on account of his feeling of delicacy towards Colonel Backus; but we're all going to do the best we can to defend the place. We're going to keep just as sharp a lookout as we can, and that work you and your brother have been doing down there on the bluff is sure to be of great use, I think."

"I hope so," said David; "we're been working hard enough."

"I think it would be a good thing," said the Major, "if you would get three or four men and go and camp on Horse Island a few days. You could keep a sharp lookout, and let us know if anything came up. We're going to have the 'Lady of the Lake' cruise about and keep a sharp lookout for any fleet of the

enemy. Do you think you could go over to Horse Island?"

"Yes, I know we could," replied David, as he left the Major and started for home.

It was in accordance with this suggestion of Major Forsythe's that Andrew and David, together with the hermit and the cook, with whom our readers are already familiar, took a tent and some provisions and encamped on Horse Island. The fleet little catboat, the "Corporal," which they had used before was given them, and there they remained for several days and nights. Every day they took the "Corporal" and sailed out beyond Pillar Point into the waters of the open lake, but no signs of any British fleet appeared. They often could see the "Lady of the Lake" in the distance, but none of the signals which had been agreed upon were given by her, until at last when they were out one day the schooner, which they could see in the distance, fired the gun which had been agreed upon as the warning of the approach of the enemy.

"The British are coming sure, boys," said the hermit, "and we'll have to put into port right away with the news." The only vessel which they could see was the schooner which had given them the signal, and yet when this was repeated and they thought that they could make out that she herself was headed towards them, they put about and sailed at once for

Sackett's Harbor. They hailed and reported what they had learned to the friends they had left on Horse Island, but did not stop there.

The greatest excitement prevailed at Sackett's Harbor when they arrived with the news they brought, and active preparations were at once made for defending the place. A despatch was sent to General Brown, and Andrew and other men were sent throughout the neighborhood to arouse and summon the minute-men.

David went down to the shore to wait and watch for events, and it was not long before the British fleet itself could be seen. Smith had taken his stand beside David, and seemed wonderfully familiar with the equipment and conditions of the enemy.

"That's the 'Wolfe' off there," he said, pointing to one of the largest vessels in the approaching fleet. "She carries twenty-four guns; and the 'Royal George' off there, she also has twenty-four. That brig you see is the 'Earl of Moira,' she's got eighteen guns; and those three schooners are 'Prince Regent,' the 'Simcoe,' and the 'Seneca,' and each one of them has quite a number of guns." Besides all these, David saw two gunboats and about forty barges.

"I tell you," said Smith, "Sir James Yeo understands his business, and his twelve hundred men that he's got with him are fighters, I know."

"You seem pretty well posted," said David quietly.

Smith only laughed in reply, and David had nothing further to say. He could hear the signal guns at intervals in the distance rousing the men in the country, but he himself was quiet. He was afraid that it would prove to be a sad day for Sackett's Harbor, and he knew they were poorly prepared to meet such a fleet as was bearing down upon them.

For some strange reason the British did not land that day, and the cause of the delay was not known until it was afterwards reported that a fleet of American barges had been coming from Oswego bringing reënforcements for Sackett's Harbor. The enemy had turned their attention to these, and while they took twelve of the barges, their crews escaped into the woods, and seven other barges had succeeded in sailing past the enemy. All the reënforcements did not arrive, so difficult was the path which they had to follow along the shore after they had left their barges, until nine o'clock in the evening.

Meanwhile there was the greatest excitement in Sackett's Harbor, no one knowing just when or where the British would land, or what the first move they would make would be.

CHAPTER XI

AN ATTACK ON SACKETT'S HARBOR

GENERAL BROWN, who had quickly been summoned, spent the night in making preparations for resisting the attack. The shore for some distance from the village was a precipice fifteen feet high. The British fleet, if it landed above the village, would have to pass the batteries that had been placed there, and would also have to have winds that would favor them.

Because of this the General, as fast as the militia arrived, had sent them over to Horse Island, where it was thought, in view of all the circumstances, the British would first attempt to land. About six hundred of these militia-men, unused to war and fresh from their homes, who came in during the day were stationed there, and about three hundred regulars were added to them; and a hundred of the men who had just come from Oswego, thoroughly worn out by their march, were also placed on the island. All the rest of the forces at Sackett's Harbor were placed at different positions on the shore, at whatever points were considered the best.

The morning of the twenty-ninth of May was wonderfully clear and calm, and when David looked out over the lake he could not see that a breath of air ruffled its surface. The sounds could be heard a much longer distance than usual, and the excitement which began at Sackett's Harbor soon spread. Fathers, husbands, and sons, many of whom had been quickly summoned from their homes, were that day to be stationed as targets for the bullets of the enemy. People in the country for miles around were gathered in groups, and signals were arranged by which the progress of the battle might be known.

Almost as soon as it was light, thirty-three large boats were seen approaching filled with soldiers and protected by the gunboats. These landed on the opposite side of the island and formed there without any opposition, but when they tried to march across the bar they met a heavy fire and many of their men fell.

The heavy gun at Fort Tompkins was directed towards them and did a good deal of damage. The militia-men on the shore at first did well, but their Colonel fell early in the battle, and when they heard the bullets whistling over their heads, and saw how they cut down the branches of the trees and threatened the men with death, they were thrown into a panic and turned and fled. Not all of them did this, but many were panic-stricken and would not stop at any call their officers made.

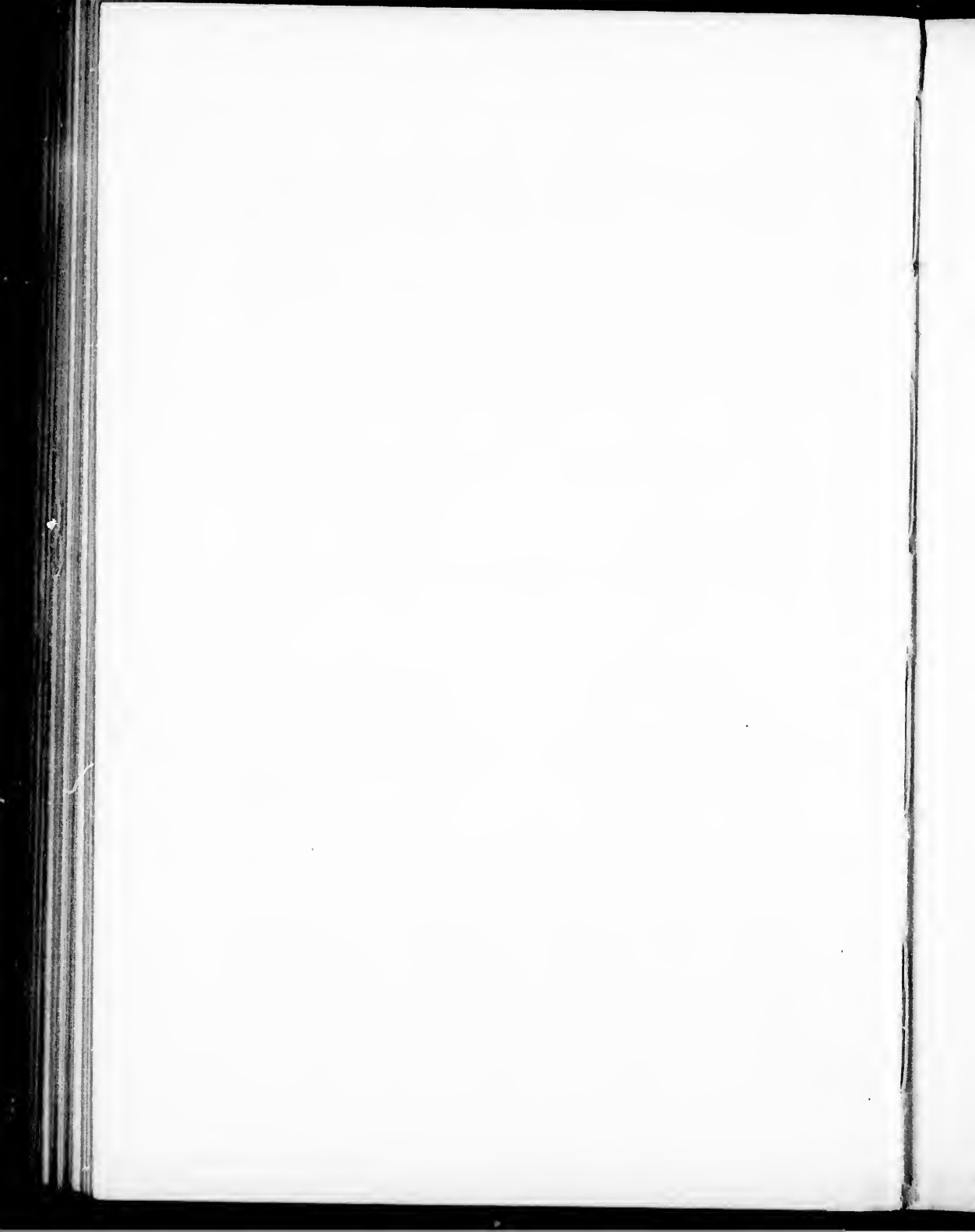
When General Brown found that he was left almost alone, he retired towards the village; the British meanwhile, having gained the beach without any opposition, and scattering the militia easily, started to march towards the town. Colonel Backus met them with his men, and while they were compelled to fall back, they did so slowly and firing as they went through the half-cleared woods.

General Brown had succeeded in rallying about a hundred of the militia, and soon joined the forces of Backus, but just then he happened to look towards the ship-yard and saw volumes of smoke pouring forth from the store-houses where all the spoils they had captured at Toronto were kept. He did not know but the enemy had gained his rear, and he rushed to the place and learned that Lieutenant Chauncey, of the navy, who was in charge there, had had reports brought to him that everything had fallen before the British, and so to prevent their gaining these stores he had set fire to them. General Brown was greatly relieved when he found the enemy was still only on one side of the village, and he went back quickly to his soldiers. These, although Colonel Backus soon fell, fought as they had never done before.

The British had been very cool and brave, and were under the immediate command of Captain Gray, who was advancing in front of the ranks, and



"Come on, boys, the day is ours!" Page 103.



was walking backwards waving his sword and urging his men onward.

"Come on, boys, the day is ours! Remember Toronto!" he shouted; but he had hardly uttered the words before a bullet struck him, and he fell.

At that time very unexpectedly a signal for retreat came from the British fleet, and the enemy fell back to the boats. The Americans did not at the time understand the reason for this, but it was afterwards learned that when they heard the sound of the guns of the militia that had been rallied on the right, they had thought they were reënforcements. This was not true; and it afterwards appeared that the British and the Americans were really almost running from each other, and in opposite directions: the Americans thinking the British were after them, and the British thinking our men were reënforced and likely to cut them off from a possible return to their boats.

However, this made no difference so long as the British left. The Americans were in poor condition for defence at best, and were delighted that the enemy left, no matter for what reason. The Americans had lost their stores, which would have been saved except but for the misunderstanding; and while these were valued at almost a half a million of dollars, they still saved the ship "Pike," which was on the stocks and almost completed. During the battle, and after the fire had been kindled, Lieutenant Tal-

man, who was a warm friend of Andrew's, had called to him when they saw that the schooner "The Duke of Gloucester," which had been taken at Toronto, had been set on fire by the flames of the store-house, and asked him to assist in putting out the fire. Andrew quickly responded with others, and rushing on board they soon put out the fires and brought her from under the flames of the store-house. When it is remembered that large quantities of gunpowder were on board of her, Lieutenant Talman's courage will be the better appreciated.

The day at last was finished, and while the Americans had lost some valuable property, and about a hundred and fifty were killed, wounded, or missing, they were rejoiced that still the place had been held in the face of such odds, and that about a hundred and fifty of the British had been killed or wounded, besides some officers and privates who had been made prisoners.

General Brown, after the excitement had all passed, recognizing David one day as he met him on the street, had called him into his quarters, and in the course of his conversation showed him the following letter which he had just written to the Governor of New York:

DEAR SIR: We were attacked at the dawn of this day by the British regular force of at least nine hundred men, most probably twelve hundred. They made good

their landing at Horse Island. The enemy's fleet consisted of two ships, four schooners, and thirty large, open boats. We are completely victorious. The enemy lost a considerable number of killed and wounded on the field, and among the number several officers of distinction. After having reëmbarked they sent a flag, desiring us to have their killed and wounded attended to. I made them satisfied on that subject. *Americans will be distinguished for humanity and bravery.* Our loss is not numerous, but serious from the great worth of those who have fallen. Colonel Mills was shot dead at the commencement, and Colonel Backus, of the First Regiment of Light Dragoons, nobly fell at the head of the regiment, as victory was declaring for us. I will not presume to praise this regiment. Their gallant conduct on this day merits much more than praise. The new ship and Commodore Chauncey's prize, the "Duke of Gloucester," are yet safe in Sackett's Harbor. Sir George Prevost landed and commanded in person. Sir James Yeo commanded the enemy's fleet.

In haste, yours,

JACOB BROWN.

HIS EXCELLENCY D. D. TOMPKINS.

When Commodore Chauncey arrived a few days later, to remain for two months, he brought the story of how the Americans had captured Fort George. This was a very exciting expedition, and the boys were especially interested when they learned that,

after the gate had been forced, Colonel Scott had hauled down the British flag with his own hands. They also learned how he had chased the British soldiers, and stopped only when he had been ordered to do so by his superior officers. In the capture of Fort George, which had occupied only three hours, the Americans had had only about forty killed and a hundred wounded, while the entire loss of the British was eight hundred and sixty-three. Quite a large quantity of stores was also gained by this capture.

Quiet again had come to Sackett's Harbor. Andrew was there now almost all the time, while David remained at home. Occasionally Andrew returned for a visit, and one evening about the middle of June, which he was spending with his family, was interrupted by Lieutenant Chauncey, who had been searching unsuccessfully for him at Sackett's Harbor. He told how Commodore Chauncey had ordered him to go on a cruise in the "Lady of the Lake," and look out for the English schooner "Lady Murray," which was going from Kingston to Toronto, loaded with provisions, powder, and shot. They had a long talk, and when they returned to the house from the long walk which they had taken together down the road, Andrew's wife met them at the door. She said nothing, but the anxious expression she had upon her face showed the fear which was in her heart. She was certain that these young men would not be talking

so earnestly and for so long a time unless there was some serious business on hand.

"It's nothing much," said Andrew, replying to the question which her eyes indicated. "We're only going on a little trip. We've got word of an English schooner that we think we can make a prize of. No, there won't be any danger," he added, "for it's not armed, and we shall be. Smith has brought word about it, and his information has a market value, you know."

"Smith! Smith!" repeated Andrew's wife; "it's always Smith. You never have any trouble except when Smith is the cause of it; but I wish you success," she added, for she knew the determined look which Andrew showed upon his face was not easily to be opposed.

"Is David going?" asked his mother.

"Yes, David is going," replied Andrew; "and we're all going over to Sackett's Harbor to get ready to start to-night. There'll be no danger, at least no great danger, in what we're going to do; but if we succeed in capturing that schooner, and I think we shall, it will be quite a feather in our caps."

CHAPTER XII

THE PRISONER'S STORY

DAVID enjoyed the prospect of going on the "Lady of the Lake." His natural preference was for the water rather than for the land; and now that he had an opportunity of engaging in the more serious part of the war, and also sail in the fleet "Lady of the Lake," the promised voyage seemed to him only a pleasure. The schooner was one of the swiftest on the lake, and her crew, when she sailed, one of the most enthusiastic that ever started forth on an expedition. They were a jolly lot of men, and sang at their work, and constantly were playing their jokes on one another.

Smith was there with them, of course, for it was he who had told of the "Lady Murray" and brought word of the expedition from Kingston to Toronto. Heretofore the information which he had brought had been always found reliable, and yet the place which he held down on the St. Lawrence, and the number of followers which he had, and the certainty that he would sell out to whichever side paid him more, made the men at times suspicious of him.

"He seems to be loyal enough now," said David to Andrew when they were well out on the lake.

"But I'm afraid of him," replied Andrew. "I've no doubt he's told us the truth about the 'Lady Murray,' and yet I shouldn't be at all surprised to find instead of a schooner loaded with provisions, that it was the 'Earl of Moira' with a load of twenty-four guns. However, we'll wait and see, and we won't borrow any trouble before it comes."

The schooner kept out toward the open lake and cruised about for some time without any sign of the "Lady Murray" appearing. The sailors were all anxious for the fight, and continually scanned the horizon, on the lookout for the approaching vessel. Several times their conversation turned upon Tom Garnet, whose sad life and sadder death we have already told in another story. Many were the incidents in Tom's career which were brought out, and the expressions of affection for him on the part of all who knew him were marked. Several times the sailors tried to get David to tell of his own experiences on the St. Lawrence in the previous summer, but the presence of Smith, whose face scowled at every mention of David's escape from him, and the natural dislike which he had to tell of his own exploits, kept him from entering into many of the details.

Early on the morning of the sixteenth of June there

came a call of "Sail ho!" from the masthead. At once great excitement prevailed on board. The eyes of all were turned in the direction indicated by the lookout, and the sail in the distance could be seen. The course was at once changed, and the "Lady of the Lake" began to follow the strange vessel. Not many minutes had passed before it was evident that she was gaining upon her, and when she ran in closer it became clear that the schooner they were pursuing was the one for which they were searching, the "Lady Murray."

The deck was at once cleared for action, and David felt a strange excitement as he watched the gunner preparing for his work. How cool he seemed! And how slow every one of his movements appeared to be! He stopped to wipe the perspiration from his brow, and then, at last, when the word was given the great gun was fired.

David could see in the distance where the ball struck the water and passed along its surface. It went directly across the bow of the "Lady Murray," and her progress was at once stopped. They watched her curiously, and could see her men as they were gathered about her deck or near the rail watching this schooner which had so suddenly brought her voyage to an end. David was selected as one of the men who were to board her, but the merchantman offered no opposition, and the "Lady of the Lake"

started at once for Sackett's Harbor followed by her prize.

There was great rejoicing on board, and the easy capture which had been made was looked upon as one that would be a source of profit to themselves as well as of credit to the navy. They were not molested on their way back, and when they had arrived at Sackett's Harbor David was detailed as one of the men who were to conduct the prisoners they had taken to the barracks.

David had noticed one of the prisoners, who was a young man about his own age, and several times had tried to enter into conversation with him. The lad seemed to be a proud-spirited fellow, however, and had resented all of David's friendly overtures. It was only on a later visit which he made the next day that David could get him to enter into any conversation with him, and then only because he had become convinced that the friendly expressions of his young captor were sincere.

"I'm glad we took you," said David, "though I'm sorry you had to get caught."

"That's all right," said the prisoner; "we have to take our chances, though it does seem strange that when I lived right near Toronto and had a hand in that fight you Yankees brought on there, that I should have got out of that all free with never a bone broken nor a scratch on my body, and then that I should

have been taken prisoner on this old coaster so soon after we had started out from Kingston."

"Then you live near Toronto, do you?" said David. "I had a part in that fight too. That was a great battle, at least for us. Was that explosion accidental, or was there a mine there?"

"There was no mine at all," said the prisoner. "It was all an accident. It hurt more of our men than it did of yours, I think."

"My, but how it knocked things to pieces!" said David. "It wounded and killed more than the bullets did."

"Yes," said the prisoner; "and it was a good thing that you Yankees decided to respect private property, too."

"I know it," said David. "But why was it a good thing? What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that a good many of the Yankee soldiers were hurt so badly their own mothers wouldn't have recognized them, and some of them are being cared for in those very houses they agreed to respect. If you had burned the town, your own men would have suffered more than ours."

"Yes, that's so," said David slowly. Somehow he was thinking of his young friend Elijah Spicer, and wondering whether he could be one of those who were being cared for by some of the families at Toronto.

"Yes," continued the prisoner, "there's a man that lives right near my home who's got a young Yankee in bed, and he's had him ever since the fight. He'll be apt to keep him for some time yet, I think."

"In bed?" asked David.

"Yes; he's hurt, and he's hurt badly, too. They were out on the battle-field some two or three hours after the fight looking for the body of another neighbor's son. They found him too, but he was dead; but while they were looking for him it seems they heard this fellow they've got there now groan, at least they thought they did; but when they came back with their stretcher and tried to search him out, why, when they got him they couldn't tell whether he was dead or alive. He'd stopped groaning then, and he lay just like a dead man. They didn't know but he was dead, but finally they concluded to pick him up and carry him home and see whether there were any signs of life left in him or not."

David was beginning to feel interested, and he was thoughtful and silent for a time.

"What's the matter?" said the prisoner, who had been showing a decidedly more friendly manner. "What's the matter? Are you sorry to see a young fellow your own age prisoner? Well, you needn't weep any tears or waste any sorrow over me; I shall get out of this all right; I always do. I don't believe there is a man in the world who has better luck than

I do, even when I'm taken prisoner. I'll get out of it all right, you see if I don't."

"It isn't that," said David. "I'm thinking about this young fellow you're telling me of over at Toronto. Tell me all you know about him. Did you see him yourself?"

"Only once, so I don't know much about him; and as he can't talk, of course he can't tell us anything about himself."

"Was he about my size and age, do you think?" said David.

"I guess so," replied the prisoner; "but he was in bed, and he lay there like a log, as I said. All he did was to moan a little and roll his head at times. I think he must have been struck on the head; at least, that's what every one says that sees him."

"Did he have brown hair?"

"I can't tell you," said the prisoner, wondering at David's eagerness and at the questions he asked. "You see they've had to shave his head, and I couldn't tell anything about the color of his hair."

"Well, did you see whether there was a scar over the left ear?" persisted David.

"No, I didn't notice it," said the prisoner; "I wasn't minding him very particularly, anyway. You see I just went in one day, and Mrs. McGann and the girls asked me to look at the poor fellow; so I just stepped inside the door and looked at him a minute and saw

how he was suffering, moaning most of the time, and never saying but one word over and over again."

"What was that?" asked David.

"He kept saying 'Dave! Dave!' I guess that must be his name, for that's the only thing they've got by which to know who he is. But hold on! Where're you going?" he said in surprise.

David, as soon as he heard the word which the prisoner said the young patient was constantly saying, had uttered an exclamation, and started to leave the barracks.

"Hold on! Where are you going?" the prisoner called out again, but David had already disappeared and was beyond the sound of his voice.

CHAPTER XIII

THE "CORPORAL" CHANGES MASTERS

DAVID had started directly for his home. He had been so surprised and excited by the words of the young prisoner that he acted upon his first impulse, and left him without waiting for any further information. Even the surprise which was manifested in the words which the prisoner shouted after him had no effect.

In his own mind he was certain that the suffering patient at Toronto could be none other than his own lost companion.

"It's 'Lige, I know it is," he kept repeating to himself as he went towards home, sometimes walking, but more frequently running, so eager was he to talk over his discovery with his friends. It was not often that David quickly arrived at his conclusions, but in this case he had acted as impetuously as Elijah ever had done. The mere fact that his friend had disappeared and that no word from him had been received since the attack on Toronto he at once had joined to the story to which he had just listened, of the young

soldier who was suffering in the home of an unknown man near the battle-field. All that he had to furnish the connecting link was the word "Dave!" which he understood the sufferer was repeatedly muttering. Of course there were a great many Davids in the country, and he had no right to assume that he himself was the particular one referred to in the unconscious moments by an unknown sufferer so far from his own home.

When he entered his house and found no one there but his mother, he at once unfolded to her the discovery which he thought he had made.

"But I'm not so sure, David," said his mother in her quiet manner, "that this young man of whom you have heard is Elijah. I only hope it is, but you have no way of knowing, that I can see.

"Oh! but I'm sure of it," replied David. "You see, not a word has been heard from Elijah since the fight, and he wasn't reported among the dead or the wounded. If he had been merely left behind, we should have had some word from him long before this, and this story which the prisoner has told me fits in exactly with all the circumstances, so that I'm just certain that Elijah's the one he's been telling me about."

"Perhaps you'd better go over and tell his father about it," said Mrs. Field. "That can do no harm, and it probably is the wisest thing to be done under the circumstances."

"That's just what I'm going to do," said David, as he quickly took his hat and started for the barn for his horse.

He found Mr. Spicer at home, and to him and his wife and Henry he hurriedly told his story. A great change had come over the Spicers' home. The gloom which had followed the loss of Elijah had deepened every day, as the uncertainty as to his fate was even more wearing than the knowledge of his whereabouts, however sad, could possibly have been.

A long conversation followed the announcement which David made, and many questions were asked; and although Mr. Spicer and his wife did not feel the certainty which David manifested, they still grasped the hope which his words held forth and were eager to follow them up.

"I'm going over there," said David.

Mr. Spicer hesitated. "I think the clew is worth following, David," he said, "but I'm not at all certain that you ought to be the one to go. You are needed at home, and it doesn't seem just right to send you into danger when it's my own son you're seeking."

"That's all right," replied David; "but I'd like to know what Elijah did when Andrew was lost? One good turn deserves another, and I'm very certain that I can be spared from home better than you can."

"I never thought," said Mr. Spicer sadly, "that those sad experiences you had, and in which I sympa-

thized with you and tried to do all I could, would ever come to me. I think I know now a little more how you must have felt; but never mind," he quickly added, trying to comfort his wife, who had been weeping all through the conversation, "this word which you have brought very likely furnishes a solution, and we'll hope for the best anyway. Perhaps it will be wisest in view of all the circumstances for you to go instead of me; but you must take Henry with you."

"That's just what I've been waiting for you to say," said Henry eagerly. "If I could help get Andrew out of the Brockville jail, I'm sure I ought to help now when my own brother is missing."

"Have you arranged for a boat, or do you know where you can get one?" asked Mr. Spicer.

"I think so," replied David. "I'm going to see Major Forsythe and find out if he can't get the 'Corporal' for me. I'm most certain he can, and that'll be just the boat for us this time of the year and with such weather as we are having now."

An interview with Major Forsythe quickly brought the permission to use the "Corporal," and he highly approved of the expedition of his young friends; and while he was not so confident as they of its outcome, he nevertheless thought it was well worth the trial.

"The Americans haven't tried to hold Toronto since we captured it, and the British have again taken

possession of the place, and I understand that they have quite large forces there now, so that you will have to be very careful or you will be taken prisoner yourselves."

"We shall try," said David; "and it isn't starting out as if we had not ever had any experience in such trials before."

"You'll have to be very careful, boys," said the Major; "but you're so young I think you won't have much trouble in getting into and out of Toronto without arousing much suspicion; but do you know where to go when you get there? Did you get the directions from the prisoner you told me about?"

"No," replied David; "and that's a great note too, isn't it? I never thought a word about asking where the place was, nor whose house Elijah was staying in. Well, I'll go right over and see him now."

"That won't do any good," said the major quietly, "for the prisoners have all been sent on. We hadn't any provisions here for them, and so we sent away every one of them last night."

"Well, I'm going to start just the same," said David, "for Toronto. It isn't a very large place, and I know I can find out where Elijah is, if he's there."

The boys started early the next morning. It was a beautiful day, and the sun beat upon the water with a burning heat. Still a little breeze was stirring, just

enough to sweep the "Corporal" on at a very moderate speed. Abundance of provisions had been placed on board, and arrangements made for an absence of a number of days. Neither of the boys felt like talking very much, and they quietly watched the shore as it became fainter behind them when once they had started for the open lake.

They sailed directly across the lake, and the breeze freshening as they went brought them in the afternoon close to the Canadian shore. They had decided to keep close in shore rather than to trust to a more direct course on the open lake. Both their mothers had urged this, knowing well, as did all the people who dwelt near the lakes, the danger that came from the sudden squalls that would sweep over its surface without giving any warning of their coming. When night came they anchored their boat and slept on board, not caring to sail on in the darkness and incur the risks to which an unknown region might expose them. Another day and night passed, and early on the morning of the third day, when they had just set sail and were near the shore, they were hailed by a man in a row-boat.

At first they paid no attention to him, but when he hailed them again and again they decided to wait for him and learn if he had any special word to give them. Accordingly David brought the "Corporal" about, and steering in the direction of the stranger

soon came alongside. Without waiting for any communication the stranger quickly stepped on board of the "Corporal," keeping the painter of his row-boat in his hand, and at once entered into conversation with them.

"Go right ahead, boys; don't wait for me, for I can talk with you aboard just the same as I could if ye were ashore."

David started the "Corporal" on again, and in a moment turned to the stranger, wondering what he had to say to them, and who he could be.

"I'm going alongshore a piece myself," said the stranger, at once making himself at home, "and I can talk with ye just the same. Whar ye from?"

"Oh, back here a piece," said David, who was not at all inclined to answer questions on that subject, and who, now that the stranger was on board and he had a good opportunity of observing his countenance, was becoming more and more suspicious of him.

"You aren't one of the Yanks, I see," said the man. "We're going to get them into a box pretty quick, and just as soon as we do we'll clap the cover down. We know pretty well what they're up to all the time."

"How do you know?" said David quietly.

"Oh, there's a man named Smith what's got a gang of fellows that keeps everybody over here posted. He's a shrewd one, Smith is, and the funni-

est part of all is that he makes the Yankees think that he's the best friend they've got in the world. They keep paying him for such stuff as he tells them, and never dream that he's giving the other side just what they want to know all the time."

The boys glanced at each other in a manner which the stranger noticed, and a grin passed over his face. They then became silent, wondering how they could rid themselves of this talkative stranger, who made himself so much at home on board their boat, and whose presence was really a source of alarm to both of them. He held his gun on his leg all the time, and more and more impressed the boys as being a dangerous character.

"Yes," resumed the stranger, "Smith is a cute one, he is, and he's a petic'lar friend of mine. Why, do you know the last time I saw him he told me that there were two boys coming over here in a little cat-rigged boat what was named the 'Corporal.' You hain't seen nothin' of her, have you?" he added with a leer.

Henry had become very pale at his words, and David, though quiet, was thoroughly frightened, but without raising his voice, and trying to conceal his fear, he very quietly said, "Yes, I know her. This is the boat, and we're all in her."

"What you coming over here for?" asked the man.

David was silent again, and made no reply.

"I don't know but what she's a pretty good boat. I guess I'll have to take her." And the stranger brought his gun into a position where he could readily use it if they threatened to make any opposition.

"Yes," he said, "you was foxy, but you can't fool me; and I don't want you to try any of your tricks either," he added in a more savage tone. "You just step aboard that skiff of yours and cast off, and I'll take the tiller myself. Come, don't be slow about it," he added, as he saw David hesitate a moment.

What was there that the boys could do? Any opposition on their part would at once make the stranger use his gun, which he held in a threatening manner all the time, and which they knew he would not hesitate to use if the occasion seemed to require it. David quickly made up his mind that any resistance would be worse than useless, and nodded his head to his young companion.

"What are you going to do with us?" said Henry.

"I'm going to cut you adrift in that skiff of yours. You can make that point over there," he said, pointing to a promontory not far away; "and if this 'ere boat was bound for Toronto, I think I can take her on without any help from you. Come, cast off," he said in an angry voice; and obeying his word,

the boys soon found themselves left far behind the "Corporal," and David picked up his oars and began to row for the point which the stranger had indicated. He was sadly disappointed. He did not know where he was nor what he could do, and he was thinking over possible plans he could make use of all the way to the shore, where he soon arrived, and both boys stepped out upon the beach.

CHAPTER XIV

JOHN SMART'S MISTAKE

WHEN John Smart and Peter Navarre crawled into the tree they at once became silent. Intense silence seemed to be all about them. Occasionally they could hear the sound of some man or party passing them, but that was all. Once a party stopped near the tree, and the sound of their voices could be heard in the conversation which followed, although none of the words could be distinguished. The darkness was intense, and only by an occasional stretching forth of his hand and touching his body did John know that his companion was with him. There was not room enough to enable them to sit down, and the standing position which they were compelled to assume soon became very wearisome. John gave himself up entirely to Peter's direction, as he had no word or suggestion of his own to make. He was not certain of his own ability to find his way there, especially in the darkness, and he had long known that Peter was one of Harrison's most trusted scouts. Just how it was that he still retained the confidence

of the British, he could not understand, although he recalled the fact that he had heard that Peter had led one of the British expeditions along the Maumee, but he also remembered how this had been spoken of by the Americans as one of the most shrewd of all his movements.

The long night at last passed without a word having been spoken or a movement made by either. The faint streaks of light came through the opening at the base of the tree, and showed the escaping prisoners that morning had at last come, but it brought little relief in itself. They had had nothing to eat or drink, and the position in which they had stood had made their muscles stiff and tired, and yet they waited on through the day. Occasionally they dozed a little and tried to stretch their limbs, but it was only a slight relief which came to them. There was nothing for them to do but to wait, and this they did till the darkness was again approaching.

Peter then whispered to his companion that he was going out to investigate and see if they could not now make their escape. As soon as he had learned whether the pursuit was still kept up or not he would return. It seemed to John that Peter was gone a long time before he returned, and he could hardly credit the statement his friend made that he had been gone from the tree only a little more than an hour. John was so hungry and thirsty now,

and so nearly worn out by the cramped position which he had been compelled to hold for almost twenty-four hours, that he hailed the assurance that it would be safe now for them to leave their hiding-place with delight. John was a tough and hardy backwoodsman, but his endurance was as nothing compared with that of Peter.

Peter reported that he was certain the scouts were still out, and also was certain that the search had not been abandoned entirely; but upon John's assurance that he was willing to make the attempt they both of them started forth. It was difficult for John to move when they first started, but anything seemed to him to be better than to wait longer in his cramped position in that hollow tree. How good it seemed to be free again! Stiff and sore as he was, and worn by his long fast, it yet was such a relief to be free again that it was in good spirits he followed his friend.

The sun had set, but the darkness had not yet come, and he had little difficulty in following the swift and silent lead of Peter. They made their way directly to the river, and its muddy water seemed to John to taste better than any he ever had drunk before; and as they turned into the forest again Peter called his attention to a bird which he saw on a branch of a tree, and John watched him as he took his bow and arrow, which he always carried

in addition to his gun, and fixing the arrow to the string, with hardly a sound that could be heard brought the bird to the ground.

They did not dare kindle a fire to cook their prize, and so they ate it raw. Tough as it was, it seemed to them like a dainty morsel, so hungry had they become in their long-continued fast. They at once resumed their journey, and, stopping occasionally for a little rest, pushed steadily on through the night, although John was certain when the sun rose that they had not placed a very great distance between them and their hiding-place.

In the morning, just before it was light, they had halted, and Peter had left his friend to try to find something for them to eat. He soon returned with a bird which he had killed with his arrow, and they ventured to kindle a fire now, as it was so dark they thought a little smoke might possibly escape the attention at that time of the keen-scented Indians. As soon as their breakfast had been cooked they put out the fire and resumed their journey.

Peter had told John that General Harrison was at Fort Meigs, and that was the place they both were seeking. Suddenly Peter stopped and motioned to his friend to become silent. John, quick-witted as he was, had seen nothing to alarm them, and he was surprised at this action of Peter's. His friend whispered to him that he had seen some signs ahead

which he did not like, but bidding John remain where he was, he went on alone to investigate. It seemed to John after some time that his friend had been gone a long time, and he began to fear that he had fallen into some trouble. Perhaps he even had been made a prisoner, and it might be that he needed help at that very moment; but at last he heard a sound which made him look forth from his place of concealment and he saw a man approaching. Satisfied that Peter at last had returned, he stepped forth to meet him, but it was a strange sight upon which his eyes fell. The man whom he had seen was in advance of a party, and behind him were a half-dozen white men and as many Indians.

John, startled as he was, could not at first tell whether they were friends or foes. The question was soon settled for him, however, as the men approached, and he recognized in their leader the captain who had made a prisoner of him before. He knew that escape was now impossible for him, and, with the best grace he could assume, he stepped forward to meet the approaching men.

"Then you thought you'd come back, did you?" said the captain good-naturedly.

"No," replied John, "I wanted to get away, but it seems my friends couldn't bear to part with me. There's nothing like being popular."

"That's so," replied the captain. "And your

friends back here are so attached to you that they won't be able to endure the thought of parting again."

"Where was Peter all this time?" A thought flashed in John's mind that after all his companion might have betrayed him. He did not stop to consider this very long, however, and the recollection of the feeling which was manifested towards an Indian who had been a friend of the whites in the North-west before ever he had started on his journey to Sackett's Harbor came into his mind. He remembered how it had been the settled policy of the Americans not to engage the Indians and foreigners in the war, but there were occasions when exceptions to this rule were made. There was a chief in Ohio, the son of Tecumseh's sister, who had been captured when he was a boy by Gen. John Logan, of Kentucky, and he had taken that officer's name. He was a great friend of Major Hardin and had great influence with his own tribe. He had been very active as a scout, and had been used by both Hull and Harrison in that capacity. Soon after Tupper returned from the Rapids, Logan with some of his followers had been sent towards that post to reconnoitre. He started with a few friends, but they met a strong party of the enemy, and to save themselves scattered in every direction. Logan, with two of his friends, made their way to Winchester's camp, and

there they were charged with being spies. Logan was greatly hurt at this charge, and he and his companions quickly decided to vindicate themselves. He started out with his two friends for the Rapids, and they made up their minds that they would bring in a prisoner or a scalp. They had gone only a short distance when all three of them were made prisoners by a Potawatomie chief named Winnemeg and his followers. Winnemeg, though formerly a friend of the Americans, had now become an ally of the British, and he was a bitter enemy of Logan's. Of course he rejoiced greatly at the capture of his enemy, but Logan made up his mind that he would try to escape. He used some signs which his friends understood, and when he gave the signal they made an attack together on their captors. Logan shot Winnemeg dead, and although he was badly wounded himself, as was also one of his friends who was named Bright Horn, they jumped upon the backs of the horses which their captors had there and got away, and finally reached Winchester's camp. Captain John, the other friend of Logan's, was so badly wounded, however, that he died, but not until after his honesty had been proved. Afterwards it was learned that General Proctor had offered a hundred and fifty dollars for his scalp, but Logan had the honor of being buried with his head-piece intact. This little story had flashed through the mind of John Smart when he was first taken prisoner, and found

that he became a little suspicious of his companion, Peter Navarre.

If some of the Indians could be trusted, surely a French Canadian might much more. Ashamed to have entertained a thought against Peter's honor, he quickly decided that he must give up to his captors with as good a grace as possible, for resistance or attempted flight would be useless, and probably would cost him his life.

His hands were quickly bound behind him, and he was placed in the midst of the company. He did not like the savage glances which the Indians kept casting upon him, but he thought that he was safe in the captain's protection ; and in this manner the company started, and without knowing whither he was going, or what was before him, John Smart was led away, a second time a prisoner of the British.

CHAPTER XV

INTO FORT MEIGS

JOHN SMART'S mind was soon put at rest so far as his destination was concerned, for the entire party rapidly made their way back to the camp from which he had made his escape with Peter two days before. Soon he came within sight of the familiar place, and was taken directly to the tent where Heman was still a prisoner and thrown in by his side. The surprise of Heman at the return of his friend was very marked, and he could not understand at first what it all meant; but in the conversation which followed, John told his friend the story of his escape and of the capture which had followed.

"Was Peter captured again too?" asked Heman.

"No," replied John, "that's the strange part of it; I can't just understand what's become of him. He must have been close by when I was taken prisoner, for he'd just gone a little while before to look about him, as he said he'd seen some signs that he didn't like; but I don't believe he's very far away."

"He seemed to be in the good graces of the British," said Heman suspiciously.

"Yes, he was," replied John. "The British have used him, but not as much as he's used them. He's true blue, and I'll vouch for Peter, and if he's with the British it's because he's fooling them. They don't know enough to know a friend from a foe."

"There's a man out near Sackett's Harbor," said Heman, "that's something that way, only he's in the good graces of both sides, because he'll sell out to the side that'll pay him most. Sometimes that's the British and sometimes it's the American."

"Oh, well, that isn't the kind of a man Peter Navarre is," said John, who was trying now to make up by the confidence of his speech for the momentary suspicion which had come to him when he had first been made a prisoner. "You may find Peter sometimes in one camp and sometimes in the other, but Peter Navarre is a straight friend of the Americans every day in the week."

"Where's he from? Ohio?" asked Heman.

"No," replied John. "He's a grandson of Robert Navarre, a French officer who came over to America in 1745. His father settled at Detroit, and there Peter was born, though they afterward moved to the country at the mouth of the Maumec. You know that's where Kantuckeegun, Pontiac's widow, was living with her son Otussa. He and his brothers have been scouts all through the war. He doesn't speak very good English, — very few of the French

Canadians do, — but he can talk Injun a streak, and when he dresses up like one, as he does a good many times, you can hardly tell him from a red-skin.”

Later in the day, as the evening drew on, something was brought in for them to eat by a man who stood silently in the tent and watched them through the meal. Both Heman and John were so hungry that they had little to say till their meal was finished, and as they then looked towards the man who had brought them their food, as he was about to leave them Heman uttered a startled exclamation as he said, “That’s Peter! Why, that’s Peter Navarre!”

John looked up in surprise, but as Peter — for it indeed was he — simply raised his hand in warning he became silent again, and Peter at once left the tent.

They were greatly puzzled to account for Peter’s presence, and a suspicion again entered John’s mind as to his loyalty, and he found himself trying to account for the fact that so soon after his own recapture Peter should be in the camp again and apparently on as good terms as ever with their captors. The next day Peter came again, but said not a word in their presence, repressing with a quick glance of his any disposition they had to question him. They were more puzzled still, and the situation in which they found themselves became more and more perplexing.

They were, however, kept very closely, and their hands were released only when they were eating and in Peter's presence. He rebound their hands whenever they finished their meal, and he started to leave the tent. John ventured to question him a little the next day, but not a word would Peter say; but on the day following, in low tones he entered into a conversation with them, and explained to them why it was he had been so silent since John had been retaken.

The British were not suspicious of him as yet, and he had been making the most of his opportunities in the camp for learning what they had on hand. He had information now which he must take to General Harrison at once, and which, in all probability, would compel him to leave the camp in a manner that would convince the British that he was an enemy and not a friend. He had grave questions as to whether he ought to take with him either or both of the prisoners, as their presence with him would increase the danger, and the fact of their escape would immediately lead to a pursuit. It was more than probable that he would avoid both of these if he left them in the camp and started alone for Harrison's quarters at Fort Meigs. At Heman's earnest solicitation it was finally decided that he should be left in the camp and wait for the rescue which he was very certain Peter would be able to effect. He urged

Peter, however, to take John with him, and then they both could urge the Americans to attempt a rescue of himself and the other prisoners the sooner.

Peter told them that he was to be on guard at their tent that night, and that if they should escape, the British at once would be convinced that he was no longer a friend. Since this was so, he thought that he might as well take John with him as to leave him behind, and it was decided that the two should go if the way opened, and leave Heman behind. As soon as Peter left the tent John began to remonstrate with Heman, and to declare that either Heman should go with them or that he himself would remain.

"Now that's fool talk," said Heman. "If I go I'll only increase the danger, and I should have hard work to keep up with two scouts, anyway. I'm in no danger here, and I know that General Harrison will be on the move very soon. He isn't the kind of a man Hull was, and there won't many weeks pass before he'll make a move of some kind. I'm comfortable enough here, and I can wait till the Americans release me; but you ought to go, and you cannot only help Peter, but you've got some information Harrison ought to have, and you'll be another man that he can count on, too." It was in accordance with this plan that early that night Peter, who had been stationed as guard at the tent, took John and quietly left the camp. Not a word was

brought to Heman of what success had attended their efforts to escape, and not a reply could he gain to any of the questions he put to the new guard who was stationed at his tent. The days passed on and the camp remained much the same, at least so far as Heman could perceive. It would have cheered his heart if he could have known how rapidly and successfully Peter and John made their way through the British guards and escaped from the enemy's regions.

General Proctor had men who rallied many of the savages at his call, and, delighted at the response he had met, he became more boastful than ever. On the twenty-third of April, his army, consisting of about twenty-five hundred, of whom about fifteen hundred were Indians, was assembled, and on the twenty-sixth appeared at the mouth of the Maumee about twelve miles below Fort Meigs. On the twenty-eighth they established their camp on the left bank of the river, near old Fort Miami. From this place the General and Tecumseh were starting forth one day when they were seen by Peter and John, who were making their way to General Harrison's quarters. They had fallen in with Captain Hamilton and a few of his men whom General Harrison had sent out to see what was going on in the region round about. Hamilton sent the two men quickly to General Harrison to report that

a large body of the British and Indians were approaching and evidently were about to attack Fort Meigs. General Harrison had only about eleven hundred men in the fort, but he had no thought of giving up even though the attacking party more than doubled his own numbers. He sent scouts in every direction to summon aid from the other American generals, and then made an address to his own soldiers.

“Can the breast of an American soldier,” said he, pointing across the river to the camp which the enemy had made, “when he casts his eye to the opposite shore, the scene of his country’s triumphs over the same foe, be influenced by any other feeling than the hope of glory? To your posts then, fellow-citizens, and remember that the eyes of your country are upon you.”

The announcement which Peter had brought into Fort Meigs, that the British were approaching and were preparing to make an attack upon the little band that was there, produced the greatest excitement in the camp. Some were afraid, others were eager for an engagement, but all were determined to fight to the end.

The British had been building two batteries that would enable them to fire right down into the camp, and General Harrison at once began the construction of a wall of earth on the most elevated ground through the middle of the camp.

This was twelve feet high and about three hundred yards long, but he had deceived the enemy completely, for during its construction he had had the tents placed in front of it, and they had concealed the men when they were at work.

When the British opened fire on the morning of the thirtieth, General Harrison removed the tents, and the British engineer found that his labor had been for nothing. General Proctor had been boasting that he would smoke out the Yankees, but all he gained there was their cheers and jeers at his weakness. But soon there came a report that the British had sent a large body of white men and Indians under the dreaded Tecumseh across the river, and were preparing to attack the fort from the rear. When night came the batteries were all silent; but all the Americans were fearful of what might befall them before the morning came.

CHAPTER XVI

GOOSE BAY

ANDREW FIELD was a busy man during all these days. The quickness with which he had grasped his instructions, and the ease with which he had learned all the details of the military life, brought him into high favor with the men who were in command at Sackett's Harbor. The willing spirit also which he manifested, and his desire to do everything that lay within his power, added to this kind feeling for him.

He was given the duty of drilling the raw recruits, and several hours each day he spent in trying to initiate into the mysteries of military discipline the men who were fresh from the plough, and who knew much more about wielding the axe than they did about carrying a gun. New recruits were received every day, and Andrew found but little time in which to visit his home or to relieve the monotony of the life of which many complained at the headquarters.

The anxiety about Elijah's disappearance had been increased by the continued absence of David and Henry.

As the days passed a feeling of gloom settled over both of the families. Had the two boys who had gone in search of their lost friend on such a slight clew as the words of a prisoner, himself a stranger to them all, been lost as well as Elijah? Again and again the question arose as to whether they had not been lost in the lake. Perhaps they had been taken prisoner by some fleet of the enemy, and it might be possible that they had been sent on to Montreal.

They all had confidence in the judgment and coolness of David, and felt certain that he would incur no unnecessary risks; and yet with the passing of the days a feeling of uncertainty took possession of those at home, in which feeling, however, Andrew did not fully share.

He was so busy during the days in his duties of drilling the new men, and so strong was his confidence in his younger brother, that he was the one who was constantly called upon to cheer the others; and yet as the time passed he could not conceal from himself that he was becoming more and more anxious about his young companions.

Early in July, however, his attention was drawn from his troubles by a report which had come that a certain expedition was about to be fitted out from Kingston and was to make Sackett's Harbor its destination, and the firing of the ship "Pike,"

which was then upon the stocks unfinished, and the burning of the stores at Sackett's Harbor its object.

No one could tell just how or where this report originated, and yet there seemed to be a feeling of fear that something unexpected was about to happen. Perhaps the uncertainty of the leaders was in part the cause of this ; or the attack which had already been made upon Sackett's Harbor, although it had done no great damage except to bring about the loss of their stores by fire, had made all afraid that another expedition also would be planned.

It was because of this fear that Andrew had been called from his duties of drilling the men, and with three or four others was sent to cruise about Point Peninsula and be on the watch for any strange vessels.

One morning when they started from Sackett's Harbor to engage in their daily watch, as they neared the Point they saw a man signalling them from the shore. They obeyed the summons, and were surprised when they received the stranger on board to find that it was the omnipresent Smith. He had barely taken his seat before he urged Andrew to return to Sackett's Harbor with all speed.

"I have just come," said he, "with an expedition which has been fitted out at Kingston and which means mischief for you people at Sackett's Harbor.

They're going to burn the 'Pike' and set fire to your stores. They've just landed here at Point Peninsula and have hidden their boats in the bushes. They're waiting for just the right time and then they're going to move on you."

Andrew needed no second bidding, and the little boat fairly flew over the waters of the lake, and soon the party were at headquarters and had told the story which Smith brought.

The commanders were men of decision, and at once sent a force to cut off this detachment of the British, but they arrived at the Point only in time to see the last boat disappearing. Evidently the enemy had been frightened off by the desertion of Smith, and did not care to meet again the soldiers of Sackett's Harbor, who had given them so warm a reception on their previous expedition.

This threatened attack served to arouse the garrison, and new plans were at once formed for getting the better of the active enemy.

Less than two weeks later a private armed boat named the "Neptune" was fitted out by Capt. Samuel Dixon, and was manned by twenty-four volunteers, among whom was Andrew Field. This boat mounted one six-pounder and one swivel. A companion boat under Captain Dimock was also fitted out, and manned with twenty-one men who were drawn from the twenty-first regular infantry, and

both boats started for a cruise on the St. Lawrence. They touched at Cape Vincent and then sailed on down the river, and found a quiet little nook where they landed for muster and review.

The morning was delightfully pleasant, and the men enjoyed themselves by taking a dip in the river and by putting in complete order their arms and ammunition. At nine o'clock that night they hauled out from the shore, and manning a guard-boat to prevent surprise, they sent a man down to Ogdensburg for information, but late in the afternoon of the next day a couple of men arrived with the very news they were seeking.

They soon left Cranberry Creek, and at four o'clock the next morning they saw a brigade of British bateaux under the protection of a gunboat named "Spit Fire" just ready to sail from Simmond's Landing for Kingston.

They made a rush for the shore, and so completely surprised the British that they captured the entire fifteen bateaux and the gunboat, without a shot being fired on either side, and but very few of the enemy escaped.

By nine o'clock that morning they were again at Cranberry Creek, and before noon had sent off the sixty-nine prisoners they had taken under a guard of fifteen men for Sackett's Harbor. The "Spit Fire" was armed with a twelve-pound carronade, and had a

large quantity of military stores on board. The bateaux had a number of barrels of pork and bags of pilot bread, and these were landed to prevent their spoiling, and a request was sent out among all the people who were living near by for help, and a few of these came in, but only remained for a few hours.

At sunrise the next day they were surprised to find that two hundred and fifty of the British, with four gunboats and one or two transports, were in the creek. A detachment of thirty men attacked them while they were landing, and others were stationed at different places to prevent their approach. The cannonade was kept up for some time, and a couple of the British boats were so injured that their crews were compelled to leave them. It was not long before the British retired to their boats, and at the same time sent a flag demanding the surrender of the Americans, as they said, to "save the effusion of blood." This demand was at once refused, as it was supposed that all that was intended by it was to gain time, and the firing commenced again. The British soon retreated, carrying their dead and wounded with them.

Andrew Field with others was at once set to work felling trees across the creek so as to prevent a new attack, and as reënforcements soon came, the stores which had been captured were placed on board the bateaux again, and were started for Sackett's Harbor.

Most of the soldiers started overland, but Andrew was left with a small detachment to follow later, and to observe and report as to the doings of the enemy.

It was a great disappointment to the Americans when they afterwards learned that the little fleet on its way encountered the "Earl of Moira," and had been pursued and struck several times by her shot, and that the gunboat and several of the bateaux were sunk, and the most that had been gained by the expedition was consequently lost.

Andrew Field remained at Goose Bay, into which Cranberry Creek flowed, for a few days, and then hearing nothing of interest he started overland, with his men. He made the acquaintance while he was there of the man David and Elijah had met on their expedition which we have related in the "Boy Soldiers of 1812." From him he learned something of the deeds of Smith and his men at their headquarters on their island in the river.

He was more puzzled than ever to understand what this strange man was doing ; but he became convinced that while he appeared to be so friendly to the Americans' cause, in reality he was not a true friend, but only served their side when it appeared to be to his advantage to do so, and that he was engaged in the war for such benefits as he could gain for himself and his followers.

But Andrew had no time in which to make further investigations for himself, even if he had had a force sufficient to enable him to do so, and very soon he gathered his men together and they started on their march across the country towards Sackett's Harbor.

CHAPTER XVII

CAPTAIN HOOVER'S STORY

THE country bordering on the Indian River was early marked by the settlers as specially desirable. Large tracts of this land came into possession of a few individuals, and among the largest land-owners was a Frenchman named Le Ray. For forty-six thousand dollars he became possessor of two hundred and twenty thousand acres, and on his land many of the French had settled whom political and religious troubles had driven from their homes.

Some of the settlers also came from New England and some from the South. They were a hardy body of men, upright, energetic, strong, and active, and yet at the time of our story this country was still almost a wilderness. As Andrew and his men marched through this region they came to a little place on the Indian River named High Falls, where Le Ray had built a saw-mill, and for two years before the war this mill had been running day and night, and had been sending down the St. Lawrence to Ogdensburg large quantities of lumber; but the war had largely

checked this prosperity, and business had to be neglected for fighting.

The country was an intensely patriotic one, and the few men who were there had abandoned the lumbering and farming for the battle-field. Near this mill the fertile soil was such natural grass-land that Le Ray had seeded the region, and had stationed Capt. John Hoover and a man named John Evans in charge of the clearing.

The hazard of their vigil was equal only to its loneliness. Their nearest neighbors on one side were seven miles away, and the nearest family on the other side was almost nine miles distant. They cooked their own food, and each took his own turn in watching. They lived an out-door life, and the constant danger from Indians and the British had made them always watchful.

They had built a strong block-house of logs, in which they had stored all their wheat, and which they had rendered able to withstand a siege. When the summons from Goose Bay had been sent through all this country for men to come to the assistance of the Americans, Captain Hoover had heeded the call, and, leaving his solitary companion, had gathered a few men, and gone to take his part in that fight. The Captain had been one of the bravest of all the men in the engagement, and it was at his suggestion that the trees had been felled across the

creek to intercept the British when they had been decoyed up its winding waters.

The Captain, however, as soon as the engagement had been finished, had joined the men who were escorting the prisoners, and had returned to his guard at High Falls. The surprise of his man, John Evans, at his return, was only equal to his delight when he saw the column of British prisoners marched past his house. They resumed their vigil, and varied the monotony of the day by hunting, and at night each took his turn at watching. In this way several days had passed, and when Andrew Field, with his detachment, arrived at High Falls, he found the Captain busily at work, and rejoiced at his coming.

"There're a good many reasons why I'm glad to see you, Corporal," said Captain Hoover.

"I can't stay very long, though, as I want to get my men through the woods as soon as I can," replied Andrew.

"Well, you can stay long enough to come out here and see what I've got to show you," replied the Captain, and he led the way to a large corn-crib which stood in the centre of the clearing, and opening the door disclosed to the astonished Andrew five men within, each of whom had on the uniform of the British soldier.

"Where in the world did these men come from?"

said Andrew in surprise. "What? Are they prisoners?"

"That's what they are," replied the Captain with a laugh, "and I took them all alone. I took them with my little gun, as George Washington said he cut down the cherry-tree with his little hatchet. I'll tell you about it," he continued, as he saw how puzzled Andrew was. "It was in this way. Day before yesterday in the afternoon I'd taken my gun and gone out into the woods hoping I'd get a squirrel or two, or something that we could cook for supper. I'd had pretty good luck and had got about all I wanted, and had just started to come back to camp, when I thought I heard guns over in the forest. I didn't much like the sound of it, but I thought I'd just wait a while and see what came up. I hung around the woods all the rest of the day, but nary a sound did I hear, and yet I was so skeery and I was so sure 'twas guns I'd heard that I kept on my guard ail the time. Yesterday I didn't go hunting, but I stayed round the clearing all day, and John and I looked to our defences, and made up our minds that if we were attacked we'd stand something of a siege. You see so many of the British have been all through this part of the country this summer that I didn't know but they'd be making a drive at us. You see we've got four hundred and fifty sheep and sixty cattle and twenty horses here, and 'twould be worth their while to pick

them up if they could; but when the cows were driven into their pen last night I counted, and three of them were missing, so out into the woods I went, and started to look for the missing stock.

“I looked all around for an hour, but I couldn't hear a sound of the bell which one of them wore round her neck, nor a trace of them could I find. Finally, just as it was beginning to get dark, I thought I saw ahead of me something that looked like cattle. At any rate, I saw something moving behind the bushes, so I pushed on to see what it was. I stepped as carefully as I could, for I weren't sure whether it was two-legged cattle or not, and when I got pretty near and pushed the bushes aside, what do you suppose I saw?

“Instead of my cattle, I saw five soldiers all dressed in the British uniform sitting together on the ground. I was so surprised that I almost spoke right out; but I got my wits together pretty quick and stepped back a little, and as soon as I found, too, that I hadn't been seen myself, I just made up my mind that I'd stay there and watch those fellows. I couldn't catch all the words they said, for they talked in pretty low tones, but I heard enough pretty quick to show me that they'd been in that fight over at Goose Bay, and I made up my mind that they'd either run away from the battle and got lost in the woods, or else that they were prisoners

that had broken away from the men that were taking them over to Sackett's Harbor.

"You know I never thought that guard of fifteen men was quite large enough anyway. It didn't make me feel any easier when I heard my own name mentioned several times, for that made me think that perhaps they'd come around here spying out my possessions and trying to sneak off with my stock. Somehow I forgot all about my cows that had wandered off, for I had something else to look out for then, especially when all of a sudden all five of them jumped to their feet and started, as it seemed to me, straight for my clearing.

"I didn't know just what to do. I thought at first I'd try a shot at them. It might scare them off, if nothing else. It was something of a choice between their coming over and trying to shoot at John and me before we could get a try at them, or my shooting first and perhaps scaring them off.

"Half a dozen times I brought my gun to my shoulder as I followed them through the woods, but each time I gave up and just watched and followed them. It was almost dark when they came to the clearing, and then I tell you I just watched with all my eyes to see what would come next. They stopped a little while just beside the edge of the forest and talked for a spell. I couldn't make out anything they said, but pretty quick I saw them begin to creep

stealthily-like towards one of the barns, and then they opened the door and every one of them went inside. It kept getting darker all the while, but I stayed right there all the time with my eyes on the door, just waiting to see what they intended to do. I guess I must have been there more than an hour, and then I made up my mind that those fellows were going to pass the night there.

“I didn’t think from their actions they were going to make any attack, for I didn’t believe from what I’d heard that they knew that there were only two of us here, so I went back to the house and found John asleep on the floor. I got hold of him, and I thought I’d never wake him up, but at last when I said to him, ‘John! John! The British soldiers are right here!’ I tell you then his eyes flew open like saucers.

“‘What! What!’ said John.

“‘Yes,’ said I, ‘I’ve been watching five of them out in the clearing since five o’clock.’

“‘Where are they now?’ said John.

“‘Oh, they’re out in the sheep barn,’ said I.

“John was wide awake by this time, and he wanted to know what I thought they were after. I told him I didn’t know, though I was afraid they were after us. You know two men make a small guard for all the cattle and sheep we have got here, and if they should happen to know how weak we were they’d make short work of us and our stock too. We sat there a long

time without saying much, and finally I jumped up struck all in a heap with an idea I'd had, and when I told John what my plan was for making prisoners of all five of those Britishers, he was as tickled as I was.

“‘That'll do, that'll do,’ he said, ‘it's worth trying, anyway;’ but he thought we'd better make our quarters in the block-house for the night, and I thought 'twas a pretty good suggestion too; so we just went out there and spent the night, though I didn't sleep any, and John declares he didn't, but if he could have heard himself snore, as I heard him, I think he'd have thought he was asleep, or something very much like it.

“I didn't stay in the house all night, but went out and hid behind the trees and kept my eyes on the sheep barn. I was back and forth, and when it got to be about an hour before sunrise, I went back to the block-house and told John it was time for him to come out too. I had a uniform, which I put on him, and gave him a gun, and put him out in the clearing in plain sight, and had him begin to march up and down the clearing. They could see him from the barn the first thing if they should look out.

“You see he was a-marching there just as if he was a sentry on duty, and he hadn't been there more than ten minutes before, in the light that was becoming stronger every minute, he saw the five men come

out of the barn and stand there together talking. Just the minute he'd seen 'em he'd stepped back out of sight and told me about it, for I was there waiting, too, on the other side.

"I knew my time had come now, but I couldn't tell, of course, whether the plan would work or not. 'Twas a sort of life and death matter, you see; but I didn't stop long to think about that, and just as the soldiers turned the corner of the barn I stepped right out in sight of them, and they stopped stock-still. I raised my gun to my shoulder and called out, just as if I was a picket, 'Who goes there?' They didn't know how my knees were shaking. You know my life and John's, as well as the possessions of Le Ray, was just staked on their answer; but just then one of them called out that they were friends.

"'Well, advance, friends, and give the counter-sign,' I said; and then they all waited a minute, and I didn't know whether they were going to make a break of it or start for me.

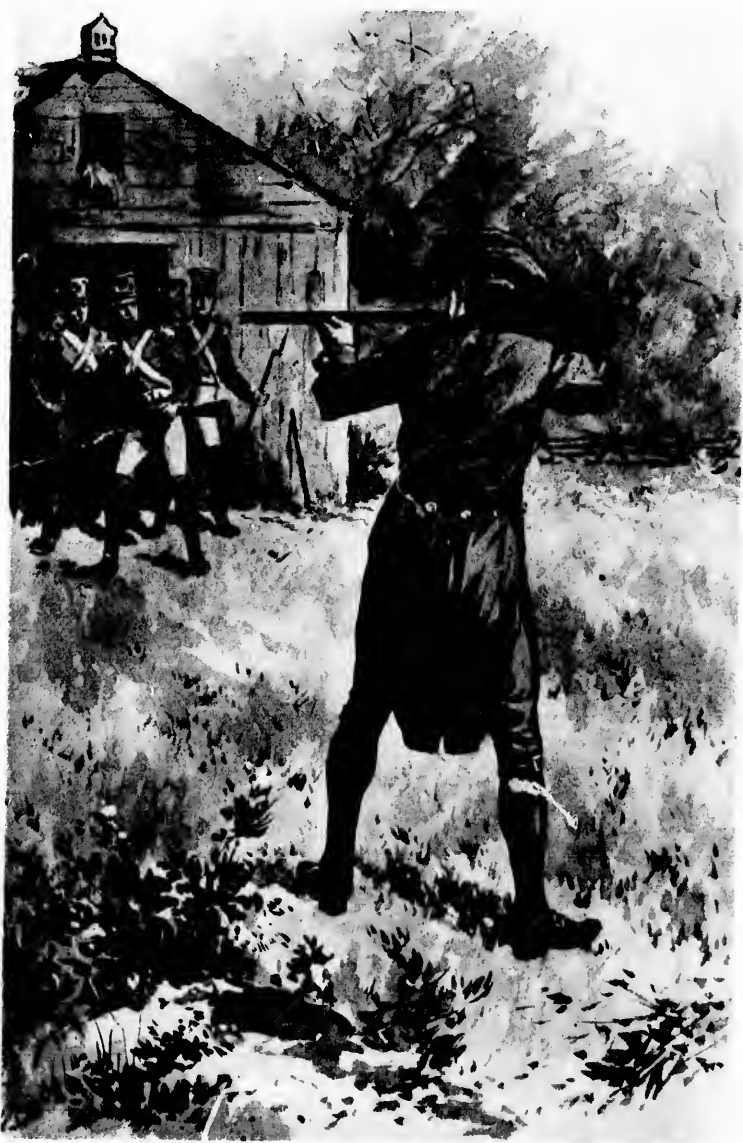
"But the minute I saw them hesitate a little, I said, 'Hold up your arms.' A part of my trick was to have some guns pointed through the bushes — you see we had a dozen or more of them — and John had fixed them in the bushes in such a way that looking at them from the barn any one couldn't tell but that there was a man kneeling behind every one of them. I kindly called their attention to the guns as I called

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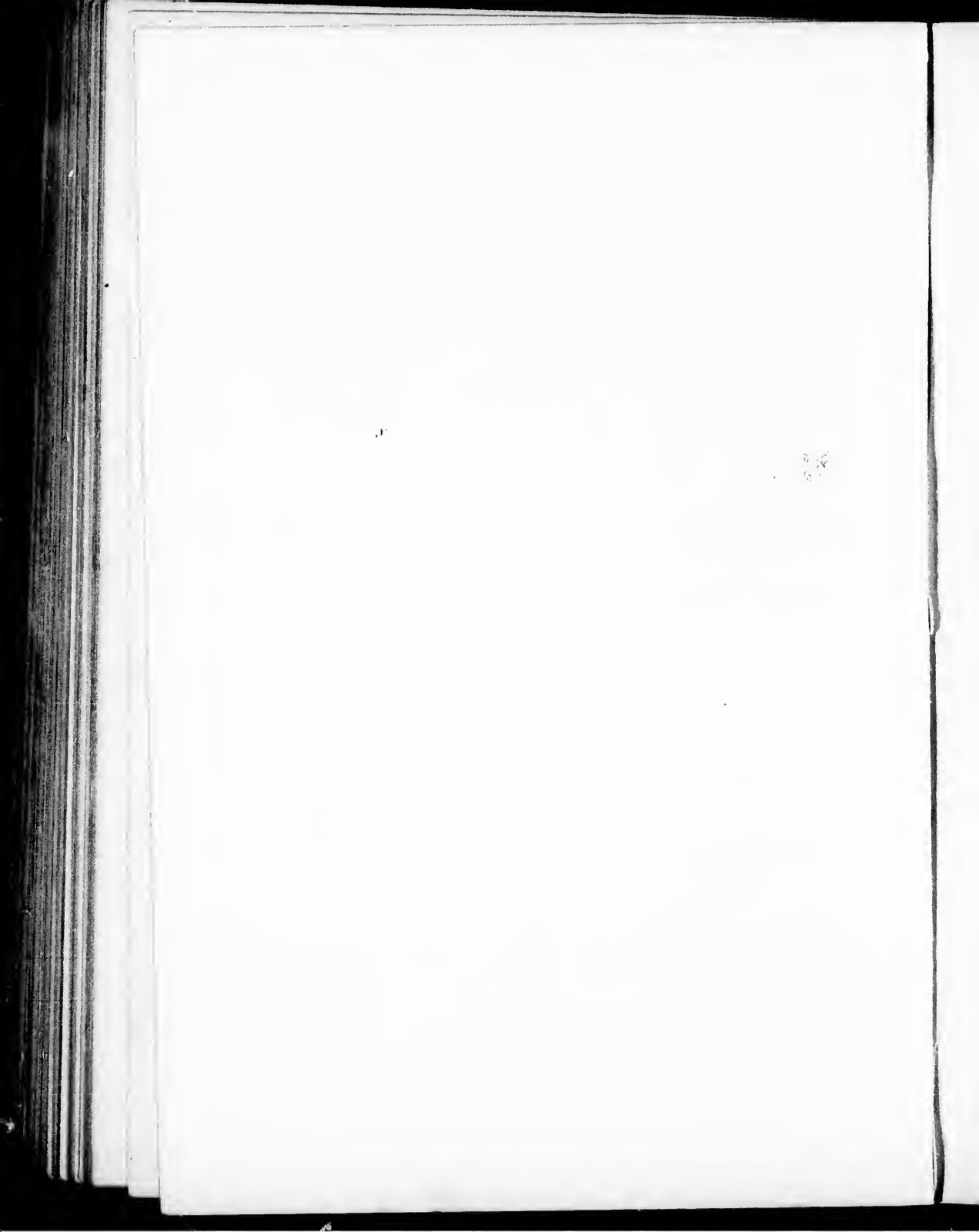
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"Advance, friends, and give the countersign" Page 158.



out to them to advance and lay down their arms. They did it pretty quick too, I tell you, and one of them said, 'Can't you protect us?'

"'I guess so,' I said, as I shouted to John, who was behind the bushes, not to let any of his men fire if they came along peaceably, but if they didn't, to let them have it. Then I turned to the Britishers and drove them on before me, after they laid down their guns, and told them how they'd have to be pretty careful, as some friends of the three men who got shot at Goose Bay had vowed they'd shoot the first British soldier they saw. 'Still, I think I can protect you,' I said, as I drove them straight to the corn-crib, and after they'd once got inside, I fastened the door; then I heaved a big sigh of relief, and John was just tickled to pieces.

"'I tell you you're the man to make a plan, Captain,' said he; and I did feel pretty good after the way things had turned out, too."

"Well, you have good reason to," said Andrew, who had been an interested listener to the story which Captain Hoover had told him. "But what are you going to do with them now?"

"I want to send them over to Sackett's," replied the Captain. "That's where you're going, isn't it?"

"Yes, and I'm going to start right away," said Andrew.

"Then I'll put them in your charge," said the

Captain, and in a little while Andrew's detachment, with the five prisoners in charge, resumed their march towards Sackett's Harbor. When they told the prisoners of the manner in which they had been captured, at first they were very much chagrined, but soon they decided to make the best of it, and joined in praising the Yankee's shrewdness, which had so neatly made prisoners of all five of them.

CHAPTER XVIII

FRIENDS IN NEED

WHEN David and Henry found themselves landed upon the Canadian shore and saw the "Corporal" sailing away in the distance they were sadly perplexed and they knew not what to do. The "Corporal" was rapidly disappearing before the strong breeze which was blowing, and as if to mock them the man that had taken it from them turned towards them and waved his hand and shouted a mocking farewell.

They said nothing until the little boat had become a mere speck in the distance, and then David roused himself to comfort his friend and to decide what was best for them to do. As they looked up the road which ran by the side of the lake shore they saw a man approaching in the distance, and they decided to wait for him. When he drew near he stopped his horse at David's call and listened to the questions which they put to him.

"How far is it to Toronto?" asked David.

"Toronto?" replied the stranger. "Why, that's a good fifty miles from here."

"Is there a good road all the way?" asked David.

"Well, I can't just say," replied the man. "I always go by boat when I go. What are you youngsters doing here?"

"Oh, we're just waiting now," replied David as he thanked the man for the information he had given them. He at once whipped up his horse and soon disappeared from sight. The boys then sat down by the roadside to talk over their plans. What was it they could do? They had no boat, and the journey to Toronto by land would be filled with danger, and yet to return home seemed at present to be an utter impossibility. David felt the full responsibility which rested upon him. He first of all tried to cheer Henry, who was very much discouraged at the misfortune which had overtaken them.

"Never mind, Henry," said David, trying to speak cheerfully, "we'll find our way out of this trouble. There never's a way into trouble without there being a way out too."

"Well, we've found the way in," replied Henry, "but I don't see any way out."

"That's what we've got to find," said David, "and we'll find it pretty soon too."

"I wish we could use that boat," said Henry, pointing to a little sloop, only a little larger than the "Corporal," which was anchored not far from the shore.

"Well, we can't," replied David; "and the thing we've got to settle now first of all is whether we'll go on to Toronto, or try to make our way back home some way. I should say, go on to Toronto by all means, if I felt perfectly sure that Elijah was there. You see we've nothing but the story that prisoner told us, and 'twas worth making a trial of when we had a boat, but now that we haven't any boat it may be only running into unnecessary danger to follow up an uncertainty like this."

"Well, I don't want to give up now," said Henry, whose courage had been returning while David had been speaking. "I got along at Brockville all right, and I think we'd better go on now. We can make it in three days on foot, and if there's anything about Elijah to be learned I want to know it. You mustn't give up now, Dave. You know I didn't when Andrew got into a scrape."

"That's what you didn't," replied David, half ashamed of himself for the thought of giving up the search, "and I shan't desert you now either. We'll push on and see what we can find out, anyway."

"There come two men down to the shore," said Henry, "and they act as if they were coming right here too. Now, you do all the talking, and maybe we can learn some things from them."

The two men to whom Henry had called David's attention were walking, and evidently had been run-

ning; their faces were flushed and wet with perspiration.

“Have either of you young fellows seen anything of a man around here?” called out one of them as soon as he saw the boys.

“What kind of a man?” replied David. “We’ve seen two.”

“Why, the man we mean had a scar on his left cheek, and was a great, big, burly fellow.”

“Yes, we’ve seen him,” said David eagerly — “seen him to our sorrow.”

“What do you mean?” said the man.

“Why, he’s taken our boat away from us,” replied David. “He drove us out of our boat at the point of a gun and sailed away with it for Toronto. That’s where we were going, but he’ll get there before we do now, and I’m afraid we’ll never see our boat again.”

“Then he’s been playing the same trick on you that he did on us,” replied the man. “He’s a great traitor, that fellow is, and a thief, besides. We thought we’d got him penned, but he slipped away from us, and it looks a little now as if he’d get away from us altogether. You can’t hold him any more than you can hold a greased pole.”

“Let’s take our boat and start for Toronto,” said the other man; “he probably will get there before we can, but we may be able to run across him there, and if we once do, we’ll make things lively for him.”

“Will you take us with you?” said David eagerly. “That’s where we started for when he took our boat away from us.”

The men hesitated a moment, but one of them soon said, “Well, we might as well take the youngsters; they’ll add to our load, but we can throw out some of the ballast; we’ll have to get the boat ready right away. I’ll do that,” continued the speaker, “and you go up to your house and get something for us to eat on the way, and we’ll be ready to start by the time you get back. The boys will help me, I know.”

“Yes, and be glad to,” said David, throwing off his coat, an example which Henry quickly followed, beginning to work at once.

In a short time the boat was ready for sailing, and the man had returned with provisions that would be sufficient for the party for two days. The boat was headed for the open lake, and soon the spirits of the boys revived under the hope of making their journey’s end after all.

“We’re beginning to find our way out of as well as our way into trouble, you see,” said David to Henry.

“That’s so,” replied Henry; “and I hope we’ll have better luck now, all the way through.”

The men were cordial and soon entered into conversation with their young companions. They told of some of the doings of this man they were seeking,

and from what they said David soon concluded that he must be a friend of Smith's; and when he turned the conversation upon him, he found that he was well known all along the Canadian border, and held in much the same regard there as he was on the American shore.

"This fellow is everything that's bad," said one of the men; "and the only reason he isn't as dangerous as Smith is because he isn't smart enough to fool the Yankees as well as he can. But what are you boys going to Toronto for?" he suddenly asked.

David hesitated a minute as he caught Henry's troubled expression, and then said, "We're going there to see a friend." This seemed to satisfy the men, although David could not have told, if they had been asked, what they would do if once they were fortunate enough to arrive at the place they were seeking.

The men were pleasant companions and seemed to have no suspicion that the boys were not Canadians. The chief topic of conversation was the war, and the boys learned many things from their words about the condition of affairs on the Canadian side. They had some difficulty in concealing their joy when they learned of the failure of the expedition which had started from Kingston, soon after they themselves had left home, with the object of burning the ship and stores at Sackett's Harbor.

"If they'd asked us where we were from," said Henry in a low tone of voice to David, "they'd have had us sure."

David laughed and said, "I think they're satisfied with us, and we'll surely go on to Toronto all right."

The men shared their meal with the boys, and the spirits of the entire party were high. By the middle of the afternoon one of them said, "We can't be very far from Toronto now, but we haven't seen anything of our good friend we're following."

"That's because he's in a boat that can outsail yours," said David; "and besides, he had a good start over you; but if he's at Toronto we may be able to catch him yet."

"That's what we will," said the man; "though I'm not so sure about that boat outsailing this. If it can, it must be a good one."

"It is," said David; "and if we once get it I'll have a race with you, and then we'll very soon see which is the better boat;" but the conversation soon flagged, as the thoughts of all were upon the experiences that were before them. The men were more than anxious to seize the prisoner, and the boys were desirous of regaining the lost boat.

As they sailed into the harbor at Toronto Henry suddenly called out, "There's our boat. That's the 'Corporal' right over there; I know it is. That one

that's sailing out of the harbor," and he pointed towards a boat not far away.

All the party looked in the direction which Henry indicated, and David said, "That is the 'Corporal,' Henry is right," and the course was immediately changed so as to intercept her on her outward tack. As they approached, the men said, "The boys are right. That's our bird, and we'll get him in our net yet," and they shouted for him to come about and wait for them to approach.

The man evidently heard the call of his pursuers, and although at first he had been inclined to heed their summons, as soon as he recognized them he brought the "Corporal" up into the wind and started for the open lake.

"We'll have to chase him," said the man who held the tiller, as he started after the fleet-sailing "Corporal."

"I'm afraid you won't be able to catch him with this boat," said David.

"Yes," said Henry, "she's the swiftest boat at Sackett's Harbor."

"Sackett's Harbor?" said one of the men in surprise. "Are you from there?"

David had looked at Henry a good deal startled when he heard him tell where they were from. The boys made no reply, and the man said, "That's a great go. Then you're Yanks, are you? There's some-

thing funny about all this, but you're two birds in the hand and so we'll try to get the one in the bush too." And he headed his boat in the direction the "Corporal" had taken and began to pursue the stranger who was sailing her.

CHAPTER XIX

THE PATIENT AT DONALD MCGANN'S

WHATEVER interest was aroused by the statement that the boys had come from Sackett's Harbor was lost for the time in the eagerness of the pursuit. The "Corporal" flew on in advance of them, and yet fleet as she was the pursuers evidently were gaining upon her.

"That fellow doesn't know how to sail the 'Corporal,'" said David. "If she was managed right she'd draw away from this boat in short order."

The man at the tiller laughed at David's words and said, "That may be so, but she isn't outsailing us now, for we're gaining on her every minute."

"If we were in her," said Henry, "we'd soon leave you behind; but as it is I'm glad that we're gaining on her."

The conversation soon ceased, for the attention of all was centred upon the "Corporal." The wind was high and yet not steady. The man they were pursuing apparently was very reckless in his management, and seemed to think of only one thing, and that was to escape from his pursuers if possible. Behind

them the Canadian shore soon became dimmer as they ran farther out into the waters of the lake, and the boats were tossing over the waves that now had become quite high. In this way the pursuit went on for a half-hour, and although the boat in which the boys were clearly was gaining, yet the distance between the two boats was not lessened rapidly.

"He's making for the shore again," said David excitedly as he watched the movements of the "Corporal."

"That's so," said the man at the tiller. And it certainly was evident that there was a change in the course of the "Corporal;" but with his change there had come a consequent gain by the pursuers. Indeed, they were much the better sailors, and they were quick to take advantage of any change that promised to benefit them, and it became certain that they were gaining rapidly now.

"What a fool he is not to keep with the wind," said one of the men. "If he'd run before the wind he'd have distanced us in short order, but this dodging and tacking of his gives us the advantage every time, and it won't be long before we shall overhaul him bag and baggage."

With every tack of the "Corporal" the pursuers gained. They were not more than three hundred yards apart now, and it was only a matter of time before they would overhaul the fugitive.

"What's he doing? What's he doing?" said Henry, excitedly, and the attention of every one was called by his words to the movements the man in the "Corporal" was making. It certainly appeared as if he were about to abandon the boat. He had run in comparatively near shore, and, letting go of his tiller, was hauling the little skiff which he had in tow close up to him.

"It can't be he's going to leave the boat," said one of the men.

"Yes, it can be," replied David, "because that's just what he is doing."

"That's so," replied the other as they saw the man they were pursuing step from the "Corporal" into the little skiff, and abandoning the larger boat take his oars and pull with all his strength towards the shore. There was confusion at once among the pursuers. Should they abandon the "Corporal" and pursue the man, or run him down and leave the boat to take its chances on the water?

"We'd better take the boat first," said one of the men. "I think we can get that and pick him up too, and if we can't, he isn't going to get very far away from us on shore."

"That's just what he was figuring on," said the other. "If it came to a choice on our part between him and the boat, probably he thought we'd take after the boat and that would give him a chance to get away."

"Well, it's too good a boat for us to leave," said his companion, "for in such a breeze as this she'd get capsized pretty soon, and we'll take our chances of getting him."

Accordingly the boat was headed towards the "Corporal," which seemed to be fairly flying over the surface of the lake. With every gust she swerved from her course, however, and at times it seemed as if she must capsize.

"Strange antics a boat like that will go through," said one of the men. "It's almost uncanny. It sometimes seems to me as if some hand we couldn't see was holding the tiller, and particular delight was taken in making an empty boat behave as this one is doing."

But the pursuers kept steadily on, and soon gaining upon the "Corporal," they came alongside, and one of them stepped on board with the boys. Immediately they brought her to, and headed her for the shore.

"This is your boat, boys, and we thought we'd help you get her; but I want to understand a little more, if I can, about this Sackett's Harbor business. You're too young to be very dangerous, and yet I should like to know what it means."

The boys glanced at each other quickly, and then David said, "Well, I'll make a clean breast of it, and tell you everything just as it is, and then if

you want to do anything with us you can ;” and he proceeded to tell the story of Elijah’s strange disappearance, and the report which had come to him through one of the prisoners at Sackett’s Harbor. He did not tell of the part which they had taken in the war, but he did tell these strangers something of the sadness there was in the home of Mr. Spicer, and of the suffering of his father and mother.

“I don’t waste any affection on the Yanks,” said the man at last ; “and that is the worst about you, and although you’re young Yankees, if nothing happens you’ll soon grow up to be old ones, and there’s no knowing what you’ll do then. A snake’s egg is bound to furnish a snake every time. However, I’m in favor of giving you boys a chance to find out whether this is your friend or not, and if it is, I shan’t stand in the way of your taking your boat and going home.”

“Don’t you want us to help you catch this man we’ve been chasing ?” said David. “We feel under obligations to you for your help, for you certainly have been very kind to us.”

“No, we don’t want any of your help,” said the man gruffly, and yet as David thought not at all displeased at his offer. “No, you take your boat, and we’ll get after the man and take him. Here comes my pardner,” he added, as the “Corporal” was brought to the dock, and the other boat soon came

alongside. A hurried conversation between the two men explained the position of the boys, and they both agreed to leave them where they were, and they started to search for the man who had escaped them.

A great change had come over Toronto since the previous visit of the boys, and they were interested observers of all that was transpiring about them. At first they were afraid they would be accosted by some of the soldiers they saw, or by some of the men they met upon the street; but they soon were satisfied that no one was giving them any special attention, and in a brief time they left the dock and started towards the town.

"What are you going to do now, David?" asked Henry. "I haven't an idea of what's the best thing to do, at all."

"I have been thinking of that very thing," said David, "and I have made up my mind what I'll do, and the first thing is, to speak to this man coming down the street," and they crossed over to meet him.

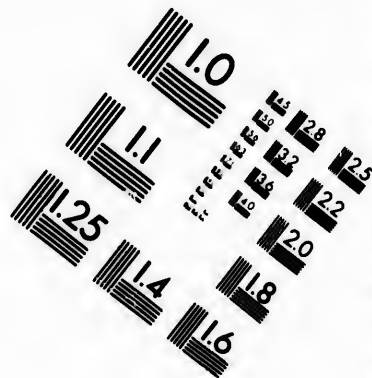
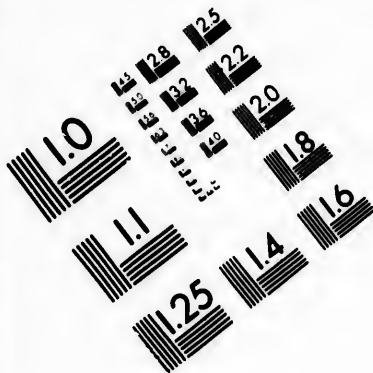
"Do you know where the minister lives?" said David to the stranger.

"What minister do you mean?" said the stranger, as he stopped to talk to the boys.

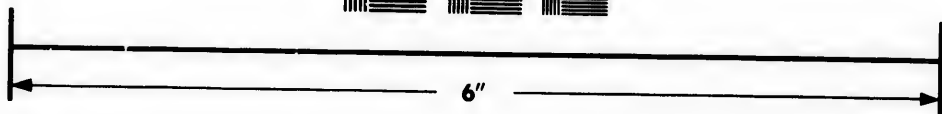
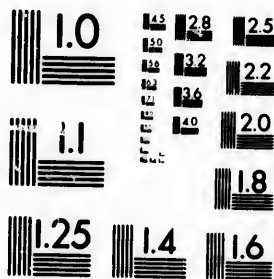
"Any one; I don't care."

"There's one living right up the street here in the last house, right next to the church."

"That's all right. Thank you," replied David,



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"we'll go to see him," and both boys started in the direction which the man had indicated.

When they were admitted to the house it was by the man whom the boys at once concluded must be the minister himself. He spoke with a broad Scotch accent, and his full round face beamed kindly upon the boys as they came in. David at once told him their story, at least enough of it to let him know what their purpose in coming was. He did not tell him where they were from nor the part they had taken in the war, but he did tell about the loss of Elijah, and the report which they had had of a young man lying ill and wounded in one of the homes at Toronto, and that they were not without hope that he might be their missing friend.

"Poor bairns! poor bairns!" the good man kept uttering during their recital, and when they had finished he had many sharp words to say about the cruel war which was then being waged.

David was not especially interested in what he had to say about the war, but he was very much pleased when the old man took his hat and cane and promised to go with them on their search. He knew several places where men who had been wounded in the fight were being cared for, and he knew of no better way than to begin to search for the missing boy by visiting these houses in order.

The first place they entered they found sheltered

a man who had been badly wounded in the battle, but when the boys looked upon him they saw that he was old and gray, and bore no resemblance to the missing Elijah.

Again they met with a similar experience, and Henry began to be very much discouraged.

"We never shall find him after all our trouble," he exclaimed bitterly; "I know we never shall."

"Don't get discouraged, Henry," said David. "You're a little bit like Lige, after all, and you're too quick to let go, just as sometimes I think he's been too quick to take hold."

The old minister added his encouraging words, and tried to cheer the desponding boy; but when they had made several more visits which did nothing except to add to their disappointment, even David himself began to fear that their search would be a useless one, and that after all they had been somewhat rash in following an idle report of a prisoner who was an entire stranger to them all.

"We'll try Donald McGann's now," said the minister. "One of the girls told me that they had been nursing a wounded soldier ever since the battle. It may be that's the very one we're looking for."

He spoke cheerfully, and the boys, acting upon his suggestion, started towards the residence of Donald McGann; but as they went on their spirits fell again, and Henry said, "There's no use. He won't

be there ; I know he won't. We might just as well go down and take the 'Corporal' and start for home again ;" but the old minister had already used the knocker on the door, and in response to his summons a young girl stood before them, and was listening with some surprise to the words the old man had to say.

The conversation evidently interested others, for presently two more young girls came and stood by their sister's side, and cast curious looks at the boys.

Eager as they were to learn anything that might throw any light upon their search, they yet were very conscious of the bright eyes and curious glances of the young girls before them.

"I'll call mother," said one of them as the party entered and seated themselves.

The mother, a gentle, sweet-faced woman, soon came in, and in some surprise listened to the story which the clergyman told her. She said but little until he had finished, and then she quietly remarked, "You soon can tell whether he's the one you're looking for or not ; he's been here ever since the day after the battle. He's never made any trouble for us, poor boy. About all he has done has been to moan and toss till lately, but since we've got him fixed in a chair so that he can sit up part of the time he's a good deal more quiet, though he follows me with those eyes of his wherever I go. He'd like to say

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"They recognized the face of their lost friend" Page 179.



something, I think, but he doesn't seem quite himself yet, and whatever he has had in his mind he's kept it to himself. But come with me and you can soon tell for yourselves," and she led the way into another room.

As the boys entered they saw that some one was sitting in a chair by the window, bolstered up by pillows, but they could not tell who it was, as his face was turned from them. The patient heard them when they entered, however, and slowly turned his thin, worn face to see who it was that had come to him. Evidently he was looking for no one but the family which had cared for him so long.

The startled boys at first said nothing, for it was with difficulty that they recognized the face of their lost friend, Elijah Spicer. But the object of their voyage had been gained, and they stood before their long-lost friend.

CHAPTER XX

HEMAN'S NEW BOY FRIEND

HEMAN JEDUTHAN CHUBB, when he had been left a prisoner in the British camp by his friends who made their escape without much difficulty, soon became a changed man; that is, he was changed back into the man he was when our friends first met him. Ever since he had been shot in the attack on Queenston Heights he had been much more quiet than he had been before. The songs which before he had been so fond of singing were seldom heard from him after that time, and not even the praise and persistent begging of the boys could often make him sing; but after he had been left for a time in the British camp, a gradual change came over him. Frequently he would raise his voice in song, and was more ready to boast of his deeds, and declare what great things he would do, than ever before.

His tall, gaunt form, with its long arms and thick, bushy, red hair, came to be something of a joke among the soldiers. He was regarded by many of them as not just right in his mind. This, however, was

hardly true, for, with all his peculiarities, he had a certain shrewdness that enabled him often to gain his point, when a man apparently much brighter might have lost it.

As the days passed, Heman began to sing again, and his songs caused much amusement and diversion in the camp. One night, at the request of the guard, he had been singing a song which was a familiar one in the war, and one part of which was as follows :

“ ‘ Where are you from?’ bold Rodgers cried,
Which made the British wonder;
Then with a gun they quick replied,
Which made a noise like thunder.

“ Like lightning we returned the joke,
Our matches were so handy;
The Yankee bulldogs nobly spoke
The tune of ‘ Doodle Dandy.’ ”

“ Is that the reason Yankees can fight so well, because they have such good songs and singers amongst them ? ” laughed the guard.

“ No,” replied Heman soberly, without any appreciation of the quiet sarcasm in the soldier’s words. “ I think the reason the men can fight as they do comes from another song, which is called ‘ The Impressed Seamen’s Appeal.’ That’s a great song.”

“ Can you sing that as well as you did the other ? ” said the soldier banteringly.

"Oh, yes!" replied Heman, unconscious of everything but an audience that appreciated his singing. "I'll sing you one verse of that, if you like."

"Do so," replied the soldier, "by all means;" and Heman began, his voice raised to its highest pitch, his eyes closed, and his head and arms keeping time, and sang,

"Shall that arm which haughty Britain
In its gristle found too strong,
That by which her foes were smitten,
Shall that arm be palsied long?

"See our sons of ocean kneeling
To a tyrant's stripes and chains!
Partisan! hast thou no feeling
When the hardy tar complains?

"See the British press-gang seize him,
Victim of relentless power!
Stout his heart is, but must fail him
In this evil, trying hour."

By this time quite a number of soldiers had gathered about him, and their liberal applause spurred Heman on to further endeavors.

"I know another one," said he, "which is called 'Embargo and Peace.' It isn't quite as good as the others, but it'll do very well," and Heman began again to sing.

"Let traitors who feel not the patriot's flame
Talk of yielding our honor to Englishmen's sway!

No such blemish shall sully our country's fair fame;
We've no claims to surrender nor tribute to pay.
Then, though foes gather round,
We're on Liberty's ground,
Both too wise to be trapped, and too strong to be bound."

As the days passed, Heman's songs came into great demand. He was entirely unconscious of anything like ridicule, and never seemed to appreciate that the soldiers had any other motive than the mere enjoyment of his singing, whenever they requested him to give them any music.

Many of the soldiers had been withdrawn from the camp by this time, but it had never seemed worth while to do anything in particular with Heman, as they all looked upon him as a little lacking mentally, and as a consequence he was not always closely confined.

Frequently he was sent on errands for the officers, and was allowed more liberty than a prisoner of war often knows. Indeed, Heman hardly regarded himself in the light of a prisoner, or, at least, his actions never seemed to imply that he was under guard, and he moved about the camp as freely as almost any of the soldiers. He came to be known as the "Angleworm," his gaunt appearance and reddish complexion perhaps suggesting the epithet to some of the soldiers. At any rate, the name was soon caught up, and it was the title by which he was familiarly summoned.

Yet Heman constantly rebelled against the name, and usually refused to answer to it, and whenever any one applied it to him he would reply, "Nay, nay, Heman is my name, — the name my mother gave me from the Scripture, First Chronicles six, thirty-three; of the sons of the Kohathites; Heman a singer, the son of Joel, the son of Shemuel." But his quotations had little effect, and the name clung to him persistently in spite of his opposition. The freedom which he enjoyed allowed him to wander almost at will about the camp, and it happened one day that he wandered so far beyond the borders that he did not return at all. No special search was made for him, for no one seemed to care very much whether he remained in the camp or not.

Heman hid himself the most of the time for a few days, and became quite indignant that he was not pursued. He was not familiar with the country from which he was escaping, and yet he found but little difficulty in gaining something to eat and a place in which he could sleep. In that way he kept on for many days, and at last, although he hardly could have told how, he found himself at the end of his journey on the American side, near the eastern end of Lake Erie.

Of his good qualities, endurance was among the first. He could eat more than others when the opportunity presented itself, and then again could

thrive on what apparently would starve any other man. He had made friends during his journey, and had not hesitated to make use of whatever they could offer him.

His singing, he thought, had been greatly enjoyed, and it certainly had been in great demand, and the eagerness with which he responded to any request for a song had been from apparently having decided to make up for the time of his long silence.

After many weeks it came to pass that he arrived at the quarters of Commodore Perry, and at once making himself at home in the camp, had fallen in with Perry's younger brother, Alexander, and had become a warm friend of his. Although Alexander was but thirteen years old, he seemed nearly as mature as Heman, and they spent much of the time together. From him he learned how his brother, Commodore Oliver H. Perry, had been a naval officer and in command of a flotilla of gun-boats at Newport, Rhode Island. He had been very desirous of serving on the lakes or the ocean, and had offered his services in the previous autumn, and Commodore Chauncey had written him a very cordial letter, and placed him in command of the naval force on Lake Erie.

Captain Perry, as he then was, was delighted, and he sent the best of his men from Narragansett Bay to the lake. He himself had started from Rhode Island with his little brother, Alexander, and had journeyed

through the wilderness and arrived at Sackett's Harbor on the third of March.

It was a great delight to Heman when he found that young Perry had been with his brother at Sackett's Harbor, and he had many stories to tell him of the young friends he himself had made whose home was near there. He was somewhat interested in the preparations which were being rapidly pushed for equipping a fleet to engage the British on Lake Erie.

On the report that the British were coming, he and Alexander became highly excited, and when at last they started forth, it was after many false moves of the enemy and repeated refusals to enter into an engagement. Heman and Alexander were both on the flag-ship when Captain Perry's fleet came to anchor in Put-in Bay. Captain Perry was but twenty-seven years old at the time, and young as he was had the warmest affections and respect of all his men. Every one knew that when he led his men into an engagement he would not give up so long as there was any chance of fighting.

Heman and Alexander were in his cabin one day when he showed them a large, square battle-flag which he had had his purser previously prepare at Erie. It was a blue flag, and had in the centre simply the words, "Don't give up the ship." He explained to them how they were the last words of Captain Lawrence when he had been fatally wounded in the

fight of the "Chesapeake" and the "Shannon," which was the great naval loss of the Americans that year; but the British had been so chagrined at the unexpected success of the American navy in the previous year, that they had sent over all their available boats, and as a consequence had blockaded nearly all the American ports.

The Americans had fitted out many little gunboats, and were constantly engaged in privateering, and a great many small engagements had been had. In June, Captain Lawrence, who had been in command of the "Hornet," had been promoted to the command of a larger ship, the "Chesapeake," and sailed out of Boston Harbor to engage the "Shannon;" and although she was of about the same size and force as his own ship, her men were much better disciplined, and discipline won the day.

The British were as highly delighted at the success of the "Shannon" as the Americans had been at their successes in the preceding year, but the dying words of Captain Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship," had become the watchword among all the American sailors; and when Captain Perry put those words on the battle-flag which he showed to Alexander and Heman, he knew that it would appeal to the sailors in the stirring events which were to follow as no other words could. And stirring events did follow, and sooner than many expected them to come.

CHAPTER XXI

THE DEFENCE OF FORT MEIGS

IT is time for us to return to General Harrison and his men, whom we left defending Fort Meigs against a large body of British and Indians who had surrounded it. General Harrison, or "Tippecanoe," as his soldiers familiarly had called him since the battle of that name, was greatly beloved of all his followers, and was obeyed as few of the men in those times were.

The traverse which had been made was almost a complete protection against the balls of the enemy, and while the lack of ammunition and the presence of only one six-pound gun prevented them from making a very vigorous return of their shots, the men were strong in their defence, and enthusiastic in their determination to hold on to Fort Meigs at all hazards.

John Smart was especially happy, and became almost reckless in his excitement, and frequently climbed up on top of the earthworks, and waved his arms and jeered at the besiegers. Encouraged by his example,

other soldiers followed him, and together shouted defiance at Proctor and his men.

General Harrison, however, soon put a stop to this reckless bravado, although he recognized how contagious enthusiasm was among his men; but he did not care to have any men fall simply from reckless daring, and so soon forbade any one to expose himself without express orders.

But a change had come over the enemy, and finding how useless their work was, they had quietly and stealthily altered their plans, thinking to outwit the Americans, and to gain a place where they could fire on the body of soldiers from behind the earthworks. But General Harrison had suspected this very design, and traverses accordingly had been made to meet this very movement, and as a consequence almost every shot of the enemy was rendered useless.

Occasionally the fire was returned from the fort, but the ammunition was so scanty that this was done more for its general effect than for any hope of doing any damage to the besiegers. Plenty of food and water was in the fort, and it was confidently expected that a long siege could be withstood. Shot and shell was hurled more thickly upon the fort now than before, but the next day the fire soon slackened somewhat, as it seemed to be almost without effect, and the besiegers apparently were becoming discouraged.

The British commander here sent a major with a demand for the surrender of the post.

"You tell General Proctor," General Harrison sent back word, "that if he shall take this fort, it will be under circumstances that will do him more honor than a thousand surrenders."

"If we only had plenty of ammunition," said one of the captains, after the messenger had gone, "we could blow John Bull from the Miami."

Again the soldiers began to show their confidence by mounting the ramparts, and swinging their hats, and waving their arms, and shouting to their besiegers, but General Harrison, in spite of his bold words, was very anxious. He well knew how Generals Hull and Winchester had both failed, and what sufferings had come upon their men. He also knew how strong the British were, and how wily were their Indian allies. He was every hour looking up the river for the help which he hoped would come.

Ever since the departure of Peter Navarre and Captain Oliver, not a word had come to him from the outside world; but about midnight Captain Oliver, with fifteen officers who had made their way down the river in a boat, succeeded in entering the fort, bringing word that General Clay was only eighteen miles away, and had eleven hundred Kentucky soldiers with him, and would probably arrive at Fort Meigs before morning.

General Harrison no sooner received the message than he immediately thought of a plan of working with General Clay outside the fort, and so he quickly sent a couple of men in a canoe to tell him that he was to detach about eight hundred of his men, and land them about a mile and a half above Fort Meigs, and the rest of the men were to land on the fort side of the river, and fight their way through the Indians to the fort.

Accordingly, about sunrise Clay started with his men. He ordered Colonel Dudley to start for the British batteries, while he himself would do the part which had been assigned him. Colonel Dudley was a very brave man, and he led his forces through the woods in such a way that in the form of a crescent his men faced the enemy at last, and it looked as if the whole force would be captured; but he had failed to tell some of his officers of the plan which had been formed, and the mistake proved to be almost fatal.

Suddenly Dudley and his men raised a horrible yell, and rushed forward and captured the heavy guns, spiking eleven of them without losing a man. The riflemen who had been attacked by the Indians thought it was their duty to stay there and fight instead of falling back to the main body, which was the great mistake of the day. Although the batteries were not destroyed, what General Harrison had planned had in the main been accomplished, and

when the British flag was pulled down loud cheers went up from the men in the fort, who had been breathless observers of what was going on.

General Harrison could not understand why the men who had accomplished just what he wanted done, still stayed there and fought when it was against his express orders. He at once sent a lieutenant to Colonel Dudley to tell him to withdraw; but when he arrived the victory which had been won was already changed into a defeat, for at the very moment when the batteries were taken the Indians had fallen upon the riflemen.

Colonel Dudley had ordered them to be reënforced, and soon the greater part of his men, who had almost no discipline, rushed through the woods to their companions' aid, and soon put the Indians to flight; but they were so filled with enthusiasm by their success that they forgot everything else but the pursuit of the Indians almost to the British camp. This meanwhile had been largely reënforced, and they took a great many of our soldiers prisoners, and drove others toward their boats. Colonel Dudley's men were in great confusion now, and would not listen to a word of command. They fought for three hours, and before the struggle was finished Dudley himself had been tomahawked, and of the eight hundred who had come with him, only one hundred and seventy escaped to Fort Meigs.

General Clay, after some exciting encounters meanwhile, had arrived at the fort without suffering very serious loss. A party was at once formed, and marched forth from the fort and began to drive the Indians before them. They were almost as reckless as Colonel Dudley's men had been, and were facing almost as great a danger in the very successes which at first had come to them, for they were pursuing the Indians towards the very place where all the British strength was gathered; but General Harrison was watching them, and he sent three hundred and fifty men from the fort against the batteries, who charged with such bravery that they drove the enemy — although there were eight hundred and fifty of them — from their batteries, and spiked their guns and brought forty-three prisoners back to the fort.

The lack of success on the part of the British was very disheartening to them. The Indians, who were always fickle, were now threatening to desert them. Tecumseh in the event of success was to have the whole of the Michigan territory for his reward, and also the body of General Harrison, whom he had hated with an intensity that was almost fiendish ever since the battle of Tippecanoe; but the Indians were leaving now in disgust at the failure of the British in the engagement, and General Proctor saw that there was nothing left for him but to leave also, for if he remained without his Indian helpers, his soldiers

would surely be taken prisoners. He did not wish General Harrison to know this, however, and thinking that he could conceal his real purpose, he again sent an officer to the fort demanding its surrender.

General Harrison simply sent back word that "he hoped that request would not be repeated," and that was the last friendly communication that was had.

General Proctor tried to bear away some of his cannon which had not been spiked, but a few shots from the fort soon showed him that he had better not remain even for that, and he soon withdrew with the remains of his little army to Amherstburg. He took with him the prisoners and marched them down to Fort Miami, and yet under his very eye the Indians were plundering and murdering many of them, and more than twenty of them had been scalped, when Tecumseh, more pitiful than the British General, by his own words put an end to such treachery.

There was great rejoicing in the little band of American soldiers that so successfully had withstood the attack of the British and Indians, but as soon as General Harrison had become certain that Proctor had given up his plans of trying to get possession of the Maumee Valley, and at last had returned to Malden, he left General Clay in command of the fort, and started for the Erie frontier to strengthen the defences there, and to see what could be done for making an attack against the British, for it was the

ambition of all to regain that which General Hull had surrendered in such a cowardly manner. He was greatly encouraged by the warm responses which came to him, and was certain that very soon a forward movement could be made.

The report soon came that Fort Stephenson had also been successfully held against an attack of the British by Major George Croghan, who was in command over the one hundred and sixty men that formed the garrison there. Major Croghan was himself but twenty-one years of age, and might well be called another boy officer of 1812.

General Harrison, who knew how weak the place was, had sent word that if they were attacked by any considerable body of British that they should withdraw, but the written word which Major Croghan sent back was this :

JULY 30, 1813.

SIR: I have just received yours of yesterday, ten o'clock P.M., ordering me to destrcy this place and make good my retreat, which was received too late to be carried into execution. We have determind to maintain this place, and, by heavens! we can.

In spite of the pleadings of the British officers, who feared that they could not restrain the Indians if the Americans should fall into their power after the fight, the fort was held, and with the loss of only one man

killed and seven wounded inflicted a loss upon the enemy of a hundred and twenty, and compelled them to steal away down the Sandusky, leaving behind a vessel filled with clothing and military stores. From every side praise and congratulation showered upon the boy officer, and Congress voted him the thanks of the nation.

Meanwhile General Harrison was stirring up the people, and meeting with such a warm response that his cherished plan for invading Canada promised soon to be carried out; and not the least of the assistance upon which he relied was Perry and his fleet, with which, as we already know, for some time Heman had been.

CHAPTER XXII

ELIJAH'S VISITORS

ANDREW FIELD had returned to Sackett's Harbor and found that his duties were increasing every day; for with the oversight of his home, the drilling of the soldiers, and such other duties as fell to him, he found little time for anything but his own work. Meanwhile the days passed on, and not a word had been received from David and Henry. The loss of Elijah was made worse by the long absence of the other boys, and while their friends tried to wait patiently for news from them their anxiety increased with every passing day.

One day Andrew received a summons from Major Forsythe, and when he had reported at his quarters, he found the Major as anxious as he about the disappearance of his young friends, who were to him almost like his own sons.

"I hope they'll report very soon, for I've something which will interest them, I know," said the Major.

"I only wish they were here," said Andrew; "their mothers are almost worn out with waiting."

"If I only knew where to get word to them," said the Major, "I think I'd send them something that would bring them home sooner. It's something in which you're interested too."

Andrew made no reply, although his face plainly showed his interest as he waited for the Major to explain his words.

Major Forsythe smiled as he continued, "You've made a very good corporal, Andrew, and I've just got a commission to make a sergeant of you."

Andrew's face beamed, and he showed something of the pride and pleasure he felt as he thanked his friend for his promotion.

"But that's not all," said the Major. "These young boys, David and Elijah, have shown themselves to be such sturdy youngsters, and so trusty and reliable, that for all that they're only seventeen years old, I've got a corporal's commission for each of them.

Andrew was as pleased at the prospect held out for the younger boys as he was at his own advancement, and said, "I only wish they were here to receive it, Major, and to thank you for your kindness; but sometimes I'm almost afraid something very serious has happened to them, and that we may never see them again."

"They can take care of themselves," said the Major, "and if they knew that now it is Sergeant Andrew and Corporal David and Corporal Elijah, I

think they'd want to return pretty soon, and show what the boy officers of 1812 can do and be."

"I only wish they were here," replied Andrew quietly as he left the Major's presence, and went home to report his own good fortune as well as that of the boys to the people there.

But the anxiety deepened as the time went on and no word came from the boys.

"It's the fortune of war," said Mr. Spicer, "and I suppose we must take what comes, and take it as it comes; only the suspense is pretty hard, though I feel quite certain that the boys will turn up all right after a little while. I've hoped to learn something from this man Smith, who's a go-between for the General, but neither the Major nor the General have heard anything of him or from him lately. Perhaps he's sold out to the other side now, and if they did find him they'd be more apt to shut him up than anything else. He's got a stronghold down the St. Lawrence somewhere. You know the boys told us about being there and what a strong place his cave was, and how well fitted to stand a siege. Major Forsythe says he's sometimes tempted to send an expedition down there and clean it out, but they have so few men at Sackett's Harbor that they could hardly spare enough for that, and so they pass it by. But something must be done," he added, "though I don't know just what it is yet."

The uncertainty increased, and the question as to what should be done was discussed almost every day in one home or the other.

After several days more had passed Mr. Spicer on his return from Sackett's Harbor stopped at Andrew's home, where Mrs. Spicer was spending the day, and said, "I've about made up my mind that I shall try to get a letter from the Major or the General that will admit me into Toronto and let me out again, and go over there and see what I can learn. I shall have to trust to luck somewhat, but I can't stand this uncertainty much longer."

"I wish you would go," said the hermit. "It isn't very much of a trip, although there's some danger in it, but that isn't so bad as this waiting is; it's just wearing out all these women, and I confess I don't feel very happy about it myself."

"I think I'll wait a day or two longer," replied Mr. Spicer, "and then if nothing is heard I shall get the letter and go over there."

In spite of Mr. Spicer's waiting no word came from the missing boys, and it was soon decided that he should go to Toronto. As soon as the hermit learned of his decision he said quietly, "I'm going with you."

Mr. Spicer hesitated. "I don't know as there's any use in that," he said. "You may be needed here, and I don't know that you could be of any use to me."

"But I'm going," replied the hermit decidedly. "The cook can look after things here."

"I know, I know all about it," murmured the cook.

As the result of this conversation, the next day a boat was obtained, and the men made their preparations for starting. It was with heavy hearts that they did this, and heavy hearts were also left behind them, for they all knew that dangers were before them, and that the loss of the boys might be increased by that of Mr. Spicer and the hermit. The two men set sail bright and early one morning, and started as David and Henry had done before them directly across the lake. They did not stop at night, but sailed steadily on, and soon put a good distance between them and their home.

In the afternoon of the second day, the hermit, who was the better sailor and who held the tiller most of the time, said, "I don't like the looks of things. It's going to blow, and blow hard too. I never saw the sky look like that without it's meaning some wind at hand."

Almost before he had said the words a gale struck them. They did not know it, but they were near the very place where the boys had been, and where they had lost the "Corporal." As the wind swept down upon them they saw two men standing on the shore gesticulating wildly and shouting to them, as the her-

mit thought, though he could not hear a word they said.

“I’ll weather it, I’ll weather it, I think,” said the hermit, but before he had fairly spoken the words a harder gust than had yet been felt struck them, and before they knew it the boat was over on her side and filling. The mast had snapped, and the sails were almost entirely under water. Before they had fully recognized what had happened to them, both men were in the water, the hermit clinging to the boat, and Mr. Spicer struggling to keep his head above water and to make his way to the boat, which was wildly tossing now on the waves, which had become very boisterous.

The hermit called to him, but the sound of his voice could not be heard above the storm, and it was doubtful whether Mr. Spicer could have done anything more than he was doing if he had heard it. The hermit noticed as he came up on the crest of a wave that the two men who had been standing on the shore had put forth in a row-boat, and had started towards them. He was dimly conscious that they could not live in such a storm, and yet he was glad in his heart that help was coming, or at least that the men were making an effort to rescue them.

He called out to his struggling companion that help was coming, but he could not make his voice heard. But the boat from the shore was coming nearer now, and he could see that the men were

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“He was becoming weaker every moment” Page 203.



struggling and working with all their strength. Steadily the boat gained, although at times it was lost to sight between the waves, which every moment were becoming higher. He caught sight of his companion struggling in the water a little nearer the boat, and yet it was evident that he was becoming weaker every moment. The hermit turned his attention from the boat which was coming to his companion, and tried to do some thing to aid him, but nothing was within his reach that he could throw him, and in his anxiety to assist him he found that his own hold was almost torn away.

Just as Mr. Spicer's strength seemed almost gone and he apparently was about to give up, the hermit gave a shout as he saw the little boat draw near, and as his friend came up on the crest of a wave one man reached forth and grasped him, and after a brief struggle lifted him into the boat.

It was less difficult to release the hermit from his perilous situation, and when he had been taken on board his fears changed, and he was afraid the heavy load would swamp the frail craft, but it already had started to return, and he watched the men as they both pulled hard at the oars, and steadily made slow headway, and gradually approached the shore. They were almost swamped several times, but the little boat righted herself and at last brought them to the land. Mr. Spicer soon regained a little

strength, and the entire party, almost exhausted, stood upon the shore, and watched the sail-boat as it was tossed by the waves. The wind was blowing towards them, and they waited until she had reached the point where, if she were left, she would surely be broken in pieces. Then the men once more took the row-boat and started forth in the storm, and were successful in making a rope fast to the drifting sail-boat and reached land again.

They drew the boat along the shore till it was in the lee of the high bank, and then they began to make an examination of her. The broken mast and the torn sails were something of a source of discouragement, and yet the men rejoiced that they themselves had escaped from the perilous situation in which they were a little time before. They were glad to accept the kind invitation of their new friends, and went with them to their home to spend the night.

The rest which they had, and the bright clear sun of the next morning, brought them new hope, and they turned to the work of repairing their boat, which was accomplished much sooner than they had thought it could be. At the breakfast table that morning it came out in the course of the conversation that the two strangers had started for Toronto.

“We were there a few weeks ago,” said one of the men.

"Do you go there often?" asked Mr. Spicer.

"Not very," replied the man. "It's a good fifty mile from here. We had a great time on our last trip, but not so great as a couple of youngsters who stopped here on their way."

Mr. Spicer looked up quickly as he said, "Two youngsters? Do you know who they were, or what they were?"

"Yes, replied the man," they were two boys from over near Sallett's Harbor. They'd started for Toronto to see if they could learn anything about a friend of theirs who had been lost ever since the attack on the town."

Mr. Spicer had heard enough. He at once told the purpose of their own voyage, and the adventures of David and Henry came out in the course of the conversation.

"Did they get their boat again?" asked the hermit.

"Oh, yes, they got their boat all right," replied the host, "but our bird got away from us. He was only a little way ahead of us when he reached shore, but we never could find out what had become of him."

"Did you find out anything more about the boys, or where they are, and where they went?" asked Mr. Spicer.

"Yes, they went up to the house of a friend of ours named Donald McGann, and the best of it all

was that they found there their friend for whom they were searching."

"Was he well? Was he all right?" asked Mr. Spicer eagerly.

"He'd been shot in the fight, I believe. He acted as if he'd been hit on the head with something, but he was getting well, and they were a happy parcel of youngsters."

Both Mr. Spicer and the hermit were eager now to resume their voyage, and as soon as their boat was ready they bade their friends good-by and started on again. They arrived at Toronto without any further adventure, and at once took a letter they had to the commander, who very quickly endorsed it, and promised them his protection as long as they remained there.

"The Yankees were very decent to us after the fight," he said, "and never destroyed any private property. I'll do what I can in the way of returning the favor, so I'll gladly give you a chance to look up your boys."

The men quickly left his presence and started at once for the home of Donald McGann, which they had no difficulty in finding. As they drew near they stopped a moment as they heard the sound of laughter from within.

"That's my boy," said Mr. Spicer excitedly; "that's Elijah, I'd know his laugh anywhere," and he rapped

eagerly upon the door, and entered abruptly as soon as it was opened.

"I'm Elijah Spicer's father. I've been looking for him a long time," said Mr. Spicer hurriedly to the motherly Mrs. McGann, who had opened the door, and who had hardly had time to say a word; but she knew what he wanted, and led him quickly into Elijah's presence.

Who can describe the joy of that meeting? The sick boy sat pale and weak from his suffering, not expecting any such sight as that of his own father. At first he was almost overcome, but in a little while he became calm enough to say, "I thought you'd come, and I thought it was about time for you to come, too. You don't know how I've suffered, but I knew David and Henry would send you as soon as they got home, so I've been looking for you."

"David and Henry?" said Mr. Spicer. "Are they not here too?"

"No!" said Elijah in surprise. "They've been here, but I thought you must have come because they sent you."

"When did they go from here?" said Mr. Spicer quietly.

"They left here nearly three weeks ago," said Mr. McGann, who had just entered the room. "Haven't they been home?"

"Not a word have we heard from them," said Mr.

Spicer, "and I came to learn about them almost as much as I did about Elijah."

Mr. Spicer's joy was dampened in a moment. He had found one boy, but the mystery which surrounded the others had only deepened.

CHAPTER XXIII

A MEETING ON THE LAKE

IT was true that the boys had gone from Toronto nearly three weeks before. They had remained long enough to see that Elijah was well on the road to recovery, but they had not cared to add to the burden of the family who had already been so kind to their friend. Elijah, though feeble, was certainly gaining, and as they were very desirous that the people at home should be informed of the good fortune which had attended their efforts in their search for their missing friend, they were more than eager to return with their news, so they had remained with Donald McGann only a day or two, and full of hope had set sail, as Elijah had told his father, nearly three weeks before.

Mr. Spicer and the hermit were shocked at first, for it seemed like a double disappointment to have the good fortune which attended their voyage clouded by the announcement of the disappearance of David and Henry.

“Oh, it's more than likely,” said Mrs. McGann,

"that they've arrived at home long before this. Did you come directly from Sackett's Harbor here?"

"No, we were delayed somewhat on the way," said Mr. Spicer, as he told of the misfortune which had overtaken them in the squall which had struck them, and their escape from the waters of the lake; but he added, "the boys would have been at home long before we set sail if they had not met with some accident. However, we'll hope for the best, and try to believe that we shall find them there when we get home. But I've something good to tell you, Elijah," he said, "and that is that you and David each have received a corporal's commission."

Elijah's face flushed with pleasure as he said, "I'm afraid it will be some time before I can take it, but how did it come?"

"Oh, Major Forsythe, of course, was at the bottom of it. He got a sergeant's commission for Andrew, and has made a corporal of you and David, so you'll have to hurry up and come home and get it; he says he's very proud of his boy officers, and I think he's some reason to feel that way."

But the problem which immediately faced Mr. Spicer was what he should do with Elijah. It was certain that he was getting well rapidly, but

could he return home with them? When he put the question, Mrs. McGann said, "I'm doubtful, but Mary has been his chief nurse, and I'll ask her. What do you think about it?" she said, turning to her daughter.

"I want him to do what is for the best," said Mary, "but I don't think he's strong enough yet to go," and as she spoke a flush crept over her cheek, and in confusion she looked out of the window. Strange as it may seem, Elijah was blushing too, and the paleness which was constantly on his cheeks since his sickness served to make the blush all the more marked now.

"I'd like to see the people at home. I'd rather see my mother than any one else in the world," he said, "but I don't know whether I'm strong enough to stand the voyage yet or not."

"I am afraid you've had too good a nurse," said Mr. Spicer with a laugh.

"Oh, yes, she's been nurse and cook too," said the complaisant Mrs. McGann, all unconscious of the uneasiness of the younger people. "Mary hasn't done much but just look after her patient."

"Oh, well," said the hermit, "it almost pays to be sick sometimes, just for the fun of getting well, doesn't it, Elijah?"

"We should be glad to have you stay right here," said Mr. McGann, "till your boy gets well,

and you can take him home with you. We had a boy once ourselves, but our nursing him didn't turn out as well as it has with this young man," and he laid his hand affectionately on Elijah's shoulder. "Now our boys are all girls, and while I wouldn't have one of them any different from what she is, I think somehow we've all of us had in mind the Percy whom we lost, while we have been taking care of Corporal Elijah."

"We should have done it anyway, and been glad to," said Mrs. McGann, wiping her eyes, "and I never saw Mary so happy in her life. She's just delighted in sitting with Elijah, and in caring for him most of the time," a statement which increased the confusion of both of the young people referred to, and which made Mary McGann rise and leave the room as if she had suddenly thought of something that required her attention in another part of the home.

Mr. Spicer hesitated. He was anxious about the other boys also, and now that he had solved the problem of Elijah's whereabouts he felt as if he must at once begin the search for the others.

"I don't like to leave him for strangers to nurse," he said, after a moment's thought.

"You can make your heart light on that score," said Mrs. McGann. "He doesn't require any nursing much now, and Mary will just be delighted to

care for him till he's strong enough to come out to his meals."

"I think I know just how Mr. Spicer feels," said Mr. McGann, "and yet I will promise him that we will look after his boy. I'll see to it myself that he comes to Sackett's Harbor; that is, if you'll promise not to shut me up in case I bring him myself," he added, with a laugh.

Mr. Spicer said, "I can promise you that. That will be arranged all right;" and when the hermit added his word expressive of his own anxiety about David and Henry, it was decided that they should start for home on the next morning.

Meanwhile Mr. Spicer sat by the side of his boy and told him of all that had occurred at home in which he thought he might be interested. He told him of Andrew's expedition to Goose Bay, and of the strange way in which Captain Hoover had taken the prisoners which he sent to Sackett's Harbor by Corporal Andrew. He also told of the deeds of the soldiers and of the failure of the expedition from Kingston, and of all that was going on in his home.

Elijah became brighter, and decided that he was almost strong enough to return with them, but when to prove the truth of his words he rose from his chair and tried to walk across the room, he fell upon the floor, and was unable to rise again, and then he laughed

good-naturedly, and said he thought he'd better wait for a time.

"Well, I'm sure you'll have good nursing," said Mr. Spicer with a quizzical expression upon his face, whereupon Elijah for some strange reason blushed again, and could think of no words with which to reply.

Mr. Spicer was more than pleased with the family in which he found his son. The father and mother were Scotch, and often spoke with a brogue. They felt about the war much as did Mr. Spicer himself, and were only half-hearted in their defence of their country for the measures she was employing.

But the time soon came for the departure of Mr. Spicer and the hermit, and the good-byes had been spoken, and the little boat started off on the lake and soon appeared like a mere speck upon the water to Mr. McGann, who had gone down to the dock to help them on their way.

"Elijah's just as safe as if he was at home," said the hermit to his companion. "You couldn't ask for a better place for him to be, if he has to be away from his mother."

"Yes," said Mr. Spicer with a smile, "Elijah seemed strangely contented. I think that little blue-eyed nurse, Mary McGann, has something to do with it."

"Very likely," said the hermit. "It would be strange if she didn't. Such a little, round, plump face

as she's got, and such sweet ways, that it would make any one, even if he was as old and rusty as I am, willing to be sick for a while if she was by him, and I'm sure she's a good girl, and the whole family are good people."

"Yes, I'm certain of that," said Mr. Spicer; "and while I don't like to leave my boy behind me, if I have to do it I'm glad it's among such good people. Just now I'm a great deal more worried about the other boys than I am about Elijah."

"But he's getting well," said the hermit, "and that's a good deal, and it wont be long before he'll be at home again."

They sailed on until they came to the place where they had met with their accident, and stopped for a few minutes to report their success to the people who had been so kind to them. They soon left them, however, and as they sailed on were very watchful, as they feared that they might fall into the hands of some parties who would not be so well disposed as the Canadian friends they had just left had been; but they met with no adventure, and at last had arrived at the place from which they were to sail directly across the lake for home.

"There's a boat behind us," said Mr. Spicer as they drew out into the open lake. "It seems to be coming in this direction too. It's gaining on us," he said, after a time. "I can almost see who's aboard

now. It's just about the size of this boat, and there's one man on board. I wonder if he's starting for Sackett's Harbor too."

The little boat which was behind them did gain rapidly, as it was well handled and carried more sail than the one in which they were, and as it approached within hailing distance they were surprised as the only occupant of the boat stood up and the hermit recognized him as Smith.

The surprise and disgust of Smith as he in turn recognized the men before him were marked. He would hardly talk with them, and his replies were given in a gruff voice that was anything but friendly.

"I'm about done with you Yankees," said Smith in a surly manner. "You promise all sorts of things, but it's a good deal easier for you to promise than it is to do what you say."

"Why, what have we promised that we haven't done?" said Mr. Spicer in surprise.

"Oh, I don't mean you, exactly," said Smith, "but those fellows in command at Sackett's Harbor. They agreed to do well by me, but they've lied to me, that's just all there is about it. They've lied, but they won't lie to me many times. I may be a little slippery sometimes, but whatever else I am, I'm not a fool. I'm going to look out for number one after this."

"I'm very sorry they've done not well by you,"

said Mr. Spicer; "I knew Commodore Chauncey was a good friend to you."

"Oh, Chauncey's all right," replied Smith, a little mollified; "Dearborne was all right, too, but this duffer in command there now is no good, and I'm going to take advantage of the Yankees every chance I get."

"You haven't seen or heard anything of our boys, have you?" called out Mr. Spicer to Smith, who was now some distance ahead of them; but Smith either did not hear or heed their question, and when Mr. Spicer repeated it he received no reply.

Smith was rapidly drawing away from them, and he soon changed his course and made as if he were starting for the St. Lawrence. He scowled upon the party behind him, and his dark looks somehow threw a damper over both men. Each in his heart had a fear which he did not dare to express, and their conversation ceased while they watched the boat of Smith sailing away in the distance, and soon disappearing from sight.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE HERMIT TELLS A STORY

MR. SPICER and the hermit watched Smith, as he sailed away, with many misgivings. The hermit was pronounced in his opinion that foul play had been used somewhere, and expressed his fear that something had happened to the boys, and that they were even then in danger somewhere. Mr. Spicer, almost as much troubled as his companion, did not say very much, however, except to declare that he would borrow no trouble, and did not propose to cross any bridges before he came to them. He asked his companion why he thought Smith had changed his course and had apparently started for the river.

"I don't know," replied the hermit, "unless he's going to his headquarters. He hasn't been near Sackett's Harbor lately, and that doesn't promise any good for us."

"I know it," replied Mr. Spicer; "and I'm certain that something is wrong somewhere, but just what it is I can't say."

Their forebodings increased as they sailed on, and there was not very much inclination for conversation

on the part of either, but both men were prone to look upon the bright side of things, and it was not long before a little more hopefully the hermit said, "Well, things don't look very bright, that's a fact, and yet I've been in lots of close quarters myself, and I was just this minute thinking of some friends of mine who live up on the Indian River. You know where that is, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Spicer; "but what about these friends of yours?"

"Why, I was thinking of a young man named Joel Mix. Not long after I came to the St. Lawrence, he'd been living in the western part of Connecticut, and had built him a house there, and had seen his family begin to grow up about him, but he wanted to get out of that old State, as he called it, and he always had a liking for new scenes and stirring adventures. He was a surveyor, and when the farms had been pretty well laid out where he lived, he struck out for the wilderness.

"I remember it was in 1798 that he was up near here surveying for General Champion, who owned a lot of land in this country. One day, when they were coming back to camp together, the General urged him to move up into this part of the country; but Joel told him he didn't have any money, although he could see there was going to be a great chance for a surveyor, for the people were moving in quite fast then.

“General Champion promised to fix that all right for him, and to give him a good tract of land if he'd come and do the surveying and make his home in that country. Finally, after thinking it over, in the winter of 1799 Joel Mix moved his family from Connecticut to High Falls upon the Black River. He made the journey through the snow, and I've often heard him tell about the adventures he met on that trip. He brought his wife and four children and his wife's sister, and two men whom he had hired to work for him. It must have made the hearts of the little company beat pretty fast when they heard the wolves howling around their camp at night, or the cry of the panther out in the forest.

“When they arrived at High Falls the river was all covered over with thick ice, and even then the cry of ‘farther on’ was heard among the pioneers, and Joel Mix was induced to go a little beyond the spot he'd chosen, in the hope of doing still better; but he couldn't take his family with him then, for it was in the dead of March and the cold was intense, so he left his children and his wife's sister at the settlement, and started on with his wife as his only companion, in a one-horse pung, for West Long Falls.

“His two workmen, with another man he'd got, had gone ahead and built a shanty in the woods right near to the river. Joel could see that the place was a good one, and so he made up his mind that that

should be his home. The men all worked on till about the middle of April. The river was all covered with ice then, and no signs of the spring freshets had yet come. He made up his mind to leave his wife there in the new home, while he started for his family to bring them down the river.

“He had to go forty-two miles on foot, and had his gun slung over his shoulder, and yet he made it in a day. His wife was afraid to have him start out then, for the wolves had got their appetites up pretty well by that time, for they probably hadn't been living very high all winter. Joel only laughed at her fears and tapped his gun significantly, though he promised her he'd be very careful, and the next day found him with his children getting everything ready for their return with him.

“They were just wild to see their mother by this time, but Joel was a good deal afraid. The rains had now come on, and the swollen river was high over its banks; but after talking with the men at the settlement he got the loan of an old scow, and in it he placed all his goods, and made everything ready to start the next day. He hired two men to go with him, and he rigged up the scow with an old sail; but he found soon after he started that the sail was of no benefit, and that the current of the river, all swollen as it was with the melting snow, ran as swiftly as he cared to have his cargo carried.

“ They started early in the morning, and the few people that were there in the settlement gathered by the bank to see them off. Joel was a good deal more anxious than he cared to show, but as they went on and he saw how happy the children were, and as nothing as yet had happened to harm them, he began to feel a little easier, but late in the afternoon, somehow the old scow began to act very strangely. The speed increased a great deal, and when Joel tried to steady the cumbrous old craft he found he had lost all control of it, and it began to whirl as it moved on faster down the stream.

“ The children were frightened now, and when Joel found that he couldn't steer the scow at all, he knew he was in a bad way. When he spoke to the two men that were with him he found they were as frightened as the children, and would be of no use at all to him. That was just the time, though, for Joel to show himself. He thought of his wife and the new home which he was building, and then he said he had a vision of the old home among the Connecticut hills, and he made up his mind he wouldn't give up without a struggle, though the boat kept going on faster and faster all the time, and whirling as it went.

“ It went from one side of the river to the other wherever the channel swept, and he knew the falls were not far away. He decided that if he was going

to do anything at all to help himself the time had come, for even then the sound of the falls reached their ears, and the rest of the party became more frightened than ever. The scow heeded her rudder no more than if it had been a straw, but just then in his despair he saw ahead of them, on the bank of the river, a tree, with its branches spread out over the water like an arm. Joel didn't know whether the arm was held forth to mock them or to help.

"The sound of the falls grew louder and louder, and Joel didn't know but in spite of all he could do that they'd all be carried over them. Just then there came a change in the course of the channel. It seemed to him that the boat was making for that shore where the tree was. Soon this became more and more evident, for the scow certainly was being carried in towards the bank. He didn't know whether it would come in close enough for him to get hold of the branches or not, but it was the only hope he had.

"He kept his eye on the place, and I don't suppose any one knows how he felt, but all the time just like a race-horse the scow was making for the bank. Nearer and nearer the current carried them, and the branches of the tree were now not more than twenty feet away. Suddenly Joel saw a chain which was fast to the scow lying right near him, and he jumped and grasped one end of it, and stood all ready for the

spring for the branches of the tree. Everybody on board stood still watching him, for they'd even stopped crying now in their excitement.

“ Almost before there was time for thought, the old tub shot in nearer the tree, and with one shout he leaped from the boat, holding the chain in his left hand, and with his right he grasped the friendly branch. I don't suppose any one could describe the strain that came upon him. The scow was heavily loaded, and with all the force of the swollen current added, it seemed as if it would tear him apart, or break his hold. The strain was so fearful that not even a cry came forth from his lips, and yet when he was telling me about it he said he thought of a picture he used to see, when he was a boy, in 'Fox's Book of Martyrs,' of a man being torn apart by wild horses.

“ For a moment the little party was speechless, and yet as Joel, suspended in the air, with his feet hardly touching the water, held to his grip upon the branch, the scow came to a stop. Then Hannah Merrill, his wife's sister, I told you about, did what almost any woman would have done, and began to scream, loud and long; with an almost hopeless agony she just screamed and screamed, and yet it was her instinctive cry for help.

“ But the boat was nearer to the little shanty which he called his home than any of them knew, for right

near the spot where the scow was so strangely fastened was his home, with his wife and his men in it. The cry reached them, and the startled party quickly ran to the bank. The boat and all its contents were hidden from their sight, and yet that agonizing scream continued, and they could hear it all the time.

“Of course all this had happened in less time than it takes to tell about it, and every second Joel Mix was afraid he would have to let go his hold. There was a roaring in his ears louder than the sound of the falls below them, but he held on like death, for he knew that the lives of those he loved depended upon him.

“Up and down the bank his startled wife and men ran, not knowing just where the cry came from, and unable to see what the meaning of it was at all. Eager as they were to do something, they were as helpless as those who were in the awful danger in the river.

“But on the other side of the river there were two humble French families living. Hannah Merrill’s screaming had startled them, as well as those who dwelt on the other side, and in a moment both families rushed down to the bank and were watching the struggle of the father to hold his boat and save his children. They could see it all as plain as daylight.

“The wife of one man urged him to cross over to Joel’s aid, but he only shook his head and muttered that no boat could live in such a current as that and so near the falls, and he sullenly went back to the house. But his wife, whose name was Joanna Ward, with one of the men named Peter Belmont, who was ashamed even to hesitate in following a woman’s call, stepped quickly into a little canoe and crossed over the stream safely, and after a struggle that seemed beyond human power they rescued Joel just as consciousness was leaving him, and they finally got the scow safely ashore too.

“It was about nine o’clock in the evening when they succeeded in making the landing, but in the light of the following morning they saw that they had been within fifteen rods of the head of the falls. Whenever I think of Joel’s grit, and the way he hung on, I never feel like giving up anything myself, however dark it seems.”

Mr. Spicer had listened quietly to the story which the hermit was telling him, and smiled with a new hope in his heart as he saw the determination the old man showed not to give up his endeavors to find his young friends.

“There’s something ahead there floating,” said Mr. Spicer. “I can’t just make out what it is. Suppose you run in alongside and pick it up.”

“It’s an oar,” said the hermit, as he changed the

course of the boat and so picked up the floating object which had attracted Mr. Spicer's attention.

"Yes, it is an oar," said Mr. Spicer as he drew it on board; "but that isn't all there is of it, for it was once on board the 'Corporal,' and it is one of the oars that Henry took from my house when they started for Toronto."

"That doesn't promise very well," said the hermit. "I wonder what's the meaning of it. There's something wrong here, I'm sure."

"So am I," replied Mr. Spicer, and they both became watchful and silent.

About dark they arrived at Sackett's Harbor, but without stopping they sailed around to their own dock, to which they made their boat fast, and quickly started up the road towards home. Lights were seen here and there in the farm-houses, but as they came nearer to David's home no sounds were heard.

"I'm afraid they aren't here," said the hermit, "for whenever they're at home there isn't much trouble for anybody who passes along the road to know that the boys are inside."

But they at once went up to the door and without rapping stepped quickly inside.

"Have the boys come back?" said Mr. Spicer, without waiting for anything to be said to him.

"No," said Mrs. Field, who had risen when they

came in and laid aside her knitting, "haven't you seen them?"

"No," replied Mr. Spicer, as he proceeded to give her an account of all they had heard and seen. "No, they left Toronto," he added, "more than three weeks ago, but we won't give up all hope yet of finding them again, for if the hermit will go home with me we'll talk it over and see what we can do."

CHAPTER XXV

CAPTURED

IT was indeed true that David and Henry had disappeared. If the earth had opened and swallowed them they could not have been more completely lost, so far as their friends at Sackett's Harbor were concerned; and yet the earth had not opened and swallowed them, and the boys were in a place where no immediate harm was likely to befall them.

When they had entered the room and recognized the pale face of Elijah as he sat propped up in the chair by pillows, and so weak as barely to be able to lift his hand to grasp theirs, Henry had given a cry and fallen upon Elijah's shoulder. In spite of the great change which had come over him they recognized the boy for whom they were searching, and the smile which was on their friend's face made his appearance doubly pathetic.

Elijah's nurse, Mary McGann, at once came into the room and sharply began to scold the intruders, as she termed them, declaring that the excitement

would be too much for Elijah, and they must leave the room at once; but her mother entering just then, at once declared that the boys should remain and sit with their friend for a time, although she cautioned them that they must be very quiet. She herself told the boys how it was that Elijah came to be in her home, and of the strange events of the past few weeks. She was frequently interrupted by the daughter, who had taken upon herself the especial duty of nursing Elijah, and who added many words of her own.

"I know," said Mrs. McGann, "that Elijah wants to hear from his home, and so if he will be very quiet about it you may tell him all you know, though you mustn't be very long about it."

So David told his friend all that had transpired at Sackett's Harbor during his absence, and of what their plans for the future were. Elijah was an interested listener, and declared that the visit of the boys had done him great good; but they soon followed Mrs. McGann out of the room, after they had helped Elijah to return to the bed, and listened to the details of the way in which he had been found upon the battle-field, which she had not felt like giving fully in his presence. The boys were greatly pleased with her, and her motherly ways and sympathetic words led David to say, "I'm sure Elijah has been very fortunate to have fallen into such good hands. He'd have died after the battle if he'd been left there."

"Mary has done most of the work," said Mrs. McGann. "She seems to have taken quite a fancy to the young soldier," and she glanced at the blushing cheeks of her daughter.

"But what can we do now?" said David. "Elijah isn't fit to be moved yet."

"Oh, no," said Mary quickly, "you can't move him yet for a good while."

"You can stay here till he gets better," said Mrs. McGann, "or you can go home and return for him in about a month. This war is a terrible thing, but you are fortunate in having him able to go home at all."

It was soon decided that the boys should return to Sackett's Harbor the next day, and then that some one should return in a few weeks for the patient, who, they all thought, by that time would be able to take the voyage with them. Much of the time the boys spent with Elijah talking with him and planning to return for him in a few weeks. Somehow Elijah did not seem to be so disappointed when he learned that he must remain at Donald McGann's for another month, as David had thought he would be. He wondered whether Mary had anything to do with Elijah's being reconciled to the delay, and the more he saw of her the more he became convinced that she was not the least of the causes in making him so willing to stay where he was.

After the good-byes had been said, the next day, the boys went down to the dock, and as they approached it they saw the two men who had brought them to Toronto and had rescued the "Corporal" for them.

"Did you get your man?" said Henry.

"No, he was too quick for us," replied one of them. "We've been looking everywhere for him since we've been here, and we can't get any trace of him at all, so we've decided to go back home and let him go, for the present at least."

"We're going too," said David, "and we will show you whether this boat can't leave you behind a good deal more successfully than it did yesterday. Not that we want to part company," he added, "but that we don't want the 'Corporal' to be looked upon as any such boat as that fellow made her out to be the other day."

The boasting of the boys was not without some foundation, for they steadily drew away from their friends under the strong breeze which favored them, and not many hours had passed before the other boat had disappeared from view.

The boys were highly elated at the success which had attended their efforts. They had found Elijah, and while they were sorry to find him an invalid, shut in the house for many weeks, yet they were glad that there was now a prospect of his soon joining them again. They talked of the war, and of the girls

in the McGann home, and of their own plans for the immediate future, as they sailed on.

The next day they saw a little house on a point which projected into the lake, and decided to stop and try to get some fresh milk and eggs there. They made their boat fast on the shore, and thoughtlessly both left her to go up to the house. It was a small house, and as they approached they were surprised to see the door open and a band of a dozen or more children rush forth to meet them.

"I wonder if they all live there," said Henry.

"I guess so," replied David; "there's no other house anywhere near that they could live in if they wanted to."

The appearance of the place was not particularly reassuring, and yet the boys enjoyed the relief from the cramped quarters of the "Corporal" so much that they remained for a longer time than they expected, playing with the children and talking with the family; as a consequence, nearly two hours had elapsed before they started to return to their boat, and as they walked slowly on, they were talking and thinking of nothing but the experiences through which they had recently passed.

But as they came near to the shore they saw another boat about the size of their own just landing, and two men on board evidently making free with the "Corporal." The boys started to run, an undefined

fear in the heart of each, and as they approached they found their fears more than fulfilled.

With a startled exclamation, Henry said, "Why, that's the man that stole our boat; that's the very fellow that got away from us at Toronto."

"Yes, and that's not the worst of it," replied David, "for that curse of the lake, Smith, who is always everywhere, is with him too, and I don't believe it promises any good for us either."

"Shall we go on or stop here?" said Henry.

David hesitated a moment, and then, ashamed to give up without the appearance of a struggle, he called to his companion to come on, and both boys started on the run for the boat. A laugh from the men greeted them as they approached, and Smith's companion said, "You will steal a boat, will you? You will try to take this craft away from me and run me ashore, will you? Perhaps you'll take it again. Oh, yes! perhaps you'll take it again, and then perhaps you won't," and he gave a loud laugh, as he saw how troubled the boys were.

At last David said, "Then you are going to take away our boat from us, are you?"

"Yes," said the man, "that's just it, and we're going to take something besides that."

"What's that?" said David.

"We're going to take you," replied the man, "so step aboard both of you, and be lively about it."

"I'm not so sure it's a good thing to take the boys," said Smith, in a low tone to his companion. "We could leave them here, and they wouldn't make much trouble for us."

"No," said his companion, "that wouldn't do; they've got to go with us. They'd be sure to find some way out of this, and make lots of trouble for us, to say nothing about their wanting this boat again."

"All right," replied Smith, who seemed to give way to his companion somewhat reluctantly, "you can take them with you," and he ordered both the boys to step on board the "Corporal."

Smith, however, took the other boat, leaving his companion to manage the "Corporal," and both set sail at once. The boys had no idea where they were to be carried. The sun already was getting low, and as they saw the long beams of light thrown over the lake, it seemed to them as if darkness was creeping over their hopes also. But Smith soon disappeared from sight, and the boys tried to engage their captor in conversation and learn what their destination was to be, but the man refused to tell them this, although he would talk with them on other subjects.

"Oh, the Yanks are no good," he said, "and Smith and I are more for the other side now, though we are for ourselves a great deal more than we are for either. Who wants to be ordered around by a lot of men when he can have his own way, and make

what he wants for himself out of both sides, who are made up mostly of fools?"

As the darkness deepened the man did not stop in his course, and David became more and more convinced that he was making for the St. Lawrence.

"I think he's bound for Smith's headquarters," said David in a low tone to Henry.

"Perhaps they'll take us farther down the river," said Henry. "There are plenty of the British farther down the river, you know."

"Well, we shall not have to wait very long to see," said David. "We can't tell, but it seems like a hard ending for our trip, after we've gone clear over to Toronto, and found out just what we wanted, to get scooped up by this villain when we're almost in sight of home." But the "Corporal" kept steadily on during the night, their captor evidently knowing his way thoroughly, and early the next day they found that they were among the islands of the St. Lawrence.

"That's what he's going to do," said David to Henry. "He's going to take us to Smith's island, and there's no knowing what'll happen to us there."

David was correct in his surmise, and soon the "Corporal" was fast at the dock at which they had landed under far different circumstances not many months before. They were greatly surprised to see that Smith himself was one of the first men that came down to meet them. He gave the boys a grin as he

proached which was not at all reassuring, and at once took them in charge.

"We're going to keep you youngsters here," he said, "for a while, and you'll be our prisoners. If you behave yourselves, you won't get into any trouble. We shall give you the liberty of the island part of the time when the men are around, but if you make any attempt to get away, they've all got orders to shoot you at the first sign. There won't be any use in your trying it, and if you want to breathe, you'd better guard your breathing apparatus pretty careful like."

The boys apparently gave in to their captors and kept about the cave all that day. At night they were to sleep among the men, and a blanket was given each, and for all that the day was so warm they found their coverings a source of comfort in the cool night. The other men paid but little attention to the boys, although David felt certain that they were watchful, and that any attempt to get away from the island would bring a shot from them.

Henry was soon asleep, but it was long before David closed his eyes. The heavy breathing of the men asleep on the floor, the thought of his own home, his chagrin at his capture, and the uncertainty as to what lay before them, kept him wide awake for a long time; but at last, worn out by his efforts and his thoughts, he rolled himself in his blanket and soon was as soundly asleep as the others.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE DWARF USES WINGS

THE men were called to breakfast long before sunrise, and the boys rose with the others, although David felt but little refreshed by the few hours of sleep which he had had. He watched the man who was preparing breakfast for the company and was impressed by his peculiar appearance. He was almost a dwarf, although his body was as long as that of ordinary men. His legs and arms seemed to be only appendages, and were so short that David found himself wondering how he was able to do his work.

“If I met him on a dark night,” said David to Henry, “I should give him all the road, for in spite of his being so short he looks strong enough to bend an iron crowbar with his hands, and I half believe he could, too.” He seemed to be aware that the boys were watching him with interest, and frequently went out of his way to come near them; and whenever he approached he gave them a long, slow wink with one eye, which would have made the boys laugh heartily if they had not been prisoners of Smith in his

cave. The very thought of where they were made them glance about their surroundings curiously. All around the large cave were chests that looked as if they might contain something of value, while guns and swords were to be seen on every side. They heard Smith say that he was going away for the day, and his mood apparently was one that promised no good to the boys.

"Let them have the run of the island," said Smith to a man whom he left in charge, as with about a dozen of his men he sailed away.

"They can't get off, there isn't a boat they can get," he called out as he stepped on board. The boys watched the party as they set sail, and then on the American shore in the distance they could see some men who were chopping. They stopped to watch them, heartily wishing that they were of their number.

"I should think they'd drive Smith out of this place," said Henry to David as they walked slowly about the island. "Why, just see all those men over there on the farther shore chopping. There must be a dozen of them, and Smith hasn't over twenty-five men here. Now, I should think they'd come over and drive him out some dark night. Well, it's a good deal easier to talk about than it is to do it, though. It would take a pretty large force to drive a gang out of this cave, and they got it stocked up so they could

stand a long siege; besides, there are not men enough on the river to spare for an expedition down here so long as Smith doesn't do any damage. If he did, I presume they'd get after him in short order."

But the boys found the time dragging on their hands. There was nothing for them to do, and the only one who would talk with them was this dwarf they had noticed, and his conversation was almost as strange as his body. "Wings" was his great theme. "Wings, wings! Just wait till you see 'em grow," he would say, and then he would wave his short arms after the manner of a cock stretching his neck when he crows.

"'Wings'? What do you mean?" said Henry; but the only reply the dwarf would make would be to wink after his labored manner, and to repeat his strange words, "Wings, wings is the things, wings! You just wait till you see 'em grow," and then he would laugh and slap his sides, and repeat the strange wink which seemed to afford him so much delight.

Many times the boys met him during the day, and every time the dwarf would stop them with his strange hail, "Wings, wings is the things! Just wait till you see 'em grow," and then repeat the strange wink which evidently he thought would give the boys as much pleasure as it did him.

David could form no conjecture as to what Smith's plans concerning them were. Whether he intended

to keep them there for a long time or not, or to send them to some other place, he could not determine. He knew that his captors were dangerous men, and would have no scruples that would prevent them from dealing violently with their prisoners, if such action were demanded, and yet David had little fear for his own personal safety, and was chiefly troubled to know what Smith's ultimate plan was to be.

It was late at night before the leader returned, and all the men except the two who were on guard were fast asleep when he entered the cave. The next day he was evidently preparing for another departure, and the boys once more followed the men down to the shore as they made their boat ready to sail away; but this morning Smith seemed to be waiting for something or for some one, and David soon saw what it was, for in her little canoe he soon caught sight of Smith's daughter, as she swept over the river almost as swift as an arrow.

She did not approach the dock where they were, but beached her canoe in a little cove on one side of the island, and then withdrew with her father among the trees, where they occasionally could be seen, evidently engaged in a very earnest conversation.

For several mornings this same course of action was followed, the daughter coming over early to

the island in her little canoe, which she each time left in the same little cove. The dwarf had more and more to say of "wings," and each day cautioned the boys to be on their guard so that they "could see 'em grow."

"Wings, wings is the things! Just wait till you see 'em grow." This seemed to exhaust the fund of his active conversation, although every time he followed this strange statement with a wink and leer that to the boys seemed more and more marked each day. One morning, after several days had passed, the boys stood by the dock and were watching Smith's daughter, as, according to her custom, she came over the river in her little canoe, which she landed with the skill that called forth the praises of all who saw her, and had gone among the trees with her father, as her custom was. David became satisfied that reports from different parts of the country were brought to her each day, and that she came over to the island to inform her father of what she had heard, so that he could make his plans accordingly.

As the boys stood by the dock this morning, the dwarf passed them, and when he was a few steps beyond them he turned about and gave them his usual salutation, "Wings, wings is the things! Just watch 'em till you see 'em grow;" but the manner in which he spoke was so different from that which

he usually used that the boys were interested at once, and David said to Henry, "I believe he's got something on hand this morning. He's up to some game. I wonder what it is," and they slowly followed him as he walked along the shore.

Suddenly, when he had passed out of their sight, they saw a great commotion in the midst of the men behind them at the dock. They shouted, and one shout was quickly followed by another, which brought Smith and his daughter at once from the woods. The boys looked about, but could see no cause for the excitement, although the attention of all seemed directed towards something that was not far from them. They turned about, and off on the river they saw the dwarf in the canoe in which Smith's daughter had crossed, evidently making for the farther shore. His short arms plied the paddle in a marvellous way, and the little canoe, made of birch bark, hardly seemed to touch the water.

"That explains his 'wings.' He's been planning to fly away," said David to Henry. "Now we'll watch 'em till we see 'em grow."

"He's headed straight for that place where those men are chopping," said Henry, "and I hope he'll make it."

"He'll have to travel," said David, "or they'll get him," for two of Smith's companions had quickly jumped into a row-boat and were pursuing the dwarf,

exerting all the strength they had. Swift as the canoe was, the boat which was pursuing it was swifter, but the distance between them, while steadily becoming less, was still great enough to prevent the men from using their guns to advantage.

The eyes of all on the island were upon the two little boats on the river. They could also see that the men on the farther shore had stopped their chopping and were as much interested in the race as were the boys. The dwarf did not slacken his speed, and before his pursuers could overtake him he had landed on the farther shore, and the boys saw him as he waddled up into the midst of the choppers. But the men who were pursuing him did not stop, and quickly arrived at the place where the choppers were. The boys could see that an angry controversy then took place, although none of the words could be heard. Evidently the choppers did not intend to allow the pursuers to take the dwarf back with them, and at last the two men returned to the island. Curses and shouts greeted them on their return, Smith apparently being the most angry of them all.

"There's no use," said he at last, "in going after them with such men as I have here, for it will only make trouble. The soldiers at Clayton wouldn't be very likely to come for us if we did, I think," and a smile crept over his face; "but there isn't any use in our going for them either, so we'll just let well

enough alone. Besides, I've got some other plans I want to carry out, but I'd rather have given a thousand dollars than have that little imp of Satan get away from us. He'll make more trouble than all the men at Sackett's Harbor could, — at least all the officers."

But his daughter meanwhile had taken the boat which the men had used and had started on her return. The boys admired her bravery and the coolness with which she pulled for the shore.

"There must be some good reason," David thought, "why those men don't trouble Smith's family. I can't make much out of it at all." But Smith was in a bad humor. He evidently was not pleased at the escape of the dwarf, whose wings had now grown, and whose strange words the boys now understood.

The boys walked at a respectful distance, trying to escape the notice of Smith, but as he turned about quickly his eye fell on the young captives.

"The very thing," he said to himself. "The very thing; why didn't I think of it before? Come here, you!" he called out to the boys. "I've something in mind for you," he added savagely. The boys were silent, afraid to venture any reply, and yet fearful of what was coming.

"Can't you talk when I speak to you?" said Smith again, savagely.

“We can if we know what to say,” said David quietly.

“Well, I’ve something for you to say, because I’ve something to say to you that will interest you mightily,” and he gave an ugly laugh as he spoke the words. “Come on you, both of you,” and the boys, wondering what there was before them, left the shore and followed the leader as he led the way back to the cave.

CHAPTER XXVII

PERRY'S VICTORY

HEMAN JEDUTHAN CHUBB on the deck of the "Lawrence" talking with young Alexander Perry was a far different man from the Heman we have seen as a prisoner of the British. Just how he came to be where he was, he himself could hardly have explained, other than by knowing that his roving habit had allowed him to rest but a little time in any place, and had brought him on until somehow he became a member of Perry's force. Not as a regular seaman, for Heman knew but few of the nautical terms and had almost no experience on the water, but as an acquaintance and friend of his young brother, Perry had allowed him to remain, and gradually he had come to be considered as at home on the "Lawrence."

"My brother is sick," said Alexander, "and I half believe it's just waiting for a sight of the British fleet that has made him so."

"I'm very well satisfied as it is," replied Heman. "I'm contented, and I don't see just where the

fun comes in when two boats fire hot shots into each other."

Young Alexander laughed as he said, "But we didn't come all the way from Newport just to have a picnic on Lake Erie, we came for business," and the young boy's eyes snapped as he spoke, as if the weight of the enterprise rested upon him.

The fleet meanwhile passed out from behind the island into the open lake, and now were within five or six miles of the enemy. It was a beautiful September day. Heman noticed, as he looked up into the sky, that not a cloud could be seen. The air was soft and mellow, and not even a mist appeared upon the waters. The wind was light and variable. Suddenly a cry of "Sail ho!" was heard, which Lieutenant Forrest at once repeated to Perry. Ill as he was, the Rhode Islander roused himself and gave the order to Taylor, his sailing-master, "Run to leeward of the island."

"Then you will have to engage the enemy to leeward," replied Taylor, remonstrating.

"I don't care," replied Perry. "To windward or to leeward, they shall fight to-day."

Accordingly the signal to "wear ship" followed immediately, and as the light wind shifted a little the squadron cleared the island and called the weather gauge. The British hove to and in close order awaited the attack.

"They look fine, don't they?" said Alexander to Heman. "They are all painted up new and have got their colors flying, and they think they're going to do something. That ship is the 'Detroit,'" the young sailor added, pointing toward one of the distant fleet. "I know the names of every one of them off there, too. That other ship is the 'Queen Charlotte,' and that schooner is the 'Lady Prevost,' while the brig is the 'Hunter,' and the sloop is the 'Little Belt,' and that other schooner the 'Chippewa.'"

"You're posted, my friend, aren't you?" said Heman, as he looked over the lake in the direction of the British, wondering at the enthusiasm of his young friend and not at all surprised at his own lack of it.

"Just look around you at our fleet, will you?" replied Alexander enthusiastically. "Here's this brig the 'Lawrence,' and that other brig is the 'Niagara.' She's got twenty guns, the same as we have. That smaller brig is the 'Caledonia,' and just look at those schooners," he added quickly, "the 'Ariel,' 'Scorpion,' 'Tigress,' and 'Porcupine,' they haven't got many guns, but they'll use what they've got. Then there's the sloop 'Trippe,' she's got one gun, too. It's too bad the 'Ohio' has gone to Erie for supplies, but we'll manage to get along somehow without her."

Perry knew that at long range he would be no

match for the enemy, so he resolved to close up. A little after ten o'clock Perry's line was formed, with the "Niagara" in the van. The "Lawrence" was cleared for action, and Perry ordered the battle-flag, which we have already described, and having the words upon it, "Don't give up the ship," to be run up. This flag was between eight and nine feet square, and as the letters were about a foot in length the motto could be seen by the entire squadron. Just before it was run up to the main royal masthead of the flag-ship the Commodore had turned to his men and addressed them, saying, "My brave lads, this flag contains the last words of Captain Lawrence. Shall I hoist it?"

"Ay, ay, sir," they shouted, and cheer after cheer arose from the whole squadron.

The Commodore knew that the men would be hungry before the action was over, and so he ordered refreshments to be distributed then. The deck was sprinkled with wet sand so that the feet of the men would not slip when blood began to flow, a proceeding which Heman watched with a good deal of uneasiness. Every man was ordered to his position, the course was slightly changed, and the squadron moved forward.

It was just fifteen minutes before twelve o'clock when the bugle sounded on the "Detroit," and the British bands struck up "Rule Britannia," and the

twenty-four pound shot was sent over the water towards the "Lawrence," but it fell short, as the Americans were still a mile and a half away. About five minutes later, however, a shot from the "Detroit" went crashing through the bulwarks of the "Lawrence."

"Steady, boys, steady!" called out the Commodore, while Heman noticed how his dark eye flashed as he spoke. Slowly the American vessels, with what wind there was abeam, moved onward, and Heman, recalling something of his experience as a school-master, said to his young friend, "Your line forms an angle with the British of about fifteen degrees. Acute angle, fifteen degrees. An acute angle is" —

But just then the signal was given for the Americans to begin, and the first shot was fired by the "Scorpion." The "Lawrence," which was now suffering a good deal from the enemy's shot, opened fire upon the "Detroit" with her long bow-gun, and in a moment the action became general.

The American flag-ship became the centre of the enemy's attention, as they planned to destroy her and then cut up the others one by one. Perry perceived that he was still too far away to damage the enemy materially, so he sent word from vessel to vessel, by trumpet, for all to bear down upon the "Detroit" for close combat, but for some reason the "Niagara" kept at a distance.

For two hours the "Lawrence" bore the brunt of battle with a force of twice her size, and only slightly aided by the other boats. Her rigging soon was nearly all shot away, her sails torn, her spars splintered, and her guns dismantled. Heman marked young Alexander Perry when a splinter struck him down, but he soon saw him rise again.

He wondered how he could be so brave when he himself was frightened almost out of his senses. Two musket-balls had previously gone through Alexander's hat, but he still remained in his place. Twenty-two of the crew had been killed and six wounded. They all were looking for the "Niagara," wondering why she did not come up. At last, when the guns of the "Lawrence" became silent, and no signals were displayed by her, the "Niagara," with the others, bore down to her relief. At first she bore away towards the head of the enemy's squadron, and Captain Elliott sent a boat over to bring some shot; but that was about all he did then.

Commodore Perry had fired the last heavy gun himself, his purser and chaplain helping him. Almost any other man would have given up now, with only fourteen persons on deck unhurt, and only nine of those seamen; but "Don't give up the ship" was more than a motto, and turning to Yarnall the Commander said to him, "I leave the 'Lawrence' in your charge. You may hold it or surrender, as your judgment shall dictate."

Meanwhile he had ordered his boat to be lowered and his banner taken down, although he left the Stars and Stripes floating over the battered "Lawrence," and taking his broad pennant with him, and leading his little brother by the hand, with four seamen, he stepped into the little boat and started for the "Niagara." Commodore Perry stood erect during the passage. His men begged him to sit down and not expose himself unnecessarily to danger — and great danger there indeed was. The British commodore, whose flag-ship was almost dismantled now, and who was himself badly wounded, as he saw what Perry was trying to do, quickly decided that if the American commodore should reach the "Niagara" unharmed, it certainly would go hard with his own fleet, so he ordered all the guns to be brought to bear upon the little boat carrying the six souls from the "Lawrence" to the "Niagara." Their oars were splintered, the bullets pierced the sides of the boat, the men were covered with the water thrown up by the grape-shot that fell near them, but still they kept on, and in a few minutes they all climbed up on the deck of the "Niagara" unharmed, and a shout that could have been heard for miles went up from the American seamen.

The gun-boats were ordered up, the blue banner was at once displayed, and the signal for close action was given, and cheers rose from the entire squadron

as the Americans bore down upon the British line only half a mile away.

Meanwhile, for the sake of the few men that were left on the "Lawrence," the flag was lowered by the brave Yarnall. As it trailed, a shout went up from the British which stirred once more the wounded men on board, and they called out, "Sink the ship! Sink the ship! Let us all sink together!" But they were saved from this sad fate, for in less than a half-hour afterwards the men wept and shouted, and sang and prayed, as Commodore Perry stepped again upon her deck.

Eight minutes after Perry had made his way through the British line the "Detroit" struck her colors, and all the others, except the "Little Belt" and "Chippewa," which tried to escape and were soon captured, followed her example. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon. The noise of the cannon ceased, and stillness once more came over the lake.

The "Lawrence," although she had struck her colors, had not been taken possession of, and once more, with a feeble shout, her crew flung out her Stars and Stripes from the masthead. The victory was complete, and Commodore Perry at once wrote his letters. To General Harrison he wrote the brief word which is so often quoted to this day:

We have met the enemy, and they are ours : two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop.

Yours with great respect and esteem,

O. H. PERRY.

And to the Secretary of the Navy he wrote as follows :

U. S. BRIG "[NIAGARA," OFF THE WESTERN SISTER,
HEAD OF LAKE ERIE, September 10, 1813, 4 P.M.

SIR : It has pleased the Almighty to give to the arms of the United States a signal victory over their enemies on this lake. The British squadron, consisting of two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop, have this moment surrendered to the force under my command after a sharp conflict.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

O. H. PERRY.

HON. WILLIAM JONES, *Secretary of the Navy.*

Who can tell what the effect of this victory was? The British force had consisted of a little more than five hundred men, and while the American commodore had nominally four hundred and ninety men, one hundred and sixteen of these were sick at the time, and one-fourth of them were raw volunteers, and another fourth were negroes.

Heman, who was among those who were saved on the "Lawrence," remained, while Perry, on her deck,

all covered with blood as it was, and with the bodies of dead men, received the enemy on board.

Commodore Perry solemnly yet kindly received one British officer from each of the captured vessels. As one man said of him afterwards, "He was a Christian gentleman." He allowed the British to retain their weapons, and inquired kindly about Commodore Barclay and the other wounded men. At twilight the bodies of all the dead except the officers were wrapped in shrouds, each containing a cannon-ball, and, after the burial service had been read, were lowered to the waters of the lake.

In after years Heman used to sing from two war songs which became very popular the following stanzas :

" O'er the mountains the sun of our fame was declining,
And on Thetis' billowy breast
The cold orb had reposed, all his splendor resigning,
Bedimmed by the mists of the West.
The prospect that rose to the patriot's sight
Was cheerless, and hopeless, and dreary ;
But a bolt burst the cloud, and illumined the night
That enveloped the waters of Erie."

" Bold Barclay one day to Proctor did say,
' I'm tired of Jamaica and cherry ;
So let us go down to that new floating town,
And get some American Perry.'
Oh, cheap American Perry !
Most Pleasant American Perry !
We need only all bear down, knock and call,
And we'll have the American Perry."

CHAPTER XXVIII

A STRANGE VISITOR

ONCE more there was a gathering at the home of the Fields. All the friends whom we have mentioned as accustomed to meet there were present except the missing boys. Mr. Spicer had brought the word from Toronto of Elijah's recovery and the promise that in a short time he would once more be with them. The rejoicing which the message had produced had been dimmed somewhat by the continued absence of David and Henry, — an absence which the passing days did not explain. It would soon be time now for Elijah to return, and they were not without hopes that the other boys, also, somehow would come home at the same time.

It may seem somewhat strange that Elijah should have been left by his father in a place so distant as Toronto, and that strangers should have been permitted to serve as his nurses, but the times were somewhat rougher than those in which we live, and war leaves but little opportunity for sentiment; and when Mr. Spicer had satisfied himself that his boy

was being well cared for, and he had the promise that he would be returned soon, he had to rest content. He had but little fear that Elijah would be prevented from coming, and the troublous times demanded his own presence at home.

The conversation had turned at last upon the missing David and Henry. The oar which Mr. Spicer had picked up in the lake, and which he recognized as his own and the one the boys had taken with them when they sailed away in the "Corporal," had been the only clew that had been found, unless the interview with Smith should be also considered as one. This, however, had been so unsatisfactory, and had thrown so little light upon the mystery, that they felt they had no further knowledge than they had had before. There was a possibility that they might have been lost in the lake, and the oar which they had found perhaps did point to some such event; but whatever the fears they had, they all professed to believe the boys would soon appear and explain their absence. If they had been drowned, something besides the oar would have been found before this.

The evening wore on, and still they talked. The hermit was the most positive of all that the boys would soon come home. Just why he believed it, or what were the grounds of his hope, he could not explain, unless it was his general confidence in David's

ability to take care of himself. The two mothers were the most fearful, and it was to reassure them that the most of them were talking.

"It's very dark out of doors," said the hermit, "and raining some. I think a storm is coming, and it's getting time for the September rains, anyway."

"Poor Henry!" sighed Mrs. Spicer.

"Poor David!" joined in Mrs. Field.

The Spicers were urged to remain overnight, as they had often done before, and when Mr. Spicer had gone to the door to look at the weather he consented, and the conversation was again resumed.

"I should start right out for them, and begin a search for them, as they did for me," said Andrew, "only I haven't had the slightest idea where to look, nor where to begin. I've waited every day, hoping some word would come, and I hope it will yet."

"I know, I know all about it," joined in the cook, anxious to take his part in the conversation and express the interest which he at all times felt in his young friends.

"It's raining harder than ever," said Andrew, as a heavier dash of rain came against the window. "It's too early for the September gale, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied the hermit. "We shan't have any trouble in knowing that when it comes. I've seen that tear up great trees by the roots."

"What's that?" said the cook quickly. "There's

some one at the door, I think. It sounds like some one rapping."

"I don't think so, I didn't hear anybody," said Andrew, as he went to the door, and after glancing about he returned with the word that nothing was to be seen.

In a few moments the door suddenly flew open, startling the entire company, and as Andrew rose to close it, with a startled exclamation he stepped outside into the storm, and the sound of his voice could occasionally be heard as if he was engaged in conversation with some one. Mr. Spicer had just started to go to the door himself, when it was once more opened, and Andrew reëntered accompanied by a very strange-looking being. His body seemed as long as that of an ordinary man, but his legs and arms were so short that they gave him a very ludicrous appearance. The company arose as the dwarf — for it was our old acquaintance whom we met on Smith's island — entered. Surprised as they were they remained silent, waiting for him to explain his visit.

For some time he continued silent also, and then, looking about him with a quizzical expression, and satisfied that he was in the presence of friends, he said, "Wings, wings is the things! If you'd just watched 'em you could have seen 'em grow."

His words did not seem to throw any light on his strange coming, and the silence and surprise con-

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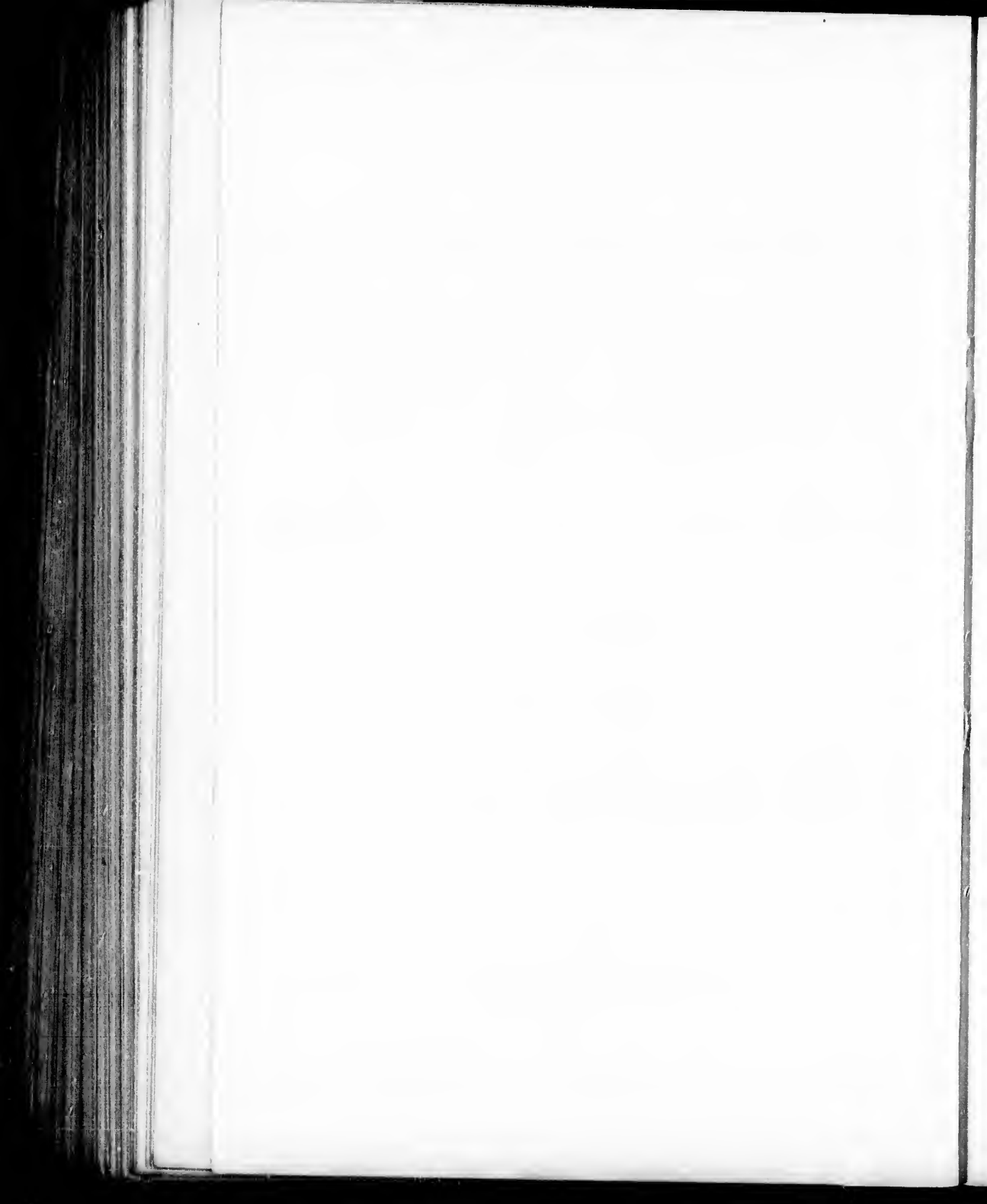
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“ Andrew reentered accompanied by a very strange-looking being ” Page 260.



tinued. Again the little man began, "Wings, wings is the things! I've had 'em, and I've used 'em, too," and he gave a chuckle that startled them all.

"When did you have wings?" said Andrew, at last.

"Oh, a good many times," replied the dwarf. "Wings is the things! I've had 'em and I've used 'em."

But with all the questions which Andrew put to him he could gain but little information. David's mother meanwhile had quietly left the room, and soon returned with some food which she placed upon the table and urged the strange visitor to eat.

The dwarf said nothing, but the look which he gave Mrs. Field was one of gratitude, and he at once approached the table, and standing with his head not much above its edge began to eat as only a hungry or a starving man can.

While this was going on the company was silent, save for an occasional whisper from one to another, and watched the strange being as he devoured the food which had been placed before him. At last, when his hunger appeared to have been satisfied, he pushed back the plate, and turning his face once more towards the company said, "See my wings? I've beat 'em. I had 'em, and I used 'em. Oh, wings, wings is the things!" and as the company seemed as confused as before he gave a chuckle and lapsed into silence.

When, however, Mrs. Field turned to him and said,

“How did you happen to be out in such a storm as this? Were you looking for our house, or only seeking shelter? You are welcome to it in either case,” the dwarf looked at her steadily for a moment, and said:

“They’re alike; they’re as like as two wings. Oh, wings is the things!” and once more he chuckled as he caught sight of the puzzled look upon Andrew’s face; but the look of sorrow so plainly manifest upon the face of Mrs. Field evidently touched his heart, and in broken sentences, strangely interrupted by the expression, of which he seemed to be so fond, that “wings were the things,” and with an occasional sob and intervals of silence thrown in, which intensified the interest of his listeners, they learned the outlines of his story.

He had been born in England; he did not know just when nor where. His father had been a sailor, and the earliest recollections he had were of seeing him return from his drunken sprints and abuse his mother. In one of these times, when, as a little lad, he had ventured to interfere, his father had hurled him down the stairs. His mother had died soon after, and he had gone to work, and lived with a sister, who had since disappeared and been lost to him forever.

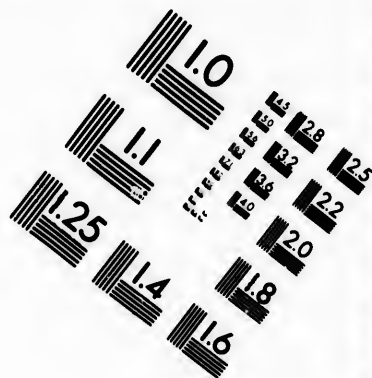
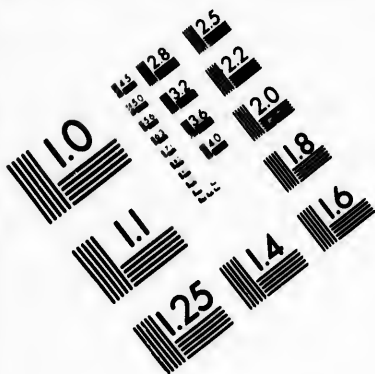
Meanwhile the years had been passing over him, but, for some strange reason, his body had not grown, or, rather, had been growing into the strange form which they saw before them. At first he had worked

in a theatre, and had been laughed at for the ludicrous sight he presented, or been cursed and kicked, as the mood seized his companions. At last one of the men who was a frequenter of the theatre, out of pity for him, or from some other motive, had rescued him from his surroundings.

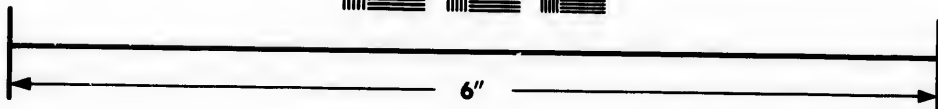
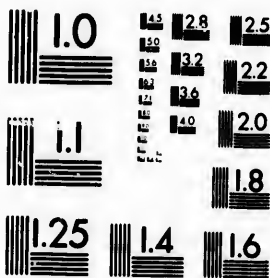
The friendship which the dwarf felt for his rescuer had been very strong at first, and he had put up with the abuse which had been heaped upon him almost as abundantly as in the theatre, out of gratitude for what at first had seemed a release from his sufferings.

His master, for such, in fact, he was, at length had left England and come to Canada, and the dwarf had followed him, and clung to him in spite of the abuse which daily increased, and the evil habits of his master, which, all the time, became worse. Together they had wandered from place to place, occasionally doing a little work, or the dwarf picking up a few pence by his droll antics upon the street. At times he had thought he would leave his master, but the fear with which he had regarded him, and his ignorance as to what he could do, or where he could go, kept him by his side.

At last the war had been declared, and his vagabond master had decided to enter it, "not in the regular way," said the dwarf; "he had wings too. Wings is the things! He could just fly from one side to the other, and away from both sides if he wanted



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to, too. He joined a man named Smith, who lives down on the river, and fights either side part of the time, and both sides all the time."

At the word "Smith" the company, which had been listening intently, became much more interested, and Charity, Andrew's wife, in her eagerness, at once broke out, "Oh, if you know Smith, then you know something about our boys. Tell us where they are, if you do. Have you seen them? Do you know anything about them?"

But the dwarf became silent, and would reply almost nothing to the questions which were put to him from every side. At length, when Mrs. Field, her eyes filled with tears, had turned to him and said, "If you do know anything about our boys, I wish you would tell us where they are," he had seemed to be moved. He arose from the floor, on which he had been sitting with his back to the fireplace, where a great log was burning, and went to the door.

Andrew at first thought he meant to leave them, and had started to follow him, half inclined to lay hands upon him in case he attempted to go, and compel him to tell what he knew; but the dwarf, when he had opened the door and looked in every direction out into the storm which now was beating fiercely against the house, soon closed it and resumed his place upon the floor in front of the fireplace, and facing his listeners, who now stood in a semicircle

about him looking down into his face with an interest and an anxiety they could poorly conceal.

"Yes," said the dwarf slowly; "yes, Smith's got 'em. Wings is the things! I wish they had 'em, but they haven't;" and gradually they drew from him the story of the boys' situation on Smith's island, and the confinement to which they were subjected there.

The conversation lasted far into the night. The dwarf at times would become silent, and then again would talk freely, and they soon found the only way they could learn what they wished from him was to allow him to have his own way. He would reply to Mrs. Field's questions when he was silent at all others, for he seemed to appreciate in a manner her affliction and to be touched by her sorrow.

"We'll have to arrange our plans in the morning," said Andrew; "we've talked and talked without accomplishing much to-night. We'll talk with this stranger again in the morning, and if mother will fix him a place to sleep in to-night, we'll all go to bed."

But in the morning an obstacle was found in the way of their further planning, for when they went to the room which had been assigned the dwarf, they discovered that he was gone. They searched all about the place, but not a trace of him could be found. The strange messenger who had brought the strange

message, which they scarcely knew whether to believe or not, was certainly gone, and they were left to follow out their own conjectures, and to decide whether the information which he had given was reliable or not.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE DWARF AGAIN USES WINGS

WHEN Andrew Field rode back the next morning to Sackett's Harbor, after making a vain search for the visitor who had come into his home as if dropped by the storm, and whose strange presence had made his words seem almost like those of a dream, nearly the first person he saw as he entered the village was the dwarf. He was covered with mud, and was facing several boys who were standing near him and with great good-nature were trying to get him to enter into conversation with them. The dwarf, however, appeared to dislike their questions, and was beginning to show some signs of anger when, glancing up, he saw Andrew riding towards him. At the sight he started on the run to meet him, but the run was so much like that of a duck when he starts for the water that the boys about him were filled with delight and called after him all manner of encouraging words.

As the dwarf drew close to Andrew he said, "Wings is the things! I wish I had 'em now and I'd get rid of all boys."

"Never mind, they won't bother you now," said Andrew, "for I'll protect you. Jump up here in front of me," and reaching down he grasped the dwarf's arm and lifted him up on the horse, seating him in front. "Now tell me why you left our house last night as you did," said Andrew as he started his horse on a walk.

"I was afraid," said the dwarf in a low tone, — "I was afraid Jim or Smith would get me. Jim's the man I live with, — Jim Nairne is his full name."

"Well, you had friends about you," said Andrew. "I don't think they'd have let you slip away from them without a struggle."

"I know it," said the dwarf; "but you don't know those men. Wings is the only things that can keep a man out of their way."

"What made you come to our house, anyway?" asked Andrew.

The dwarf looked up and down the street, and then drawing Andrew's head down he whispered, "I wanted to help those boys out of Smith's place. I knew they were from Sackett's Harbor, for they told me so, but I didn't know just where they lived. You see I've been laughed at and made a clown of by people one moment and kicked by them the next, until I felt as if I wasn't of any use in the world, and I don't think I have been of any use, at least not of much; but when I saw those

poor fellows down there, while I didn't know what was before them, I knew it couldn't be anything very good that Jim or Smith would give 'em, so I made up my mind I'd leave, and help 'em out if I could. I thought I'd see how it'd be to do a good turn once in my life," and as Andrew looked down into his face he saw traces of tears in the eyes of his strange little companion, and he noticed how the expression of his face had changed for the better.

"You won't be sorry, I'm sure," said Andrew as he listened while the dwarf told him how he had learned where the boys lived, and had sought out their home in the driving storm of the previous night.

Suddenly the little man uttered an exclamation of fear and drew closer to his companion. Andrew, surprised at the movement, followed the direction of the dwarf's gaze, and saw a man coming down the street of whom his little friend evidently seemed in great fear.

The man suddenly stopped as he saw the dwarf, evidently recognizing him, and at once crossed over the street and approached them. Andrew could feel the dwarf tremble, and tried to assure him that no harm would be done him. The man evidently was very angry, and although the words he uttered were in a low tone, Andrew felt certain that if he were not present the dwarf would have a hard time of it with this stranger, for Andrew, looking carefully at

him, was satisfied that he had never seen the man before.

The stranger tried to induce the dwarf to come with him. He promised and threatened and coaxed, but the dwarf made no reply except to shake his head and look to Andrew for help. At last the man left them and went on his way towards the dock. Andrew turned his horse about and determined to follow him at a distance, and slowly went in the direction the man had taken, meanwhile listening to the words of his companion.

“That’s Jim, that’s the very man I was telling you about,” whispered the dwarf. “He’s next boss to Smith, but he hasn’t been over here much. He’s kept pretty close in the quarters down the river; but Smith hasn’t been over here very much lately either, so I suppose Jim has begun to have his wings grow;” and, frightened as he was, he brought a smile to Andrew’s face as he repeated his favorite expression, “Wings, wings is the things!”

When Andrew learned that the stranger was a companion of Smith’s he put his horse into a run and started after him, but when he came to the dock he was already in his boat, which was under full sail, and at least a hundred yards from the shore. As they turned and went back up the street, the dwarf still on horseback, Andrew encouraged him to come with him to the quarters of Major Forsythe and tell

all that he had learned about the boys and the condition of affairs on the St. Lawrence.

"Don't be afraid," said Andrew; "this man has gone and there's no one here'll hurt you, and it'll be all the better for you to make good friends with the men in command at this place."

"Do you think Jim's really gone?" said the dwarf.

"Why, yes, I know he has," replied Andrew; "didn't you see him on the lake in his boat?"

"Yes," said the dwarf; "but he may come back again, you know; Jim's got wings too, and he didn't have to wait for 'em to grow."

"Well, we can find out from the Major whether he's coming back again or not, and that'll be all the better for you and us all," replied Andrew.

"I'll go," said the dwarf quickly. "Only I haven't had any breakfast."

"I'll get you some right away," said Andrew, and he went with his new friend to a place he knew, as he was unwilling to have him out of his sight, and afterwards led him to the quarters of the Major.

Andrew had been putting out his horse, and when he came back to the place where he had left the dwarf he said, "Why, you have been crying. You mustn't cry; you must be as old as I am."

"I'm a man in age, but I'm not a man grown," said the dwarf, as he smiled and wiped his eyes. "I've been treated like a child all my life, only I should be

very sorry for any child who had to take as many blows as I have had. I s'pose I act like a child because I have been treated so much like one."

"Never mind," Andrew said gently, "we shan't forget you over here, especially if we succeed in getting the boys out of the clutches of those pirates, for that's just what they are."

"But I'm not sure that the boys are there now," said the dwarf at last; "I heard some talk just before I left, three days ago, that they might be taken somewhere else."

"I wonder what Smith wants of them, anyway," said Andrew. "If he wanted to pay off old scores he'd have made short work of it. It's something else he's got in mind, and I wonder what it is. That's the first place we'll have to make for, anyway, if we try to get them away; but I don't know," said Andrew, slowly, to himself, "what can be done just now."

For Andrew had been thinking all night what plan could be followed in trying to rescue the boys, when the first intimation had come that Smith had them concealed somewhere, and as we know there had been suspicions for some time that Smith could explain, if he chose, where David and Henry were.

Andrew had sought out Major Forsythe, and had requested to have enough men detailed to make a raid upon the stronghold this man had on the river; but the Major had explained to him how impossible it was

for him to spare any men from the force at Sackett's Harbor, which even then was too small to guard the stores which were there. The Major felt the more sorry for this because of his own partiality for his young friends, who had been of such assistance to him at Ogdensburg and Brockville; but the claims of war cannot often be influenced by mere personal regard, and the number of men who would be required to take the stronghold of Smith, which could easily be defended by a smaller body familiar with its strong points, he had not dared to send.

Accordingly, Andrew, when he entered the Major's quarters, had little hope of aid, and in his heart he knew the Major was just, for the force at Sackett's Harbor was indeed inadequate for its defence at the time.

They were at once ushered into the presence of the Major, and Andrew quickly explained to him the message which the dwarf had brought. The Major carefully questioned the dwarf, who willingly responded to his words, and drew from him all that he knew about the plans of Smith, and whether the boys were safe or not.

"They're safe, you see," he said to Andrew, "and Smith can't want to hold them long. He can't be planning any mischief for them, or he wouldn't have waited so long for that. I have a dim suspicion that I know what he wants, and what he's planned to

do," he added with a smile, "for we aren't in entire ignorance here of what's going on among the islands."

"My friend says that Smith's right-hand man just left here. I couldn't understand, if he was correct, how it was that such a man could have entered Sackett's Harbor so easily, and have gone away again without a word having been spoken to him. I'm afraid he means mischief," said Andrew.

The Major smiled as he said, "I think he does, though not of the kind you have in mind. There is some mischief afloat, but I don't think it's so much the mischief we shall suffer as the mischief we shall inflict. But that's all I can say to you now," he added, as he saw the question in Andrew's eyes which he would like to ask. "It's out of the question detailing any men for an expedition against Smith's place down there just now. I'd gladly do it if I could; but it's a very strong position he has there, and with the guns, and desperate characters he has with him, it would take a large force to dislodge them. I'd do it more quickly for the boys than for almost anyone I know. It's not because I'm not their friend, but because of other things which come in to prevent."

"It seems to me," said Andrew, somewhat discouraged, "that we've had nothing but bad luck ever since the war began — I mean in our family. Some

one or other of us is in trouble all the time, and I've had a good share of it myself," he added grimly. "I'm not whining, but at the same time it does seem pretty hard to know your brother is in trouble and that you can't do anything to help him out.

"But you can, Sergeant," replied the Major, "and you're going to. But you can't do it just yet. I can't explain to you now, and you'll have to rest upon my word that something will be done, and that before long."

"How long?" asked Andrew. "A week?"

"Possibly," replied the Major; "and it may be two or three weeks, but the boys will have to be as contented as they can where they are. I'm sure I want them here almost as much as they want to be here themselves, for I need all my Boy Officers of 1812."

Andrew smiled, somewhat cheered by the positive way in which the Major spoke, and said, "I'm only afraid the boys will get into some scrape by trying to get away before your plan is carried out. David isn't a boy to sit down quietly in the clutches of a man like Smith, who'd make short work of him if he really wanted to. I think it's a good thing Dave doesn't know you've made a corporal of him, or he'd be for leaving there at once. If I could only get word to him somehow that he was to hold on and wait for a time, it would be better."

"I know," interrupted the dwarf quickly, "wings is the things! Just get 'em and use 'em. I'll get word to them myself."

"That's the plan," said the Major to Andrew, who hesitated a moment. "That's the very thing."

In accordance with this suggestion the dwarf was taken home by Andrew, and the next day given a horse which he was to ride to Clayton. Once there he wished to be left to himself to follow his own devices. It was a strange picture the dwarf presented when he was mounted upon the horse. His short legs were not long enough to enable him to cling to the horse's back, and so he grasped the mane with his hands. Andrew watched him as he started and soon disappeared in the midst of the woods. He sighed heavily, and as he turned to start for Sackett's Harbor he said to himself, "Well, I only hope something will come of it."

CHAPTER XXX

A STRANGE LETTER

WHEN Smith led David and Henry to the interior of the cave, promising to show them what he had for them to do, they had followed with a curiosity mingled with fear. The knowledge which they had of their leader, and the reputation in which he was held by all who knew him, made them fear that the task which he would assign them would be one in which they could not engage. David resolved in his heart that no matter what Smith asked him to do, nor what the consequence might be, if it should prove to be anything which his conscience would not permit him to engage in, he would refuse.

When they were inside the cave Smith turned and said to them, "You've had a good deal of experience among the islands, haven't you, boys?"

"We've been here before," said David quietly.

"Yes, I know," replied Smith. "I have good cause to remember one of your trips," and he scowled and gave a little laugh which was not at all reassuring to his young companions.

David was silent, as he knew that anything he might say might irritate their captor, and he did not care to increase his anger.

"How did you live when you were down here?" continued Smith. "Did you have a cook along with you?"

"No," replied David. "We each of us took his turn at cooking, and we managed to get along all right."

"I suppose you knew this little fellow who's been here cooking for us, didn't you?" continued Smith.

"You mean the dwarf?" said David.

"Yes," replied Smith. "He's a funny little fellow. He's had rather a hard time of it through life, and was quit a friend of my right-hand man. We never thought of his pulling out and leaving us, as we've always treated him well, and had no thought of his being dissatisfied; but there's no knowing what these funny folks will do, and now he's gone and left us in a box."

The boys said nothing, although David thought he began to see the point which Smith was trying to make.

"Now, I'll tell you what," said their captor. "It isn't the very best kind of a job, and it isn't what I intended to have you do, but if you'll turn in a little spell and do this work which the dwarf was doing,

you won't be the losers. There won't be very many here, and your work won't be very hard either, and if you'll turn to and help us out, I'll see that you don't lose anything by it."

David readily assented to the proposal, as almost anything was better than the enforced idleness which they had had since their capture, and, besides, there was something in Smith's request which did not appear on the surface, or, at least, so David thought. It was not a very elevating occupation for the boy officer to serve as cook for a band of guerillas, but there was one consolation, and that was that he then had no suspicion that he was an officer in the American army.

The boys at once began their duties. David was somewhat depressed, but he was brave enough to make the best of the situation. He knew that it would be impossible for them to swim to the shore of the mainland, and no boat was ever left where they could get it. He also knew that they were carefully watched, not so much openly as quietly, and that some one among their captors knew every move which they were making.

"Never mind, Henry," he said to his young companion, "we'll just make the best of it, and perhaps if we do our work pretty well we may throw them off their guard or else put their suspicions to rest."

But the days passed, and the monotony of cooking for the men became almost as great as that which they had had when they were doing nothing. At all times of the day and night men were coming and going, and they required something to eat, as it seemed to David, almost every hour. The boys were allowed to fish near the shore, but as they were always watched, and never were given but one oar, the longed-for opportunity of escaping did not come. They had almost given up hope of being able to leave the island, and yet they continued to be watchful all the time.

When a few days had passed they began to notice strange movements among the men. Smith returned to the island more frequently, and after having a hurried talk with some of his men, would leave as suddenly as he came, and his followers became more watchful. The guard's were increased, and David noticed that the store of ammunition was much larger than it had been. There were also more guns in the cave, and the men spent a good portion of the time in seeing that they were in proper condition. The lookout seemed to be maintained both up and down the river. Parties of strangers frequently came to the island, and among the new-comers David sometimes noticed a British uniform and sometimes an American, but as he never was allowed under any circumstances to have any conversation with the

visitors he could not learn the reasons for the coming of the strangers. He became satisfied, however, that something very important was about to happen, although he did not know just what to expect, and yet his fears increased, and both he and Henry became more watchful.

David was quiet most of the time, now holding but little conversation even with his friend, and yet they both worked steadily on, and occasionally some word would be spoken which would show them that their work was not unnoticed. They were not allowed to leave the island, even for fishing, any more, and it became evident that the men were afraid of some one or of something happening to them. The fires were not allowed to burn long, and all the singing and shouting in which they had indulged when the boys were first captured, ceased. The September rain set in, and the outlook for the boys became more and more dreary. Even David, whose courage seldom failed, began to feel somewhat hopeless, and Henry long since had given up any idea of escaping.

Late one afternoon Smith arrived, coming over from the mainland in a little skiff alone. He had but few words to give his companions, and leaving them came at once to the place where the boys were.

"You didn't hear anything when you left Sackett's Harbor of the plans they had there, did you?" he asked.

"No," replied David. "It seems like an age since we left there, and nobody knows how long it will be before we go back."

"Do you know whether this new man, General Wilkinson, is apt to listen to the advice of his friends or not?"

"No," said David, "I don't know anything about it. He had only just come when we left, but I think I could find out if you'd give us the chance to go home." Smith smiled and said nothing in reply.

"What do you keep us here for, anyway?" continued David. "What do you expect to gain by making prisoners of a couple of boys?"

"You'll know some day," growled Smith; "and don't you try to get away before the right time comes, either," and he began to ask more questions about Sackett's Harbor and the men there, to which David replied as best he could.

The more David thought about it, the more puzzled he became as to the motive Smith could have in holding them prisoners. What he was expecting to gain he could not see, and now that he was satisfied that his motive was not revenge he tried hard to make out the reason for their being held. He turned the matter over many times in his mind, but whatever the way in which he thought of it he could find no satisfactory reason. But he still worked on, for his occupation served to occupy his mind and keep

him from the depression which his captivity naturally produced.

One night when they took their blankets and started for their bed the storm which had been threatening all day burst upon them. The wind howled through the trees and the waves dashed upon the shore in a manner that increased the home-sickness of the boys. David had noticed all that day that the men seemed more than usually nervous, and had watched the river more carefully than ever. Many of the men had left the island, and David had also marked that most of the stores were gone. A large part of the ammunition and many of the guns had been carried away, but as all this had been done in the night, the boys did not know how nor where they had gone. Sometimes he had seen the men start towards the Canadian shore when they left, and at others they had gone up the river towards the American side. It was evident that they were not entirely devoted to either side in the struggle, and yet what their plans were could not be learned.

But something unusual was about to occur, though just what this was David had no conception. The conversation of the men, which had been carried on in low tones during the evening, and the anxiety with which they seemed to be waiting for the return of Smith, made David more than usually restless that night. He was thinking of his home, and wondering

whether Elijah had yet returned from Toronto or not. He thought also of his brother Andrew, and wondered whether he knew where they were. If he did, it seemed very strange that he made no effort for their release; and then his thoughts turned upon the strange actions of the men on the island and the anxiety which they manifested, and which had increased so much of late.

As a consequence of all this, when morning came David rose but little rested, and he roused his young companion and went to prepare breakfast for the men. The most of them were already astir, and David noticed how quiet they all appeared to be. Usually they were singing in the early morning or calling to one another, but to-day they had but little conversation, and what they had was carried on in such low tones that David could catch but few of their words.

As he moved about preparing the breakfast he lifted one of the iron pots, and as he did so he saw under it a little piece of paper. The way in which it was folded attracted his attention at once, and he knew that it could not have been there the night before. He hurriedly thrust it into his pocket and went on with his work, but taking a pail he soon started for the shore for water. He paused a moment when he was certain that no one was observing him, and as he read the paper his face flushed and his breath came faster.

It was a strange note, and how it came there was evidently a great puzzle to David. Manifestly it was designed for him, and yet what the meaning of it could be he was unable to tell. It put new hope in his heart, however, and as he noticed that some of the men were observing him he thrust the paper quickly into his pocket, and dipping up the water started once more to the cave.

There was only one person in the world who would be apt to use such words as David had found written on the paper, but what could be meant by them? More and more puzzled as he thought of them, he went back to the place where he had left Henry, and as he arrived his companion called his attention to the men.

"What's going on?" said Henry. "Something's up, but I can't just make out what it is."

"They're carrying away everything they've got on the island," replied David, in surprise. And indeed it did appear to be so, for they all were carrying down to the shore and placing on two small boats that were there the guns and ammunition, and the most of such stores as yet remained upon the island.

"There's no use in asking them the meaning of it," said Henry, "for they wouldn't tell us if we should ask."

"Strange things are in the wind," said David

thoughtfully, "but I can't make out what it all means."

"You don't suppose they're afraid of being attacked here?" asked Henry.

"It looks a little that way," replied David; "and I've no doubt they're pretty well posted on all the movements on both sides of the river."

"Perhaps Andrew is leading an expedition down here," said Henry, "to come and release us. I hope he is."

"So do I," replied David, "but I've no great hope of it. But see," continued David, "here's something I found this morning under one of the kettles, when I first began to get breakfast," and he handed his friend the letter of which we have already spoken. Henry took the letter and read aloud these words, "Wings, wings is the things! You watched 'em and saw 'em grow on one man, now keep your eyes open and see 'em grow on some others."

"What does that mean?" said Henry, looking inquiringly at his friend.

"You know as much about it as I do," replied David, "and that's just nothing. There's only one person ever used such words that I know, and that was" —

"The dwarf," said Henry.

No one now paid any attention to the boys, and,

cheered with their own thoughts and filled with hope that something was likely to occur which might open a way of escape for them, they busied themselves about their work, and watched the men, who still took but little notice of the boys.

CHAPTER XXXI

SMITH'S INTERVIEW

THE more David thought about his strange letter the more was he at a loss to understand it. He was satisfied that it must have been the dwarf who had sent it or brought it, but how he had been able to come to the island and escape the notice of the guard, and enter within the cave itself, was something he could not understand; and yet the words of the letter, meaningless in themselves, kept running through his mind, "Wings, wings is the things!" What could it mean?

Evidently the boys were not forgotten, and the dwarf had been gone from the island long enough to have been to Sackett's Harbor and back several times. Possibly he had fallen in with some of their own friends, and the strange expression which he used was to warn the boys that something was being done for their release.

"But then," thought David, "it may have been only a piece of paper he had left behind him when he escaped, and may not have anything to do with us

at all." His heart fell at the thought, but when he remembered that the paper could not have been under the kettle when he put it away the night before, and that being there neatly folded, and being under the very kettle that he would necessarily first use in preparing the breakfast, all this quickly made him conclude that it must have some reference to them. But nothing occurred during the morning to explain it, and about noon Smith himself arrived.

He was eagerly welcomed by his men, and had several earnest conversations with them. The boys watched him, and were satisfied that some plan was being formed in which they knew that they themselves would be interested.

When David had started towards the river to fill his pail with water, as his custom was, Smith met him, and, in a low voice, said, "After you've fed the men this noon come down to the spring in the woods behind the cave. I've got something I want to say to you," and then he turned and left him quickly, and went back among the men.

David told Henry of the word which Smith had given him, and the boys talked it over in low and earnest tones. It seemed very strange that Smith should want to see them alone, for he never had paid much attention to them before, and such words as he had had with them were always spoken in the presence of others, as if he cared nothing for the boys, and

but little for what his men might think. Evidently his message was to be an important one, or, at least, the boys thought so, and at once they connected the proposed interview with the letter which had so strangely been left under the kettle.

They had the dinner ready for the men earlier than usual that day, and soon after all had been fed they went together to the place which Smith had named, and waited for him to come. It was a clear autumn day, and the air was bracing, and across the sky the clouds were swiftly passing. The leaves were fast falling from the trees, and such as still clung to the branches were of many and brilliant hues. Their hope that their release was at hand had brought a new expression to Henry's face, but David was not so hopeful. He was interested in the coming interview, but he had no such hope as his young friend that it would mean their release from the island, his experience with Smith and his knowledge of the desperate character of his followers having made him more than uncertain as to what the leader's words might mean, and yet he did not like to disappoint Henry, and he smiled as he had noticed the expression upon his face when they heard the sound of footsteps behind them and saw the leader approaching them.

David noticed what a repulsive face he had. It seemed to him that it had grown coarser during the year, and now it was extremely harsh and unassuring,

and yet it had an expression upon it he had never noticed there before. It seemed to David as if he were a little more kindly disposed towards them, and in his own heart he began to have hope that the interview might not prove to be so bad after all.

Smith stood for a moment and watched the boys without saying a word when he had come near them, and both of them were silent and uncomfortable under the steady look which the desperate man was giving them. They waited for him to begin, neither caring to say anything, and at last he said, "I s'pose you boys have some hard feelings toward me." As the boys were silent, he continued, "I don't know that I blame ye. It doesn't look very good, and yet ye don't know all, ye don't know all," he repeated. "If ye did know more of the causes, ye wouldn't be quite so hard on me as ye are now. Let me tell you a little. There was a time when I s'pose I could have been as good a youngster as anybody, but almost from the time I first saw the light, I have had a hard time of it. My father was the hardest man I ever saw. He didn't care any more about me than he did about the stones that were in our pasture, and I don't think half as much, for he kept us at work digging them out, and he never did a thing to help the boys out of the hole in which they were. I remember one thing when I had my first

pair of shoes. I felt very big then, I can tell you. They were all black, and the edge of the heel was most as sharp as a knife. My father used to make us go to church, and I went enough when I was a boy to last me all my life. Well, we used to have to walk barefooted to church and carry our shoes in our hands, and the first day I had those shoes my father called me into the room where he was, and said, 'Now, you take care of them 'ere shoes. It will be a long time before you get another pair. I'm going to l'arn ye to be careful of them. Now, ye see that ye remember,' and he took the shoe and hit me on the head with the sharp edge of the heel, which, as I told you, was almost as sharp as a knife. It cut through the skin and the blood ran down all over my face. That wasn't very much, but that's a sample of the way I was brought up. He used to whip us unmercifully when we did anything wrong, and he never helped us to do anything right. I grew up to be almost a man, feeling that no one cared for me and that everybody's hand was ag'in me. I was born in Canada, and the British and the Kanucks never did the square thing for me. I tell you I hate the British," he added with sudden energy, and the boys were almost frightened at the savage scowl that came over his face.

"Well, I next tried the Yankees, and that wasn't very much better either. I tell you no one in this

world has ever given me a fair show. The first thing I can remember is the thrashings my dad used to give, and from that time on everybody has done pretty much the same thing, or at least they've tried to. No one would ever give me a fair show, and then I made up my mind I'd start in for myself. If no one else cared for me, then I made up my mind I'd start in for myself. I have looked out for number one and you look around here and see this place that I've got on the river. I ain't made such bad work of it, after all," and he stopped for a moment and looked about the island, his face glowing with pride as he saw what a strong position it was.

The boys followed his glance, wondering what all this talk meant, and why Smith had been telling them his own story. In a moment, however, he resumed, and said, "Well, Chauncey, Brown, and Forsythe treated me all square, I'll say that for them, and when I've been willing to give 'em a point ag'in the British, of course I expected them to pay me for it, and I'll say for 'em that they acted all square; but this man Wilkinson, he's been no good," and he became more and more angry as he spoke. "I've tried to fix things all right with him, but he took two of my men, and I thought by taking you two youngsters I might be able to trade off and get 'em back. I didn't do it all on my own account, for I hardly wanted to take you, I'll tell you that now, but my right-hand man he

knew you, and he was bound to have run you in, so when he saw ye over in Canada he made up his mind he'd take you, and I guess he wasn't any averse to getting hold of that boat of yours. Ye see, we keep watch of Canada, and we knew what you'd started for, and when he heard that one o' ye was an officer, and two of our men had just been taken, he insisted on taking ye" —

"An officer?" interrupted David, in surprise. "What do you mean?"

"Why, you're an officer," said Smith; "didn't you know you were an officer? You and that Spicer boy, both; they call you, over at Sackett's Harbor, 'The boy officers.' I s'posed you knew it."

"No, I didn't know anything about it," said David, strangely elated at the news which came to him in such an unexpected manner.

Henry was also excited, and tapping his friend on the back, he shouted, "Hooray! What are you, a general or commodore?"

"He's a corporal," said Smith.

"Well, I'm afraid he's not much good of a corporal," said David.

"Well, we took you, anyway," resumed Smith, "hoping to get our men off, but it wasn't of much use, and they've just got away now. A good many times we thought we'd let you go."

"But you are going to let us go now, aren't you?"

said Henry eagerly. "Your men are free, and you've no use for us any more."

"No, not just yet," replied Smith. "You can't go right away. 'Twould hardly do, but I don't mind saying it won't be very long before you do go, for there's something in the wind, and something you're interested in, too, goin' to happen pretty quick."

"Doesn't any one at Sackett's Harbor know we're here?" said Henry.

"They haven't known where you were, and they never would know unless we should tell 'em."

"If they did know they'd come and get us in pretty short order," said Henry.

"Not unless we wanted to let you go," said Smith angrily. "I hate the British, but I'd let no Yankees land here without my permission, either. But there are great things coming, and soon you'll be all right, so you just keep on and do your work and wait a while. That's all I've got to say. Don't talk too much, and keep quiet."

"What's become of the dwarf that used to be here, do you know?" said David.

"Oh, he cleared out and left us," said Smith. "He doesn't know enough to know when he's well off."

"What's become of him?" said David, trying to appear careless.

"Oh, he went over to Sackett's Harbor. That's

where all the rascals go, and that's where I'm going pretty soon, I s'pose," said Smith, laughing a little, as he left the boys, who remained for a long time by the spring, talking of the strange message which Smith had brought them.

They were thoroughly satisfied that their captor had told them his story and had tried to be on friendly terms, not because of his own regard for them, for they knew that his hatred of them was almost as strong as it was against the British. They were convinced that something was about to happen, and they thought that Smith was trying to gain their good-will, and treated them in this new way so that when the proper time came they would have a good word to say for him.

They both were filled with hope, now that the end of their captivity was approaching, and that soon they would be restored to their friends. They had no idea how this was to be done, and would have been greatly surprised if they had been told just what was being planned by the Americans at Sackett's Harbor. But they turned to their work, resolved to try and do that as well as they could, both to retain the new good-will of Smith, which apparently he was now feeling towards them, and to occupy the time which now would hang heavily on their hands.

CHAPTER XXXII

NEW PLANS

ELIJAH SPICER had returned to Sackett's Harbor strong and well. For some reason, which he did not care to explain, his stay at Toronto had been prolonged until he was fully restored to health. Perhaps Mary McGann, if she had chosen, could have explained this in part, but at any rate she had proved herself to be a capital nurse and Elijah a most excellent patient in her hands. It is true there had been a very decided difference of opinion between Mary and her sister Maggie as to which was the more promising young soldier, Elijah or David, a question which was never settled, or at least not soon, to the satisfaction of either; but at length Elijah had been so evidently restored that he could find no reasonable excuse for remaining longer among his friends, and Donald McGann, remembering his promise, had brought the young soldier across the lake, and one night, in the darkness, had landed him at his father's dock. He himself had not dared to remain, and had immediately returned to his Canadian home; but the

reception which Elijah met in his own family can be well imagined.

He soon had been informed of the position in the army which Major Forsythe had secured for him, and had assumed the duties of a corporal at once.

Corporal Elijah and Sergeant Andrew sat together one evening in the quarters of their friend, Major Forsythe.

“Major,” — said Elijah.

“Ah, but you mustn't say ‘Major,’” interrupted Andrew. “You must say ‘Lieutenant-colonel’ now.”

“I am delighted to be corrected in such a manner,” laughed Elijah, “but you change your name so often that I can't just keep track of you. Here you are captain, major, lieutenant-colonel — all within nine months. You'll get soon so that your own friends won't know what to call you.”

“Well, you can call me a friend, anyway,” said Colonel Forsythe, “for such I shall always be to my own officers; but I sent for you to-night to talk with you about something that is going to be done. Perhaps you have heard that the War Department has been planning an expedition against Montreal. They want us here at Sackett's Harbor, backed up by Chauncey's fleet, and joined by General Wade Hampton's forces, which are now at Lake Champlain, to unite in the expedition.”

"It'll be a good thing, won't it?" said Andrew thoughtfully.

"The plan is all right," replied the Colonel, "the trouble is in the men. I wouldn't dare say this out loud, and yet to you I don't mind mentioning the fears I have that the jealousy, the lack of experience, and the incompetency of our leaders, which has been our chief trouble since the beginning of the war, may not cover this expedition with glory. However, I'm not going to prophesy evil," he added cheerily, "and I shall look for the best all the time. At the same time I have fears in my heart that everything may not turn out just as we are planning it."

"Well, we done some things, anyway," said Andrew. "That battle of Perry's on Lake Erie was a great piece of work."

"Yes, he's a great man," replied the Colonel, "and a born leader. He isn't afraid of himself, and he never knows how to give up. If it had been almost any of our other men in command of the fleet on Lake Erie they would have given up in that fight off Put-in Bay when the 'Lawrence' was so riddled with shot, and the 'Niagara' holding off as she did."

"Well, but he won it," said Elijah enthusiastically. "Now, what effect will that victory have upon General Harrison and his army?"

"Oh, General Harrison is as good a man as Perry. In fact, he's one of the very best we've ever

had, and it won't be long — indeed it may have been done already — before General Harrison will drive the British out of Detroit and regain the Michigan territory."

"Well, what's the reason that Commodore Chauncey hasn't been able to do as well on Lake Ontario as Perry did on Lake Erie?" asked Andrew.

The Colonel shrugged his shoulders, which was the only reply he made.

"But the Commodore has done some good work on the lake, hasn't he?" persisted Andrew.

"Yes," replied the Colonel. "Several times he has tried to engage the fleet of Sir James Yeo, but without much success. The British have done some damage along the shore, and pretend to be very anxious to meet Chauncey, but ever since he's had his new ship, the 'General Pike,' with her twenty-six long twenty-fours, it has seemed to destroy their appetite.

"Several times Chauncey has had his fleet all drawn up for an engagement with the British, but the wind or something else has always prevented a fight. He's been back and forth between here and Niagara several times, and started out the twenty-eighth of July on his last trip, but it wasn't till the seventh of September that he really had a good chance at the enemy. You see, Chauncey had the 'Pike,' 'Madison,' and 'Sylph,' each with a good schooner in tow,

and that morning they had started after Sir James, but he had had orders to avoid the contest if possible, and not run the chance of leaving the Canadian shore defenceless, and so it was six days that Chauncey was chasing around after him. On the eleventh they had a little tussle off the Genesee. They fired some shot there for two or three hours, but the British finally drew off to Amherst Bay, and Chauncey, not knowing the water there, didn't dare follow him. He put out from here on the eighteenth, having heard that the British fleet was at Toronto; but when Chauncey came near, Sir James thought he had urgent business somewhere else and tried to get away, but he'd been bragging a good deal of his desire to meet the Yankees, and he either had to fight then or quit talking. The latter was harder for him, so they turned to for the tussle. The 'Pike' received almost all the attention of the heavy boats of the British, but they failed to do much damage, as she was managed in great shape, and was backed up most admirably by some of the other boats. When the smoke cleared away it was seen that the 'Wolfe' — she was Sir James' flag-ship — had lost her main and mizzen topmast and her main yard, besides some other injuries. The first thing they knew she was pushing away with all her canvas dead before the wind with the 'Royal George' protecting her. Chauncey started on the chase, and they kept up a

running fire for some time. The British ran for Burlington Bay, and as the wind had sprung up, and Chauncey didn't know of any harbor around there, and he was satisfied that if driven ashore he would be captured by the land forces, he pulled off his boats. Everybody thinks it was a great mistake, and that if he had kept on, as he ought to, he could either have captured or destroyed all the British forces on Lake Ontario. I don't know just what he is up to now, though we shall soon learn, I presume, if he takes a hand in this Montreal expedition."

"What's been going on along the sea-coast?" said Elijah.

"Oh, the most besides what you knew before you left for Toronto has been the blockades the British have established almost all along the coast. Of course a good many of the Yankees have tried to run the blockades, and there's been a lot of privateering going on; but the British were so stung by our successes on the ocean last year that they have sent over a lot more of their war vessels, and as they so greatly outnumbered ours, of course they have had the advantage. They have threatened to burn some of the seaports, and they have done some damage, and some of their men have been guilty of landing at some of the little places and doing damage and committing outrages that ought to make the cheek of every Englishman burn with shame, and in fact some of their

leaders have tried to apologize for the actions of some of their men along the southern coast."

"But what about this General Hampton over on Lake Champlain?" asked Andrew. "I should like to know what kind of a man he is. By the time Jack Smart and Heman Chubb come back from the West, for I suspect they will come, we shall know all about General Harrison's movements. But what about General Hampton?"

"They've had quite a time on Lake Champlain this summer," replied the Colonel, "though much wasn't done before July. You see, when war was declared, two gun-boats were all the Americans had on that lake. The British had some gun-boats and armed galleys in the Richelieu — you know that's the outlet of Lake Champlain into the St. Lawrence. Well, the reports began to come that the British were attacking our small craft around Rouse's Point, so Macdonough sent Lieutenant Smith with a hundred and twelve men and the little 'Growler' and 'Eagle' to look after it. I think it was on the evening of the second of June that they anchored near Rouse's Point, about a mile off the Canadian shore. The next morning they chased the three British gun-boats down the Richelieu, and they kept up the chase till they got in sight of the fortifications on Isle aux Noix. There Smith gave up the case and tried to beat back up the river. The British saw how he was fixed, and

chased him. They kept up the fight for some time, and although the British lost five men to our one they sunk the 'Eagle' and ran the 'Growler' ashore. That gave the British the control of the lake, but still Macdonough didn't give up, and by the sixth of August he had three sloops and six gun-boats ready; but the British, on the last day of July, with about fourteen hundred men, fell upon Plattsburgh. We had no soldiers upon the west side of the lake, so they landed without any opposition, and from one in the afternoon till ten o'clock the next day they kept up their work of destruction. This General Wade Hampton was at Burlington with four thousand men, only twenty miles away, but he never lifted his hand nor did a thing to try to check the British, who violated every promise they'd given of respecting private property, and went about burning houses, hospitals, and pretty much everything.

"Colonel Murray, however, was a quick man, and he went up the lake, leaving a picket of twenty men behind him, and plundered property all along. You see that doesn't give me a very high opinion of General Hampton, and what he's done just lately doesn't promise any more. You know we thought for awhile that we'd make Kingston the point of our attack, and General Hampton was ordered to go to Canada by the way of the Richelieu towards Montreal, and make as if that was the place we were going to attack, but

for some reason (he said, I understand, it was because he couldn't wait for his horses) he didn't do what he was told to, although he started. I understand he's encamped on the Chateaugay now. I have no great confidence that he can be depended upon in this movement against Montreal, which we're going to try to make.

"I wish I felt a little more confidence," said the impulsive Elijah, "in General Wilkinson. I've always remembered what Heman said about General Huil, that he never liked to see a man that had a perpetual grin on his face. General Wilkinson is so sweet that he's sticky."

"Hush!" said the Colonel sharply, "you mustn't talk against your superiors. You're an officer now yourself, and it will get you into trouble, besides being wrong in itself; but we're going to start pretty quick on this expedition. Both of you will go, so you had better run over home and say your good-byes, and be ready to start at any moment."

Andrew and Elijah followed the Colonel's suggestion, and at once started for their homes.

CHAPTER XXXIII

LEAVING THE ISLAND

THE few long days that passed after the interview recorded in a previous chapter were doubly trying to David and Henry. No news had been received, and the impatience which they felt seemed to be shared by Smith himself. The most of his men had now left the island, but the leader had been there all the time. For several days it was evident that he was waiting for some one to come, but just who he was, or what the purpose of his visit was to be, the boys could not determine.

“What a terrible storm this is!” said David to Henry, as they stood together on the shore of the island looking out over the river, an occupation in which they indulged now the most of their spare time.

“Yes,” replied Henry, “there’s no doubt about the September and October gales this year; I don’t think I ever knew it to rain so much and so steadily as it has for the past month. Just look at the trees sweeping down the river!” said David; “I think they’ve had a wind somewhere.”

"Yes, and there's more than trees there, too," replied Henry. "There's some spars and floating timbers. I've thought several times that I have seen parts of a boat floating by; but just look out there," and he pointed out in the river.

David followed his directions and could plainly see parts of wrecked boats that were being swept past them in the swift current of the river.

"My! but they must have had some wrecks somewhere," he said; "but I haven't seen any boats or men."

"Neither have I," replied Henry. "Probably the men got to the shore all right, but this storm has played havoc with some boats, that's very plainly to be seen."

The river bore witness to the truth of Henry's words. It had risen high above its banks, and there were waves on its surface that would have done credit to the sea itself. These dashed upon the shore and broke over the little dock which Smith had built, at times in such a manner as to almost hide it from view. The rain fell frequently in torrents, and the wind often howled until it was almost a gale. The trees bent beneath it, and the many branches which had been broken in the storm lay all about the island.

"This is discouraging enough," said David. "When we've just had a little inkling that release

was coming, for us to have this storm sweep down and do all the damage it has, is enough to take the heart out of us."

"I know," replied Harry. "I don't think I ever felt so homesick in my life before."

"Never mind," replied David, trying by his cheery words to bring some hope back into his own heart as well as that of his friend, "here comes Smith himself. Perhaps he has something to say to us that may throw a little light upon the situation."

They could see Smith as he came down the path, evidently with the purpose of approaching them. David looked at him with renewed interest. He was a medium-sized man, with broad shoulders, and a bearing that indicated great physical strength, and yet David found himself wondering how it was that he had gained such a control over his followers, and had been free from arrest on both shores of the lake. He also noticed as he drew nearer that his face wore an unusually pleasant expression.

"Well, boys," said their captor as he came to the place where they were standing, "this makes me think of that trip we took together to catch that runner from Toronto. Not that it was such a stormy day, but somehow it has come into my mind."

The boys were silent, and Smith continued his talking. "I don't want you to be afraid of me now," he said. "There isn't anything going to happen to

you, and I'm sure it won't be long before everything will turn out right. You see I just couldn't help myself when you were brought in here. It wasn't any of my doings, neither was it anything I wanted done, but my right-hand man, Jim Nairne, he just insisted upon it, as he thought we'd get back the two men we'd lost if we made prisoners of you; but it didn't work, and now Jim himself has just cleared out, and I suppose by this time he's a good Britisher, and telling them all he knows about the plans on the Yankees' side. But I'll make it all right with ye, and ye won't be any the worse for the little visit ye've made here. It isn't often," he added with a laugh, "that I let a Yankee officer come to see me in my den."

"There doesn't seem to be many of them that want to come," said David a little bitterly. "Why they let you keep up such an establishment as you have here is more than I can understand."

Smith was inclined to be a little angry at his words, but in a moment he seemed to gain control of his feelings, and said, "Well, you came here, anyway, whether you wanted to or not; but I'm going to let you get out of this, only I want ye to promise one thing afore you go, and that is: when ye get back amongst yer friends that ye won't go back on me, and that ye won't talk too much about what ye've seen here."

"All right," replied David. "We've learned some things since this war began, and one of them is to keep our tongues between our teeth, and you won't suffer anything from us or what we can say if you'll only get us out of this all right."

"That's what I will; but I can't tell you the exact time when you'll go," he added, as he started back for the cave, and as the rain began to fall again the boys speedily followed him.

It became evident to them that Smith was impatiently watching and waiting for some one to come. The suspense increased every hour. They were entirely in the dark as to what Smith's plans were, and their confidence in his words was not at all strong; but there was nothing for them to do but to wait his movements, and they tried to content themselves as best they could.

The next day the river was still rough, although the waves seemed to have fallen somewhat and the wind still blew hard. Almost all the leaves had been stripped from the trees by this time, and from the mouth of the cave they were able to take a long view of the river in either direction.

After they had had their breakfast, Smith said to them, "You boys are getting restless, I see. I wonder how you'd like to take a trip to Montreal."

They were silent at his words, and afraid that some mischief was being planned.

"I happen to know," continued Smith, apparently not noticing their alarm, "that there is an expedition soon to be made against that town by the Yankees. General Wilkinson has been getting ready for it at Sackett's Harbor, and he's going to start down the river, backed by Chauncey's fleet. And I also happen to know that the plan is for General Wade Hampton to go down the Chateaugay with his men and join them. It's a good scheme, but I don't believe it'll ever work, though I'm going to take a hand in it myself."

"Why won't it work?" said David, interested in spite of himself in what Smith was saying.

"For the simple reason that the Yankee leaders aren't worth the powder to blow them up. Here's this man Wilkinson, — he pretends to be sick every time there's anything to be done, but then I guess he doesn't feel very well, though I tell you the trouble with him is just this worry about the whole business. He isn't strong enough or big enough to do the work. I don't mean to do more than just look at his mouth to see that he's as weakly as Hull ever was; I tell you, boys, you never see a man with a perpetual grin on his face who ever amounted to much."

"But General Wilkinson did very well in the other positions he held," said David.

“That may all be so,” replied Smith, “but it doesn’t at all follow that he’ll do just as well in a bigger place. My old mother was a good woman and used to read her Bible to me, and it isn’t any fault of hers that I haven’t gone straight since; but I remember her reading to me when I was a lad about the man that was faithful in the little things being made a ruler over ten cities. Now, I s’pose what it meant was, that a man had to learn to do the little things before he ever learned to do the big ones; but it doesn’t follow at all that the man who does the little things well can do the big things just as well. I s’pose the Almighty made a pint cup, but it doesn’t follow because the pint cup is plumb full that it’ll ever hold a bushel.”

“Did you ever see General Hampton?” asked David.

“Yes,” replied Smith; “I’ve been over on Lake Champlain a number of times, and he’s no good either. He’s as full of excuses as an egg of meat, and he’ll find plenty of ’em for never doing what he don’t want to do; and the biggest trouble of all is that the leaders are jealous of one another. But what’s that coming down the river? Your eyes are younger than mine.”

“It’s a canoe,” said Henry in a moment. “How she flies! She just skims over the top of the water like an egg shell,” and they all went down to the

shore to watch the little boat which seemed to be headed for the island.

“The river runs like a mill-race,” said David, “but the fellow in that canoe knows how to manage it. Just see him skim the breakers!” They became almost as interested in watching the little boat as they would have been had they been on board.

It was but a few moments before the canoe ran in under the lee of the island, and drawing his light boat up on the shore the sole occupant stepped forth and greeted them.

Smith evidently was pleased to see him, and motioning to the boys to remain where they were, he went off with the new-comer to the other side of the island and seemed to be engaged in a very earnest conversation with him as they went. They remained for a long time together, and the stranger left without having been seen again by the boys, and the next morning they found that Smith was the only man remaining on the island. All of his followers had gone, and the breakfast which the boys had to prepare was only for Smith and themselves. They could see him as he was busy in his boat near the shore, taking reefs in the sails and evidently getting her ready for departure.

“He’s going somewhere to-day,” said Henry, “and as the storm has mostly gone, I hope he’ll take us with him.”

"Perhaps that's what he means to do," replied David.

After breakfast Smith said to them, "Come on, boys. It's time to leave this island for good. I'll make everything ship-shape before we start, so that I shan't be afraid to leave it without a guard."

The boys fell to with a will, and it was not long before Smith declared everything to be in readiness for their departure, and so stepping on board of his boat they were soon sailing up the river.

"This isn't the way to Montreal," said David, when he noticed the direction in which they were going.

"This is the way I'm going, anyway," replied Smith, and he appeared to have relapsed into one of his former ugly moods. "Don't you boys make any trouble for me, though," he added.

"We told you we wouldn't," replied David, "if you got us safely out of this."

But Smith became silent, and the boys indulged in but little conversation between themselves. They had sailed on for an hour or more and were approaching Grenadier Island when Henry called out excitedly, "Dave! Dave! Just look up ahead at the island. The shore is all covered over with boats, and there's hundreds of soldiers there, too; you can see their uniforms."

"Yes," said David, almost as excited as his friend,

"and there are a lot more boats coming down the river, too."

"There's where we're going," said Smith as he headed the boat straight for Grenadier Island.

The boys were both highly excited, and at the distance at which they were from the shore they could not discern whether the soldiers were British or American, but they knew that they would soon learn, for Smith confidently was making straight for the shore.

In spite of his attitude towards them, which had changed so much in the past few days, they were still afraid of him. Their experience with him had made any such thing as confidence almost impossible, and now that they were approaching the place where hundreds and perhaps thousands of soldiers were gathered, their minds were filled with uncertainty and forebodings.

"Look there! look there!" called out Henry excitedly, pointing to a group of men upon the shore.

David quickly looked in the direction in which Henry pointed, and greatly stirred by what he saw was soon shouting at the top of his voice.

CHAPTER XXXIV

DOWN THE LONG SAUT

A LITTLE group of men stood upon the shore watching the approaching boat in which, as we know, were Smith and the two boys. In the group Henry had quickly noticed his brother Elijah and Andrew Field. He had also caught a glimpse of Colonel Forsythe, but the sight of his brother at once put all his fears about their own destination at rest, and the shout which the boys had given was quickly answered from the shore.

As soon as they had landed Smith had disappeared, and the boy officers were quickly together, exchanging greetings and expressing their delight at the reunion. There were many questions to be answered and words to be given which had been sent from the homes at Sackett's Harbor. Elijah told how he had been nursed back to health, and brought safely home by Donald McGann, and he also told them of the anxiety which had been felt at their failure to return, and the fear which had come when they had found the oar drifting in the lake.

"I dropped that overboard myself," said Henry, "and got a good scolding from our boss for it, too, but I never thought of its making trouble for any one but myself."

When Elijah and Andrew heard of the stay which the boys had had on Smith's island they told them how that Smith was to be one of the pilots of the expedition against Montreal, the one upon which they had then engaged.

"You are to go on the expedition, David," said Elijah, "and we've got your stripes for your arms all here in safe-keeping, too. I judge that you didn't know that you were a boy officer."

"Yes, I did, for Smith told me."

"Smith? How did he ever know?"

"There isn't anything that happens on or about the lake that he doesn't know," replied David; "and he's been pretty decent to us, after all, though he didn't care about our making many excursions from the island."

"Henry is to go too," said Elijah; "that is, if father doesn't come and get him. You see this expedition expected to start the fourth of October, but it wasn't till the twelfth that they were ready, and then we were hindered from starting till the seventeenth. We've had a lively time of it, and have lost a dozen or fifteen of our boats in the storm. We've been waiting here for awhile, and pretty soon we're

going to start again, and General Hampton is coming down to the mouth of the Chateaugay and join us."

"Yes, I know that," said David.

"I don't see as there's any use in telling you anything more," said Elijah with a laugh; "you seem to know about everything that's going on now."

"We think we saw some of your boats, or pieces of them; at least, go down the river within the past few days," said Henry.

"I presume you did," replied Elijah, "as we've lost fifteen good-sized boats and some of the others have been scattered. You see it was a very dark and stormy night when we started, and if you'd seen all the scows and bateaux, Durham boats and sail-boats of all descriptions, we had, and without any pilots, you wouldn't be so surprised that we'd lost some of them in this storm; but Smith's going to be one of the pilots now, and if he doesn't lead us into any British camp, I think he'll show us the way to Montreal, for I think he knows it, if anybody does."

But the men remained on Grenadier Island until November first. General Wilkinson was back and forth between there and Sackett's Harbor and seemed unable to arrange for the start before that time. Mr. Spicer did not come, and had sent word that Henry might join the expedition. The boy officers had been assigned their positions, and Henry had been placed with his brother Elijah.

On the morning of November fifth, just at dawn, when the air was cold and raw, and flurries of snow were falling, the soldiers embarked on three hundred boats and started down the St. Lawrence. The most serious obstacle they had to contend with was the lack of confidence which the men had in General Wilkinson; but as they swept on they soon found their attention so entirely taken up with the parties of British that were gathered at different points along the shore, and whose shots were a continual annoyance, that almost everything else was forgotten. Sometimes it was necessary for them to turn and engage with the enemy, and as these were not collected in sufficient force at any one place to withstand any serious attack, it was more to put an end to the annoyance they made, than to drive away any danger, that they made their stops. The entire party moved onward, and early in the evening arrived at Morristown.

Here many of the men were landed, and to avoid the guns at Prescott were marched around by land, and the boats were left in the charge of General Brown, and so skilful was his management, that with a loss of only two he safely passed the enemy's guns.

Proclamations which the British officers had made and printed were scattered among our men, and one of them fell into the hands of David. It read as follows: "Notice.— All American soldiers who may

wish to quit the unnatural war in which they are at present engaged will receive the arrears due to them by the American government to the extent of five months' pay on their arrival at the British outposts. No man shall be required to serve against his own country."

This was followed by counter-proclamation by the Americans to the Canadians, in which they promised that those who should remain quietly at home, if the Americans were victorious, should be protected and their property kept safe; but those who were found in arms would have to be treated as avowed enemies.

On the eighth of November the entire expedition had arrived at a point about eighteen miles below Ogdensburg. It was a perilous position, as large numbers of the enemy were upon the shore, and bodies of them were also following. Not far below them were the Long Saut Rapids. Great stories had been told about the dangers to be met in the passage of these rapids, and the most alarming report of all was that the enemy had gathered in great force just below the Long Saut, to fall upon the Americans when they would be unable in the swift current to protect themselves.

Colonel Wilkinson called a council of his officers, and for a long time they debated whether they should go on or not. It was finally decided that General

Brown should take his forces (and among these were Andrew and David Field) and land on the Canadian shore and dislodge the soldiers that had gathered there. If he succeeded in doing this, then word was to be sent General Wilkinson, and the descent of the Long Saut would be made.

The fleet came to anchor about ten o'clock in the morning, in front of a farm which was owned by John Chrysler. David Field made his way from five miles below Cornwall, to which place General Brown had penetrated, and brought word of the success which had attended his efforts. Colonel Forsythe, indeed, had been wounded, and there had been a small loss, but they had succeeded in dislodging the British who had gathered to fall upon the Americans when they would be defenceless. General Brown urged them to come at once, but General Wilkinson was almost too ill to lead his men by this time, and the cold and snow and sleet were even more trying than the waters of the river. They had barely started with such leaders as they had, before the British forces which had gathered there fell upon the Americans, and for a long time they had a hard and bitter struggle.

The victory seemed to promise to fall now on one side and now on the other. The great lack of the Americans was that which had become almost their chronic trouble in all wars and almost in every battle,

— that of ammunition. A retreat was sounded which promised to be almost a rout, but reënforcements here joined them, and on their arrival the fight was renewed, and kept up until darkness came and put an end to the struggle.

Both sides were glad of an excuse for stopping, and though neither side had gained a decided victory the advantage appeared to be with the British. The boys afterwards learned that nearly three hundred and fifty of their own men had either been killed or wounded, while the British losses were less than two hundred.

On the morning after the battle the flotilla and the gunboats made ready to go down the Long Saut, while many of the men were to march by land. This battle of Chrysler's Farm had made them somewhat discouraged, and yet they were ready to push on and join General Brown, who was about three miles below the rapids, and where they expected that General Hampton and his forces would also be waiting.

Corporal Elijah Spicer had charge of one boat in which there were ten men. Henry was to come in another boat, and Smith, who was one of the main pilots, was now busy making everything ready for the attempt to shoot the rapids. Great stories were being told about the dangers of the passage and the swiftness of the river there. The promised excite-

ment kept all the men alert, and at last everything was ready for them to embark.

Henry Spicer had stepped lightly into a boat in his boyish eagerness to gain the position in the bow, but the motion which he gave the boat when he jumped on board started it out into the river, and the current soon caught him up and carried him swiftly on. Elijah heard the call of his brother, and although he did not realize the danger in which he was, he ordered his own men to take their places at the oars and speedily to follow. In a few moments all the boats were in motion, and the men were breathless in their excitement as they caught the roar of the rapids just below them and felt how powerless they were in the swift current which was now carrying them on. All the efforts which they might make would be powerless now to stop them in their course. The water became rougher and rougher, and as they looked ahead, when they came in sight of the Long Saut itself, they could see the high and angry waves which seemed to them to rise many feet into the air, while above all there was the hoarse roar which became louder and louder every moment. As far as they could see now, there was nothing ahead of them but the rough and boisterous water of the rapids, foaming and tossing in every direction.

Elijah could compare the sensation produced by the swift motion of the boat to nothing but coasting

down a steep hill on hard crusty snow. Here and there eddies in the current appeared, and he could also see the sharp line that appeared to divide the swift water from the still, in the bays along the shore; but it was impossible for them to change their course now, and all the efforts of the men were directed towards keeping the boat head down in the stream.

The face of every man was almost as white as the snow which was to be seen in patches along the banks. Elijah was looking ahead at the little boat in which his younger brother Henry was being carried. It sat so much more lightly than his own upon the water, that it responded to every movement of the current. Elijah thought he could see the appealing look upon the face of Henry, but he was powerless to assist him, as like a race-horse each boat swept on.

The men in Elijah's boat followed the direction of the pilot they had, who was familiar with the rapids, and exerting all their strength had brought their boat a little nearer the shore, where the current seemed to be swifter but a little safer. A groan arose from every man in the boat as they heard the keel grate upon a rock which rose almost to the surface, but the force of the water swept them quickly over it, and they had just a moment in which to glance back and see the great danger which they had escaped. Henry's boat had not been swept in so

near the shore, and as Elijah followed it with his eyes he saw it was nearly parallel with his own. Suddenly Henry's boat appeared to stop, although it was in the very swiftest of the current, and then Elijah could see that it began to spin round and round.

"He's caught in an eddy," groaned one of the men by Elijah's side. "There's no hope for the lad. If he once gets into the water, the under-current will suck him in quicker than a pickerel can grab a shiner."

Henry appeared to realize something of the danger in which he was, and gave a loud cry, which Elijah tried to answer, but it seemed to him that only a hoarse groan came from his lips. Even as he looked his own boat was swept rapidly on, and just as he turned a bend in the river he looked back to see Henry's boat, as he thought, begin to whirl more rapidly, and, as it appeared to him, to be sucked under by the treacherous river. But he himself was around the point almost before the sight had been seen, and Henry and the rapids had disappeared from view, and nothing was to be seen of the whirling, boisterous waters above him, and nothing heard save the hoarse roar of the rapids, which every moment became less and less, so rapidly was the boat swept on by the current, which was still very swift for miles below the Long Saut.

CHAPTER XXXV

CONCLUSION

THE perilous situation in which Henry Spicer found himself, and from which it was impossible for him to escape by his own exertions, had been noticed by some of the men in the boats which quickly followed. His light boat was whirling in the eddy when the boat next behind him had noticed it, and the men had made a great effort to go out of their course far enough to rescue the brave lad who was threatened with destruction; but their efforts had been unavailing, and almost quicker than thought they had been swept past Henry's boat, which remained stationary in the eddy in which it had been caught. The men in the boat next behind had recognized the danger when they were farther up the stream, and they had been able to change their course enough to throw a rope to the boy, retaining one end of it in their own boat. It came just in time, for even as he grasped it Henry felt his own boat sucked under, and as his hands tightened upon the rope he was almost blinded and choked by the water into



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which he was at once thrown, but he had presence of mind and courage enough to exert all his strength in retaining his grasp upon the rope. He knew it was his only hope. There was a roaring in his ears, and the choking increased every minute, and it seemed to him as if he must let go his hold. The current pulled in one direction and the men in another, and at first it seemed to him almost impossible for him to retain his grasp another moment.

But meanwhile the swift river had swept them all onward, and almost before they were aware of it they had passed the bend in the river, and the boat had been pulled into the quiet waters of the little bay there, and Henry was drawn alongside.

He was almost unconscious when they lifted him into the boat, but as the danger from the river was now largely past, the men turned to, and the vigorous rubbing which they gave the boy, chilled as he was by the cold water of the river and almost choked by the water he had swallowed, soon restored him; and clothed in garments contributed by the soldiers, each one willingly giving up something of his own for the chilled boy, he was soon restored and comparatively comfortable, and it was not long before he joined his brother, who already had landed with his men.

There was not much time for brotherly greetings, as all the men were now landing, and greatly dis-

appointed and somewhat angered at the message which had just been received from General Hampton that he had met a little opposition, and had thought best to give up all attempt to join General Wilkinson's forces. He said he would go back to Lake Champlain, and from that point act with the forces from Sackett's Harbor.

Perhaps the most angry man in the ranks was Smith. "Didn't I tell you?" he said to David. "That man is no good; he hasn't any grit, and isn't fit to do anything but deal with the darkies. I hear he has five thousand of them, and I think he'd better go back to his lands and be a nigger driver; it's about all he's fit for."

It probably was not because of Smith's suggestion, but it did transpire before long that General Hampton threw up his commission in the army, and did repair to his Southern plantation. The only result he seemed to have achieved in his efforts in the war of 1812 was to gain the contempt of his countrymen.

General Wilkinson's suffering under the contempt of his own soldiers, and from the sickness, which now became rapidly worse, left them in a quandary. It would be impossible for his army to advance as it then was and without the coöperation of General Hampton, and yet he was not ready to return. He decided to go into quarters at French Mills, where his men suffered almost as much as in any of the

earlier experiences of the country. The most of the men had lost their blankets, they were without suitable protection from the cold which now became intense, and as the country near by was largely a wilderness, but little food could be looked for from that source, and as a consequence sickness soon became prevalent among the soldiers. Some of them had already gone back to Sackett's Harbor, but large bodies of them remained, and among whom were our boy officers.

As the snow increased, the boys were encouraged to go out into the forest and to shoot such game as they could find. Anything in the line of food was most acceptable at French Mills. One day, when they had gone to an island up the river, on which they had heard there were large quantities of rabbits and squirrels, and when they were almost ready to return to camp, they noticed some one coming down the river on the ice close in shore, and stopped for a few moments to watch him. He came on swiftly, with long swift strokes, and as he skated he sang. When he came a little nearer the boys could hear the words of the song.

“ When Proctor saw lost was the day,
He fled La Franche's plain;
A carriage bore the chief away,
Who ne'er returned again.”

The boys looked at each other a moment, and then

again listened as they caught the words of another song.

“The moment was fearful; a mightier foe
Had ne'er swung his battle-axe o'er him;
But hope nerved his arm for a desperate blow,
And Tecumseh fell prostrate before him.
He fought in defence of his kindred and king
With a spirit most loving and loyal,
And long shall the Indian warrior sing
The deeds of Tecumseh the royal.”

“Hooray! Hooray!” shouted both of the boys together. “Hallo, Heman, Heman Jeduthan! Hold on! Come over here! Wait for us!” The skater's attention had at last been attracted by the shouts, and great was the rejoicing when Heman recognized his young friends.

“How in the world did you come here?” asked Elijah.

“Oh! I'm a messenger,” said Heman proudly. “I'm on official business from General Harrison to General Wilkinson. I came on to Sackett's Harbor, but I didn't find him there. I saw all of your people for a few minutes, and then I started right on for the place where I heard he was. I hear you're boy officers now.”

“Yes,” replied David, “we've been promoted; but tell us what's happened to you since you've been gone;” and as they skated on together Heman told

his young friends the story of Perry's victory on Lake Erie, with which we are already familiar. He enlarged especially upon the Commodore's young brother Alexander, and told of the part he had taken in the engagement.

"You see," he went on to say, "after Perry had cleared things up on Lake Erie, he and General Harrison were ready to make a move against the British at Detroit, and I tell you they just did move things too. You never saw such Indians in the world as the British had under Tecumseh; but there's one good thing about it, and that is that he got killed in that battle."

"Who? Tecumseh?" asked Elijah eagerly.

"Yes; shot, dead, and buried. When Perry found he couldn't help on the water he helped on the land, and they chased the British till there wasn't anything of them left hardly. You see, some of their Indians had deserted, and that pulled the heart out of Proctor, — at least what heart he had, for I never thought he had much, and it was a long time before General Harrison could get him and his men into close quarters. I think the British will remember that battle of the Thames, for the whole of the British force, more than eight hundred strong, was thoroughly whipped and most of them made prisoners. Proctor cleared out in his carriage, but only about fifty altogether of the Forty-first regulars escaped," and Heman struck up once more his song.

“ When Proctor saw lost was the day,
He fled La Franche's plain ;
A carriage bore the chief away,
Who ne'er returned again.”

“ I think the Indian fighters are pretty well killed off by this time,” he went on to say ; “ and one of the best things of all was that so many of the cannon and other things which we had taken from the British in the Revolutionary war, and which they had taken from us when Hull sold out, were retaken. I tell you, General Harrison was worth the whole of them.”

It was not long before many of the soldiers were sent back to Sackett's Harbor. Andrew remained behind longer than the other boys, and they, with Heman, who had now delivered his despatches, started back for home.

“ What became of your friend Jack Smart ? ” said Elijah to Heman.

Heman's face became sober. “ Dead, dead as Tecumseh,” he said.

“ Why, how was that ? ” said the boys, interested at once.

“ In almost the first charge that General Harrison made at the battle of the Thames he fell. I haven't been the same man since,” said Heman, “ and I never expect to be again. ‘ I am a sojourner, as all my fathers were. ’ Genesis, twenty-three, four.”

It was a long and trying winter which followed in the home of the Fields. There was great anxiety felt there, for Andrew did not return until February, when the camp at French Mills was broken up. Heman remained until spring, when his restless and roving disposition started him forth on journeys to distant parts of the land. Once or twice during the winter word came from Toronto that seemed to interest especially the younger members of the family.

"I'll tell you what," said Elijah, "I'm going over there again when this war is over, if it ever is finished."

"And I'm going too," said David.

"I think I know some one who'd be glad to see you," said Elijah, at which for some strange reason David was seen to blush.

The hermit and the cook also spent a large portion of their time at the home of the boys, and many conversations were had concerning the prospects of the country. The "peace men" were as sharply condemned and as much detested as ever the Tories had been in the preceding war.

Nothing had been seen of Smith all winter long, but the report came that the dwarf had been heard of again, following his old master, and as much a slave to him as ever.

“He didn’t find out that ‘wings was the things,’ after all, did he?” said Elijah, when they heard that he had gone back to following Jim Nairne, who had once been Smith’s right-hand man.

But the war of 1812 was by no means finished. The outrages of the British on the seaboard had done more to arouse the feeling of the Americans than almost anything that had happened during the war. No one knew how long the struggle would last. The “peace men” were not so numerous as they had been, and did not dare lift up their voices so loudly as they had been in the habit of doing, and yet the anxiety in the country was becoming more and more intense.

Along the St. Lawrence border petitions for protection from the inroads and depredations of British soldiers and lawless Canadians were continually being sent in to the War Department. The boy officers of 1812 were not idle, and later we shall follow their further adventures; but in our next volume we shall tell of the Indian wars in the South, and of the many exciting events which occurred in that struggle, in which the savage Indian showed his true disposition.

I trust our readers will be glad to follow General Jackson and his friends, and some of the boys and girls who had an active part in those perious times, when even the children were massacred and the

block-houses were besieged, and homes were burned, and almost no man dared to venture forth from his home unattended.

This story we shall call, **TECUMSEH'S YOUNG BRAVES**, a story of the war of 1812.

